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With the Women Who Wait

THE WORLD'S FIRST ACCREDITED WOMAN WAR CORRESPONDENT HAS WATCHED MEN SHED BLOOD AND WOMEN SHED TEARS — SURELY SHE KNOWS WHERE PITILESS WAR HITS HARDEST

[By "Kit"]

IT is not man only that War grips—crushing the heart—but it is Woman as well. Woman, the non-fighter, the passive, the patient being. In time of war a burning anxiety to be doing something seizes her. It sets her to knitting socks, night caps, wristlets. Every bone, every nerve in her wants to help. The whole sex, from the girl of sixteen, the young mother brooding over her babes, the single woman of forty and over, to the grandmother, is simply a mother now. There is nothing not sex—though motherhood is the outlet of sex for a woman—so strong in a feminine creature as maternity. To help "the boys," to keep them warm, snug; then to kneel down and pray for them—this is woman in war time. When her mourning hour comes, few will see her tears.

Not to many women has it come to see blood shed in war time. It is not a nice sight. Time accustoms the ear to the sound of guns booming, to the sound of cannonading, of explosions. Just as we become accustomed to hearing carts and cars rattle along the streets so we may become accustomed to hearing the crash of artillery. But not all shot men die easily.

The writer—naturally not in woman's apparel—once lodged in a trench in company with a New York newsboy, a little beggar who had "beat" his way down on the Seguranca, the Comal—but the name of the transport doesn't matter. It was a queer lodgment and an odd comradeship. But we saw things. Better we had never seen them. They will not bear description. Such would affront you, harass you, haunt you. Suffice it, the child and the woman were trembling. Only in the mind of the woman motherhood was working. She had a little fellow of her own, at home in Canada—a small sturdy man, such as these grown and ardent men were once to their mothers.

In Wartime Woman 'Mothers' [Not Only Her Own but All 'the Boys'

A man doesn't grow away from his mother. He thinks he does, but she knows otherwise. She sits silent, and very proud, while he is out fighting—making a position and a name for himself in the big battle we call Life. But let him ail, let him grow sick or weak, and he—big and brawny and fine—is just her baby again.

And this is how a woman feels in war time. She mothers not only her own, but all "the boys." From fine house and little home alike the women have knit their love with every twist of the needle into the loops of wool. Out in the country can the farmer's wife or girl tell what lad will be wearing the work of her hands? Does she care? Not she. She is working for her boy. He may be another's but he is hers for the hour.

In the Cuban-American war a prominent member of the Daughters of the Revolution told me that five thousand pyjamas, each with a loving and encouraging note in the breast pocket, had been sent to the "boys in blue" at the front. So far as I know not one sleeping suit ever reached the men at Santiago. Where they went I cannot say. Perhaps to the Sisters' Hospital at Key West; perhaps to Tampa. I never saw, during three months' lasting, one soldier in anything but the uniform he came down in, in May, and which was glued to his back by blood and sweat.

And the great want of the men seemed to be food and tobacco. The heavy kit was thrown away. The Cuban negroes—for that is all they were—followed calmly and picked things up. It struck me then, as now, that the things most needed for men on the march are canned food in the way of soup, or pemmican, and 'baccy. I know that there are good ladies who are averse to giving a chap a smoke. But one can go too far with that sort of notion. Were I a millionaire, or half one, I would give my lads all they wanted for a bit of smoke.

They make fun of a woman in war. They had their joke out with me in Cuba. It was an Englishman who wrote his joke for, I think, the London Daily Mail. He rather laughed at

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the "woman-war correspondent" in that lofty English way. He made delightful fun of her. But I think, she "beat him to it." At least one never met him in Cuba and the newsboy in the trenches knew nothing of him. A lamed Cockney—how ever did *he* get there?—to whom one told the story, merely remarked.

"'E worn't a pard, were 'e, Missus?" —Which consoled one.

Coming home on the transport Comal, was not exactly heaven. The men aboard were sick. The correspondents were weary. So was the woman. She, lucky individual, had a whole stateroom to herself, with a mattress, sans sheets, covers, towels. And filled with cockroaches. The food at the officers' and correspondents' table was—rotten. More I dare not say.

But, and this is war as the woman who is writing saw it:—

"'E WORN'T A PARD, WERE 'E, MISSUS?"

There was a big man aboard, one of the Rough Riders. His chum and pal, one known widely as "Bucky O'Neill," was shot on the side of a hill, and every day, this poor, shaken, big, fine fellow, would cry amid his tears, his stifling groans, to tell how his friend, whom later he went out to rescue, had had "his eyes picked out" by the baldheaded johnny crows of the tropics.

I thought then, as I think now, of that verse in Revelation: "And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, 'Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God:

'That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great."

And down there, down in Tampa before the boys moved, it was the baskets from the mothers and wives and sisters at home that helped. Listen to what a "little officer boy" said to me. Maybe he wasn't very grand as to grammar, but he was a fighting man and a "good 'un:"

"It ain't no picnic," said the boy officer, in a plaintivevoice. "I thought it was when I came, but I'm getting that drove right out of me now. If it wasn't for the baskets our folks send along, I don't know what us boys'd do."

"Do you really get baskets?"

"I guess we do;" the young fellow's face cheered up wonderfully. "There's hardly a day but some of the fellows get stuff from their mothers or girls. At first I couldn't eat rations at all, but I'm gettin' over that, and think fat bacon and hard tack are not so bad after all. Of course the good things from home help us out."

"Children," I said to myself, as I bade good evening to the young fellow, and turned away towards the Florida lines, "just children, in spite of all their guns and valour and eagerness. God bless my soul, what a big part women have to play in the world after all: We have to mother them, the poor boys of the world, from the cradle to the grave."

War Brings Greater Anguish to Those Who Can Only "Sit and Knit"

And if one felt it then—the big mothering heart stirring—what of it now? All women everywhere are feeling it. The German *haus-frau*—ah, think of her without news, waiting, listening; the Frenchwoman, buoyant, daring, and adorable, thinking of poor brave and laughter-loving "Piou-Piou." The women of Britain, silent, patient, *bearing* women; the women of Canada of the same grim, grand old breed. Do not think for a moment that we sit at our ease. The passive role is more difficult than the active one. There are few of us Canadian women, who would not gladly gird ourselves for the fight to hold together the mighty empire, now warring to help those weaker than she is; to guard the children, to do "big things," to help put down a mad Emperor.

Alas! we can do nothing but sit and knit!

But the spirit of patriotism burns brightly throughout this wide Dominion. You have heard no note of complaint, no whining from the women. They have given—God! God! what have they not given! The little maid on your floor has delightedly given her "quarter." The poor charwoman has given her man, and her "quarter." The old woman round the corner has given the work of her weary old fingers. Oh, but these *are* tributes. But the greatest—the mother has given her boy!

No one remembers how beautiful once were the flowers in the garden; how trimly kept the gravel walks; how well cooked the joint, the fowl, the fish for dinner, how well and daintily laid the table; how well minded through puling, crying nights —the baby.

All woman's work—every hour and all the time! The little as well as the big things.

And now we are forced to sit quiet!

Last night in my home town there came the blare of the bugle, I went to the window. The boys in khaki were marching. The street resounded to the tramp of their feet. And I began to cry. The drum seemed to be beating on a human heart—

And, oh believe me—I wept.

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"MY HEART BLEEDS FOR LOUVAIN"

Napoleon Wins

BEING THE STORY OF A REAL ESTATE DEAL, A SUPER-EXTRA GRIN AND A MAN WHO MADE GOOD ON THE NAME OF NAPOLEON

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "A Smash in the Ear," "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," etc.

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

"WHY DADDY, POLE SMITH IS A REGULAR SURE-FOR-TRULY, CROSS-MY-HEART, HOPE-TO-MY-DIE FELLOW," MARJORIE ASSURED HIM

CAPTAIN HAMMOND passed the gate of the modest Smith residence at a good round clip, for he had his usual scant seconds to catch the eight twenty-seven. An elastic step at his side suddenly swung into perfect accord with his heel and toe rhythm, and a young voice, which nevertheless sounded like that of a "regular man," bade him a very cheerful good morning. At that moment Captain Hammond was answering the morning mail which he had not yet seen. The Eureka Iron Mills was behind in its orders, and there would be not less than eight fiery protests from complaining customers. Without looking around, he merely said, "Unh!"

"Mr. Hammond, I want a job," was the next remark of the voice. Captain Hammond was just then answering suppositious letter number six, which was about the worst of the lot; so he frowned and turned to find himself looking slightly upward, straight into the grin of young Napoleon Smith.

Now the grin of young Napoleon was the most infectious and ingratiating joy ever devised. Every feature of his well-muscled face took part in it, from his blue eyes to his white teeth. It shot right at you; it warmed the cockles of your heart; it made your world a bright and a cheerful place to live in, and it made you firmly believe that whatever Napoleon Smith said or did was just about right.

Meeting that grin, Captain Hammond relaxed and smiled in spite of himself.

"What can you do ?" he asked, looking at young Smith again, this time critically and a little enviously, too; for a clear, boyish complexion and an athletic body full of good, sound nerves are gifts which pass with youth.

"Hustle," stated young Smith in reply to the question.

This time Captain Hammond laughed outright.

"That's the most valuable asset you can own," he declared. "Your name's Smith, isn't it ?"

Napoleon admitted that it was.

"How you kids do grow up !" said the captain wonderingly, with a thought of his own gray head.

The eight twenty-seven just then whistled for Briarscot, and both men started to run.

"Bless me," puffed the captain, when they had plumped into a seat and were speeding onward, "even golf don't restore my wind. Do you golf ?"

"Not yet," replied Smith, shaking his head and grinning.

Again Captain Hammond laughed.

"You're right that it's an old man's game, after all; also it's a delusion and a snare. Fat old men lose no weight at it, and thin ones gain no muscle."

"But about that job ?" suggested young Smith again.

"Oh, yes," said the captain, and unconsciously he frowned once more. "I don't know of a thing at our place. We're crowded with applications, but I don't suppose those applicants are all hustlers. You say you've had no business experience at all ?"

"None that I care to tell about," replied the other, smiling reminiscently. "All through college I served as a correspondent for various papers, and through vacations I worked on general assignments on the World. It was a good school. I met a lot of business people in that way, and became acquainted with a queer lot of business methods. I could go to work on the Herald now, but the occupation doesn't seem to promise much of a future."

The captain nodded his head with a jerk.

"Choosing a profession is like making a wise investment," he said. "Not one in a hundred succeed in picking the right ones. I understand your father's estate didn't cut up quite so well as was expected ?"

"No," returned young Smith cheerfully. "It totaled to exactly nothing, and nothing to carry. You don't think then, that there is anything in your place ?"

"Not just now," said the captain. "However, I shall bear you in mind."

Napoleon arose and looked at the captain and merely grinned.

"Pardon me," he said, "I see one of the scouts of the Tribune up there; he may know something," and he made his vigorous way to the forward end of the car.

II.

CAPTAIN HAMMOND strode into his office and fired off his usual morning question.

"Where's Bluffing ?" he demanded.

"Not down yet," said the girl of the straw-colored hair, slightly worried.

The captain went into his usual morning fit of temper, and in that attitude pounced upon the letters of complaint, of which fortunately he found only four. Two of the answers he tore up later in the day, for they were undiplomatic. About half an hour later, Bluffing, a young man with a big straw hat and puffs under his eyes strolled in, smoking a cigarette, and, after a moment's deliberation, decided that he might as well work as not.

"Mr. Bluffing," said the captain, "I'd like to remind you that the address of this office is 710 Green Street, and that we look forward with eager anticipation to the pleasure of your society between the hours of nine and twelve and one and five. If those hours seem a trifle inconvenient to you, you might state so in

writing and I'll put the matter up to the Board of Directors."

"Very sorry, Mr. Hammond," said Bluffing, with a wink at the straw-haired girl. "You see, we got caught in a jam at——"

"I don't give a continental what held you," responded Mr. Hammond, having just found a fifth complaint, which he had overlooked. "The point is that we want you here at nine o'clock, with no excuse short of a broken leg."

On the second mail an excessively large order soothed the captain somewhat, and at noon the arrival of a tall, black-haired young lady with a color in her cheeks which never came from a chemist's shop, soothed him still more.

"I suppose you have a lot of old business engagements for luncheon, haven't you, daddy? Now tell me yes," she said.

"But I am going to tell you no," replied the captain, all smiles.

"Then," she informed him with a mock courtesy, "I am going to allow you to buy some eclairs and things for a stunning young lady to whom you may point with pride."

"By George, Margie," said the captain, now as gentle as any suckling lamb, "how you have developed! There is just a little bit of a pang in that last remark of yours. Some of these days it will be some other fellow's place to point with pride and fill all other male hearts with envy."

"Indeed!" she said quite loftily. "Maybe that time has already come."

"Who's the fellow?" he wanted to know, with a genuine anxiety which he carefully attempted to conceal.

"Oh, lots of them!" she gayly returned.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, much relieved. "My! My! My! Margie, it only seems yesterday that you were a little bit of a kid."

"You oughtn't to remind me of it, daddy, because while no woman wants to become old, it takes such a long, long time to grow up. And while they may indulge in fairy-tale wishes, growing up is the biggest thing that kids really want."

INDEED THERE'S NOT ROOM," DECLARED BILLY. "GO AWAY, POLE SMITH. I'M MAKING LOVE"

He laughed and closed his eyes for a second.

"That's twice to-day I've remarked how kids grow up," he said. "I had a queer experience this morning with young Smith, up in our suburb."

"Pole Smith?" she inquired.

"Pole!" he repeated.

"Yes; Napoleon, you know. We called him Pole because he was such a gangling, spindle-legged youngster when we organized the Briarscot Tennis Club. Since he's grown handsome he doesn't like the name very much, so we call it to him all the time.

"You know him pretty well, then?"

"Why, he fairly haunts our front porch! Haven't you seen him there?"

"No."

"Yes, you have, I know; but you're a fine, trustful daddy, and you never put a microscope on the young men I bring around."

"How could I, Margie?" he said, clasping the hand which had rested upon the edge of his desk. "How could I, when in every speech and in every action and in every thought you are so nearly the image of your dear mother?"

"That's nice," she said, pulling his ear. "I don't believe any of the young men ever said a prettier thing to me. They're all nice-saying young men, too."

"What sort of a fellow is this Pole Smith?" he asked.

Continued on page 57.

"STOP YOUR BLATHERIN', TERRANCE," SHE COMMANDED. "HURRY UP AN' FINISH THE BUSINESS WITH THIS YOUNG MAN. I LIKE THE CHEERFUL FACE OF HIM"

The Case of Margie Fiske

EVERY GIRL WHO TRAMPS THE GRIM PAVED STREETS LOOKING FOR WORK KNOWS ALL ABOUT MARGIE, SOME BY BITTER EXPERIENCE, SOME BY INTUITION

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by Helen A. Haselton

TIME, the present, is a barrier developed by our inability to see behind or ahead. When we cease to be, we, the fussy, foolish little snow-fort builders who play that gold is to be striven for, kings are to be obeyed, Paris is to be taken, then Time will cease also among the rest of the illusions and from rim to rim of Eternity what has been, will be what is; and what is to be, will be the inescapable resultant of both.

You've read about God, perhaps, and a Great White Throne and Books to be opened? If it were not so written, it would in any case have to be. Else how should Kaiser Wilhelm II., who never stepped foot in Canada, come to know about—and to pay for—the case of Margie Fiske?

Nineteen years ago when the War-lord was planning to get Heligoland and build the Kiel Canal, to smash England on the sea and ram his bayonet down the hot throat of Paris, Margie lay under Ontario appletrees because her mother'd put her on her back and she hadn't yet found out how to crawl.

To-day, the Kaiser had the island and the canal. He also thought he had Paris. And Margie, sitting out on a park bench, had her last paycheck.

Generally speaking, Margie was all big blue eyes and a grin. She could also do the maxixe with the gum-wad she kept under the edge of Fulton-Mackenzie and Co.'s typewriter desk better than any of the seventeen Pitmanettes in her department. Margie herself had no shorthand since she had never dug up the money nor the ambition to study. She just did the invoices that the office slapped on her desk from eight-thirty to six. And when they were done, she grinned. You can smile just because you're a girl. But you've got to have a sense of humor under your tango twist to know enough to grin.

But there was no grin now.

Five weeks ago "They" had declared War. Margie hadn't followed the career of the Kaiser either before or since. She just knew that there were newsboys. And bands. And autos with flags—she had bought one for a dime. And Dick from the Billing was in the Q. O. R.

It was all very exciting and a little shivery. But it didn't distract in the least from the pleasure of the new $10.50 black velvet peach of a hat with the dead-white flowers that she couldn't afford—and bought of course—out of her eight a week. Neither did it injure the taste of the cocoa she and Beryl made on their one-burner oilstove and served to the two boys who sat on two steamer trunks in their one-room "flat."

"You'll be hearin' of the War first thing you know," Fred had said only last night. Fred was Beryl's cousin and a steady at the flat. "Somebody told me the Fulton-Macks were goin' to drop a few thousand men. You girls'd have nothin' to do but visit."

"Gee," sighed Beryl, "wouldn't that be the fun! Wisht Mr. Graham'd enlist. Of all the crazy, cross——"

And so on into office gossip which is quite as thrilling as the society kind, and apt to be truthfuller.

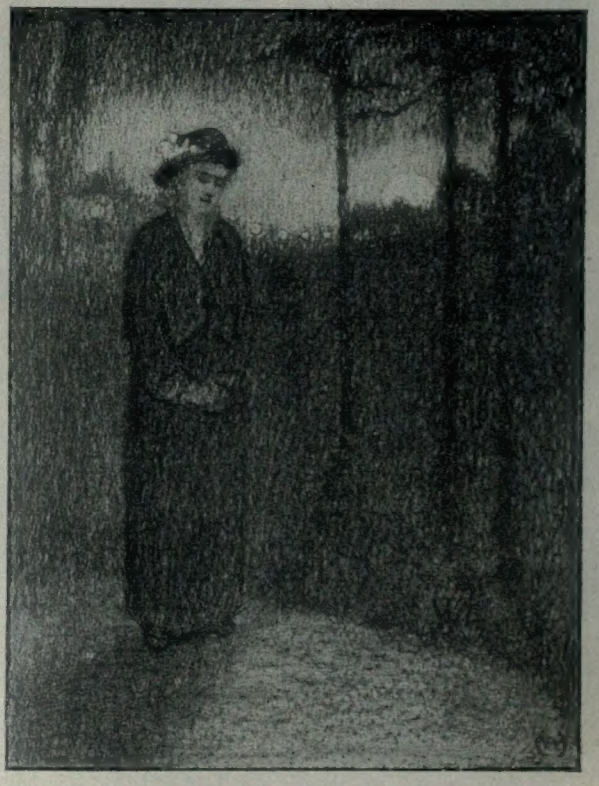
Next day was pay day, always a roseate dream and a bad fulfiller. Eight dollars looked so big and green and crackly in prospect, and so hanged little when you went to pay for one of those new capes, or a fall suit, or even a swell pair o' pumps and a veil.

But this pay-day—

Margie shivered in the late summer twilight as she recalled it. She could hear Miss Wallace yet.

"I'm sorry, Miss Fiske, but you see the firm's slack and so—"

Yes. And so—. Double pay. The Fulton-Macks were good through every inch of their church-going souls, but you couldn't keep a bunch of stenographers when you'd just dropped seven and a half millions in first payments due on goods shipped to three hell-blazing European countries, could you? They'd cut three thousand five hundred men from their factory pay roll and they'd dropped twenty in the office. It was all perfectly fair and necessary, granted the Kaiser. But



VERY SLOWLY SHE WALKED HOME THROUGH THE DUSK, TRYING TO REARRANGE HER VIEWS OF LIFE

it was infernally hard on Margie.

She had turned away dazed. Last night Fred and—and the other man, had discussed one's chances of landing another job under present abnormal conditions of the labor market. To be sure, the other man had been holding Margie's hand as he talked, and words don't carry a very clear significance, when one's brain is busy elsewhere. But she had gathered enough to be jolly glad the gum-wad under Desk Three was *her* gum-wad.

And now—

Yes, they might need her back. Say in six months, if Kitchener held heaven on his side. But even at that, what was a girl to live on with nothing a week, and five owing on her hat, and Beryl, also jobless, going home to Woodstock to her mother?

That brought back the stingingest memory of all, the horrible haunting thing that had sent her out under the trees to think.

Margie had met—him—outside the office, dropping in with his samples. For even if half the staff was to be dismissed, the rest would need carbon paper.

"Hello, Marg!" he'd said, with the quick lightening of his eyes that filled her cheeks with blazing color and sent the blood pounding into her brain.

She had managed to tell him about the lost job. He'd whistled. Told her to wait a jiffy. Disappeared behind the glazed door and come out again. Then they'd gone for a walk.

God! how it hurt.

She remembered that she had hesitated, stammered, hated herself for her doubts. He had been so very outspoken about his love all summer and so strangely reticent about its future. But now, in view of this tumbling to pieces of her financial universe, she just had to know.

So, with the queer directnesss that she'd got from some U. E. Loyalist north-trekking ancestor, she finally asked him, straight out, when it would be. Even then—heaven help her—he had not understood.

"*Marry you?*" he had said at last, bewilderment, incredulity in his tone, "but I don't want to marry anybody, kid! Did I ever say I did? Honest, you're a good little pal, you know, but a man like me can't afford to keep a wife. Love you? Of course I do. And I know you're straight too, but I don't want to tie up anywhere. I'm only twenty-four and I've got my place to make."

They were walking down King Street, but Margie didn't hear the clang of the street cars, nor the hand-organ grinding out the Miserere. She just heard Beryl's voice as they'd looked into the bureau drawer last night.

IN THE MEANTIME SHE COULD GO TO HER ROOM AND TRY ON THE LAST MAID'S CAP

"Say, Marg, of all the swell lonjree! Honest, I never knew you could sew till you was engaged."

Yep. She'd told her that. Margery had been brought up in the country and she was unsophisticated enough to think—poor little blue eyes—that when a man told a girl, a good girl, that he loved her, when he came night after night and taught her to love him till the world held nothing else, that then of course he meant orange blossoms, and a wedding ring, and other things too shyly holy to even think about.

She had got away somehow without letting him see. Or did he see and just not care? Anyhow, she wouldn't risk being at home to-night in case he came. Beryl would say she had a headache. If she were home and heard his voice she would go to him of course. She knew that. So she'd stay under the trees.

Far away there was a band playing "O Canada." They were drilling, those excited boys. Well, that was easy. It was something doing anyhow, something to look forward to. A bullet in your brain was better than an ache in your heart. Margie spread her little thin left hand out on her black skirt. There'd never be a wedding ring there now.

The clock tolled ten. He'd have come by this time, found Beryl at her packing and gone away. She could go home. Beyond that, she had no idea. All the offices were cutting down their staffs and the factories were turning away old hands. Miss Wallace had suggested service but, like most independent young Canadians, Margie resented invitations to use the back-door and entertain friends in the kitchen. Besides, she had her double envelope. Even with the hat money out, that left eleven dollars. And the rent was paid for two weeks longer. She could live a long time on eleven dollars if she was careful.

Very slowly she walked home trying to rearrange her views of life. There was just Margie, now—no little home with a window-box and a canary and a kitten like she'd had long ago in the country, no shadowy Somebody to cook for and to tidy up after. There wasn't even any soul-numbing office to go to to-morrow. And some other girl would find the gum.

"Did he come?" she asked Beryl, bending over toward the mirror so's her roommate wouldn't see.

"Yeh," said that lady, still stuffing shoes and blouses and picture post-cards into her trunk, "he was some mad too, believe me. He wanted to come in and see if you was sick like I said but I wouldn't let him. What'd you quarrel about?"

"Nothing," said Margie.

Beryl was going to-morrow and needn't know. Thank heaven that little bit of humiliation was spared.

Next morning Margery went down to the Union to see her friend off. When you've no job you might's well.

"Write first ?"

"No, you write first."

"No, you. I wanta know about you an'—you know—"

On her way uptown Margie bought a paper and took it to the Slossons' Rest Room. She didn't read the war. She had never thought of herself as a victim. She merely looked over the want ads.

Housemaids — cook — housemaid — nursemaid — school teacher — dining-room girl—ha, there you are, *shirt-waist operator*! Can't afford to be finicky, Margery. How about that ?

"Are you experienced ?" the foreman asked.

"No."

"Well, we don't want no green hands, let me tell you. There's millions of 'em here in Toronto. You wasn't in a factory before, was you ?"

"No, office work," she said.

"Well, you won't get that, nor factory work neither. It's my belief that we'll have a power o' trouble this winter. Hope to God it ain't as cold as last."

He was kind. He wanted to help. But he couldn't. Margie tried to say that over and over to keep the tears from dripping on the trim black suit.

It began to rain. She tried the corset factory, the shoe factory, even the carpet works where you went at 7.30 and started at two and a half a week. Nobody wanted a green hand. Margie went home, bought half a pound of chocolates out of sheer lonesomeness and spent the evening looking out at the drizzle and crying for Beryl and—

"No !" said Margie fiercely, "I'm not crying for him. I hate him ! I hate him !"

Late that night there was a knock on the door.

"A gentleman to see you downstairs."

"Tell him I'm sick," said Margery.

All the next day the little shoes tramped Toronto. Margie was wary of spending an unnecessary nickel by this time. One office had advertised for a stenographer but when she got there she was told she was the fifteenth although it was only ten o'clock. Besides, she hadn't her shorthand, you know, even though she was desperate enough by this time to chance bluffing it.

A little later in the day she found herself on the well-remembered road to Fulton Mackenzie's. Maybe Miss Wallace would know of something. In the old far-away, gum-chewing days, Margie had rather despised Miss W. for a sharp-featured, sharp-witted old maid who'd got to the top of the office but couldn't get a man. When she reached the door she found a lump in her throat. Miss Wallace looked so good, and the typewriters all clicking sounded homey. If they'd only take her on again at five or even four-fifty, she'd try to live on it.

"No, I can't," said Miss Wallace. Her eyes were very kind behind her glasses. But then, so were the eyes of the shirtwaist foreman and the girl at the corset factory. They all wanted to help. But they were being crushed themselves.

"This war, you know," Miss Wallace went on, "we're letting three more girls go next week."

Letting them go ! Margie's ears took in the irony of it. As though they wanted to leave ! She wondered as she looked at the sleek heads, which ones of the girls would don their unpaid-for hats for the last time next Saturday.

"Haven't you any home, Miss Fiske ?"

"No, Miss Wallace—that is, father's out on the farm but he married again and there's five children anyhow without me."

The one-time tyrant nodded sympathetically. She knew.

She took Margie's address. Would let her know if she heard of anything. But she was afraid—

That night Margie made her decision. Back door or no back door, she'd go into service.

She tried the first place, without the faintest suspicion that she wouldn't be taken.

"Can you cook ?"

"No'm—that is—well, I haven't cooked much lately."

The lady's face softened. Most people's faces did soften when they looked at Margie. She was so very pretty and of late there was such a pathetic little droop to her kissable mouth.

"Have you ever been in service, dear ?"

"No'm," said Margie again, "I was in the office at Fulton Mackenzie's. But I can't do shorthand, just type, and I haven't been able to get another place."

The lady had a thought-wave from somewhere to the effect that she ought to ask this pretty child right in and give her a cup of tea, but she was late for the Red Cross meeting anyhow, and if the 48th didn't get the housewives that she was to make, who'd sew on the buttons when the Kaiser shot them off ?

So Margie went slowly down the steps again and tried four more places before dark.

That night there was a note on the hatrack and later a second announcement of a gentleman in the parlor. But Margie said, "Now I lay me down to sleep" until she heard the front door slam.

It was a week later that she landed a job. She had thirty-three cents in her purse and her shoes were worn out and she hadn't answered Beryl's letter. But she could look into her own eyes in the tiny cheap little mirror and know that if her mother had lived, she could have gone to her with her head up.

They had taken her at this last house even though she couldn't cook, They were to give her twelve a month, two nights a week and every second Sunday afternoon. There were no children.

The girl who had engaged her was little older than Margie herself. And she wasn't pretty at all. But she was an M. A. and she taught Trigonometry for a living, which is nineteen storeys above making pies. She was Miss Harrington and her sister was Miss Etta and her aunt was another Miss Harrington. Margie could consider herself a lucky girl. She could read Mr. Harrington's theological books if she wanted to and sit in the sitting-room if there was no one else there.

In the meantime she could go to her room—via the back stairs—and try on the last maid's cap.

It was a tiny room, so short that the little bed and the littler radiator filled its length, and so narrow that it had just space for a washstand and Margie's steamer trunk. There was no bureau and no clothes cupboard though the schoolteacher Miss Harrington, who was never at home except during the holidays, had a whole inviolable chamber to herself and so of course had the other two ladies.

The walls had been papered years ago when the Harrington taste ran to red chrysanthemums on a blue ground. Successive maids had punched holes in this doubtful decoration tacking up and taking down their successive picture postcards. The one ornament that remained, like Mt. Robson above the clouds, was a faded purple motto with silver lettering that hung above the hard little bed.

"Sweet Rest In Heaven!" read Margie, but she was too tired to laugh, and the old grin had somehow got packed into Beryl's trunk.

She went downstairs at last, fiercely conscious of the tiny badge of servitude on her head, only to be confronted by the Trigonometry Miss Harrington.

"We've been without a maid for the past week, Margery," she said, not unkindly, "and the dishes have—er—accumulated. You'd better do them before dinner."

"Accumulated! I should say they had," said Margie under her breath, surveying a cluttered sink and littered table, the tea leaves spilled on the floor. The air was stale with frying and every saucepan in the house had been used. Some of them were burnt beyond recall.

"Would it be possible to make myself a cup of tea first, Miss Harrington?" the new maid asked meekly. She didn't explain that she had had no lunch and such a supposition never occurred to her employer.

"No, Margery," said Miss Harrington, with as good an imitation of her aunt's manner as she could achieve, "I don't believe in allowing the maids to eat between meals. English girls are proverbially wasteful of tea and this is War time. But then you aren't English are you?"

Margery didn't answer.

"*Don't talk, don't talk*!" she said to herself fiercely, "you're a maid, remember, and maids shouldn't make tea nor answer back."

By the time the dishes were done, Margie was too tired to be the deft-handed assistant that Miss Etta expected in getting the dinner. Miss Etta was goodhearted, but she was just a schoolgirl. She'd never lived nor loved nor had a friend nor made an enemy. Consequently, she just didn't understand. She thought the new maid sullen because of her white face and her silence, and when she dropped the salad dressing into the cream, Miss Etta said something about untrained girls and twelve a month that brought a hot flush to Margie's cheeks.

She waited on table in a haze of weariness, bewilderment and anger. Of course she made mistakes and equally of course it was irritating just when Miss Harrington had her friend from Vassar who knew all the forks from here to Boston. What neither Margery nor her employers realized in full, was the War-time, out-of-work tension that had complicated the new maid's initiation into her new place.

By the time dinner was over, everything was cold but Margery. She was blazing, physically and mentally, and she couldn't eat anything. She drank a cup of tepid tea, washed the dishes mechanically, and then, although it wasn't her evening out, she went upstairs and put her hat on. She took a long look at herself in the cheap mirror and went out, taking the key of her flat.

She didn't know how many hours she'd been sitting on the park bench when a man dropped into place beside her.

"Lord, kid, but it's good to see you," he said with the old lightening of his eyes that sent all the blood in the girl's body pounding into her brain, "you've been side stepping me lately, haven't you? Honest now, where've you been and who's the new he?"

For a moment Margie didn't speak. The man's arm slid along the back of the seat.

Continued on page 69.

Fraülein

THE CANADIAN CELT, THE GERMAN SPY AND THE SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVE MEET IN WARTIME LONDON

WHEN the good Lord made the Celt, He made him to fight and to dream, to think with his heart, to spend from his soul, and to feel with every inch of him.

But the good Lord knew that Ireland and the Hielands would never make Britannia rule the waves, since he is an unwonted Irishman who can make Pat rule himself unless he has some extra-special, revival-service, call-to-arms reason for it.

So the good Lord added England and peopled it with a race that the Celt may admire, may analyze, may lead—but never conquer—a strange mad race no Celt will ever understand, because, the angrier they get, the cooler they grow; the hotter the fire, the steadier they are; the bluer the war-news, the greater the demand for afternoon tea.

Canada isn't Celtic to be sure, but neither is she Anglo-Saxon, in the strict sense, what with her dash of Hibernia and the Highlands, her piquant French admixture, and her strain of tang and slang and let-'er-go-bang from south of the Great Lakes. Therefore Canada, when inoculated with the war-feel, takes herself, her responsibilities and her newspapers quite differently from the fashion set in Piccadilly and expounded in those North and South Poles of the English literary world, Punch and the Times.

These are the back-home-again reflections of a girl with grey-blue Donegal eyes and hair black like a smuggler's night. This summer she went to England from her Ontario home to see pictures and hear grand opera and admire, as much as she could, a race aloof, patronizing, conventional-minded.

Instead, August second sizzled itself off the calendar before she had taken her return passage and she had a chance to see the English nation at its supreme best.

"I can't give you any idea of the *tremendous quietness* of the war feeling," she told her friend who had never been east of New York. "It's utterly different to the Canadian way of taking things. There's a nonchalance about it that isn't stoicism nor theatricality, but just a serene sort of belief that Kitchener and Tommy Atkins are in charge, so why worry? Perhaps it's rooted in the deepest characteristic the English have—and the most un-Celtic—their ingrained conservatism. Britannia always has ruled the waves. Therefore, quite without fuss, Britannia always will."

There isn't any ferocity towards the Germans. In those strange solemn prayer-meetings in St. Paul's—St. Paul's with guards—the men who come in overwhelming numbers, join in prayers even for the Kaiser. They consider him a world-menace to be sure, a thing to be put out, like a prairie fire. But they don't hate him, and they're willing to take six months or a year or even longer to make him see reason.

There is absolute concentration of thought without any trace of that psychic tension, which would be un-English and undignified. A nation that will suffer fools gladly—even to the suffragette—that will allow every ism in the census report to mount a Sunday soap box and harangue a Hyde Park crowd, that will permit a blue-coated bobby to listen grinningly while a wild-haired orator to-hells his King—such a nation isn't going to get excited over a twentieth century attempt to revive a Moyen Age Empire. It crushed Napoleon. It will also crush William.

Canadienne had lived in Bedford Square since early spring, a wonderful, green-over-England spring that she hadn't seen except in the faint beckoning blue between tall houses when there was no mist. The German con-

sulate was at the end of the block, but even her Irish-keen intuitions hadn't warned her of the crowd that would presently jam the street, humming "Deutschland, Deutschland, ü b e r Alles."

"Nobody thought even the week before that we'd be in it," she said turning the bronze Liberty necklet between her slim fingers, "the Kaiser had shaken hands with the King over King Edward's coffin; he was a British admiral; he had made visits and overtures again and again. To be sure, Lord Roberts had warned us and so had Kipling, but the Englishman isn't imaginative, you know. He doesn't see Destiny till she comes round the corner."

That he did not, shows perhaps not so much the depth of Anglo-Saxon stupidity as the height of Anglo-Saxon self-confidence. London was full of eyes—paid German eyes. The press said so, Scotland Yard knew so. They could name-and-address them for you. But the man in the street who had Nelson and Wellington and Kitchener on the walls at home, simply read, believed or disbelieved according to his fancy for the print publishing the rumor, after which he promptly forgot all about it.

"It was the Friday before the declaration that I definitely suspected Fraülein," said Canadienne.

Fraülein had come to the boarding house in May. She was twenty-three, she said. She had fair hair, blue trustful eyes and a passion for study. Her Hanover Varsity couldn't give her the satin finish she wanted, so she was preparing to plug her way into a seventh heaven of bluestockingdom by three months' study at London University, followed by an equal period at Oxford and another in Paris. The subject was to be Seventh Century Manuscripts.

"I remember when she came first," said Canadienne, "Mrs. Dunham always introduced newcomers, but she couldn't do much for Fraülein because she didn't speak English. I saw her sitting over on the other side of the drawing room and as I was looking at her, the big tears welled up into her eyes. Later I found that she could manage this little stage play whenever she wished. But at the time I thought she was homesick and I was all compassion. My German was three years out of school, but I went over, sat on the arm of her chair, and tried to talk to her."

She was so pleased and so grateful that Canadienne offered to take her sight-seeing. She had never been in London before, she said.

On the streets she was dazed. The English were so strange, their language was so difficult—

The third or fourth expedition had as its objective an art gallery. Canadienne's stock of Vaterland-talk wasn't technical. She managed a paragraph or two and then stuck.

"You do not mean that, you mean this !" cried Fraülein excitedly, shaking her yellow head, and before Canadienne had quite realized it, the conversation was being conducted in Shakespearian English!

The screw-looseness of the situation struck both girls at once. Fraülein laughed uproariously and declared she had played so good a joke on her friend. Yes, she could speak English, had studied it since she was ten.

A little later, her unexpected knowledge of the right turn to take in a part of the city she had just said she had never seen before, led her to the inevitable admission that this wasn't her first visit to London. She had been only joking.

When one of the other members of the household, who was an illuminator, showed a disposition to talk Seventh Century Manuscripts to the girl who was studying them, she became strangely reticent. It had certainly seemed a safe choice but the way of the transgressor is sometimes unexpectedly complicated.

"Fraülein seemed to know the most extraordinary number of men," Canadienne said. "There was a Parsee supposed to be at the University, there was an Englishman whom none of us liked, and there were two German officers in the house, besides ever so many others who came once and no more. Still, it wasn't till she returned from a trip to Bisley and told us she had staid with the Cavendishes whom we knew were in America, that we began to compare notes and come to the conclusion that she was something worse than a constitutional liar."

On the Friday before war was declared, Fraülein stopped for her mail before going out. A thin strip of paper fluttered to the floor from the first envelope cut, a draft for a thousand marks. Fraülein didn't see Canadienne in the drawing room doorway. She was too intent on her mail.

The effect of the letter was electrical. First she whistled, a long low note of surprise that flowered into a delighted laugh.

"At last, at last ! Mein Gott, it is so !"

Then she sped up the street to the consulate.

Apparently other joke-playing Germans had had billets-doux from their chiefs of staff, for the road had begun to fill up.

There was the officer from Fraülein's own house, singing "Deutschland" and exulting openly. There was his friend who always seemed busy yet had no office and no hours. There, too, were selections from that eighty-five per cent. of London's waiters who hailed from Prussia and its environs.

"Until Tuesday you couldn't pass for the mob," said Canadienne, "jabbering, cheering, calling for the consul, dashing up in taxis, and dashing off again. I don't believe you could get such a scene anywhere else in the world, a jam of the enemy right in the very heart of one's own city, and nothing done to prevent their making all the noise they wanted ! There were two or three policemen around but they didn't attempt to do anything with the crowd that never left by night or by day, and thinned out only at mealtimes."

Incompetence ? Not on your life ! Just sheer, amazing British self-confidence. There were torn German extras all over the road, there was Berlinese bedlam from sidewalk to sidewalk, but there was also Sir Edward Grey in the Foreign Office and Scotland Yard at its usual stand and if it amused Fraülein to cheer herself hoarse, let her cheer.

The boarding house didn't see its three Germans except at the end of breathless taxi-rushes. The officer was summoned to his regiment. Yet he was leaving all his belongings save his latchkey.

"Why do I take it ? Oh, I shall be back presently, in a week or two," he said airily, "and then, I shall need it."

Paris in four weeks—London in six. That's what he meant. He was as sure that the Kaiser would be reviewing his troops in Hyde Park as he was certain that there was no need to pay his five weeks' arrears-board to a poor fool who would soon have to quarter him for nothing.

The outrush of waiters changed many a high priced restaurant into a cafeteria. Friedrich from the boarding house staff also sought the colors, nineteen and keen to fight his friend the Swiss at the next table. By the time the order was issued commanding all Germans to register, there was no one left but Hans who had told the consul that he was under age and flat-footed. Fraülein had taxied out of sight with the Parsee, leaving her luggage to be called for.

Then one morning, a plainclothes Sherlock from Scotland Yard visited the agitated landlady.

"You've had two German officers here," he said genially. "They have been in London so long. They have done thus and so. They have now rejoined their regiments."

Whereupon he added details that no one in the house had ever dreamed of, demanding in return the papers of the careless Prussians who were so sure of returning.

"You've also had a German woman,"

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PEOPLE LEAVING THE BANK OF ENGLAND AFTER THE INCREASE IN RATES

went on the plainclothes Law. "She was the daughter of a sugar-refiner in such and such a place. She says she is twenty-three but in reality she is twenty-six. This is her third visit to England. She was supposed to be studying Seventh Century Manuscripts at London University."

The boarding house mistress was one series of "hows" and "whys" and "wherever-did-you-get-its."

The detective wouldn't say. Fraülein had been known about since she came to London. Of course. Why did one suppose Scotland Yard was there ?

Why had they not apprehended her before ?

Why should they ?

Having satisfied himself that the eyes-that-had-come-to-see had really turned into the tongue-gone-home-to-report, the Law departed, leaving a shaken house who no longer wondered that 1,100 policemen could take care of 6,000,000 Londoners, if they were all up to the startling specimen just seen from the Yard.

After having rid itself of undesirables by the simple method of leaving them alone, the city settled down to war-time rule.

People left the Bank of England when the increase of rates was announced. The crowd tore down the consul's eagles, just the necessary once. After that, it betook itself to Buckingham Palace and for four unbridled nights in a line, it cheered the King, the Queen and the Prince of Wales, who appeared on the balcony after dinner. This proceeding, however, struck the English mind as undignified and, by Royal request, was discontinued.

Every public building in town was watched and guarded as were the railroads and the bridges; the entrances to the Post Office and the Telegraph Buildings and the nearby subway stations were protected with expanded steel netting; boy scouts slipped through the streets with messages; soldiers marched all the time, to drill in the parks and the church-yards, to entrain at the stations.

Scarcely a head turned. Nobody cheered. The call to arms had been given, had been obeyed. What else would one expect ?

A likely-looking horse trotted down-street in his delivery shafts. A plainclothesman held up his hand. The driver stopped, dismounted, unhitched. What if Madame's butter was late for lunch ? Her country needed horses.

Motor busses that used to bowl along through London, mysteriously disappeared from their accustomed haunts. Rumor has it that the French peasant thereafter learned all about the merits of Pear's Soap from their flaunting sides, and read for the first time of Peek Frean's Biscuits and Johnny Walker's Whiskey when they came to rest to discharge cargoes. Private motor trucks were also commandeered, turned into vehicles of wizardry, soldier-driven, and bound no one knew where.

All the shops gave at least a window to khaki uniforms. The assistants within knitted for dear life at army socks, and when they went home at night, they worked away at the biscuit-colored flannel the English Red Cross has declared suitable for pyjamas. The pinks and blues and flowery hues of the Canadian offering will look frivolous in comparison, but perhaps the Mother Country will recognize our Celtic enthusiasm and our Gallic exuberance, and let it go.

The censorship is unexampled and awe-inspiring. A girl in Canadienne's boarding house received a letter from her sister in Russia. All names of places were obliterated.

Trains rushed north and south with blinds down. Russians from Archangel ? No, for there was the official denial. Yes, for the Russian who sold greens to the boarding-house had seen and talked with his own cousin.

A neighborhood would go to bed

watching the barracks' lights winking across the street. They would wake up to find the place deserted save for an impassive sentry or two.

London shows no electric signs these days, no fringe of stardust atop her streets. The vessel that steals out of Liverpool blankets her portholes.

And yet, all this, all the wonderful, trained, tense activity of it, and never a bit of worry or hurry or the missing of a single cup of tea !

"A German in Montreal showed a friend of mine a pink slip two years ago," said Canadienne, putting on the black velvet bit of modishness that the West End called a hat. "That slip told him just where he was to report in the event of war with England. Germany has known a long time ahead and she has been absolutely confident of victory."

But the blatant me-and-Gott confidence that provided Fraülein with a thousand marks, that made the officer go home minus his receipted board-bill but plus his latchkey, that poured greygreen hordes across a neutral border, that burned cathedrals and bayonetted old men and little children—that isn't the sort of confidence that wins a long heartracking war. It isn't the English kind of confidence, that is steady enough to shoot without shouting, that is high enough to plunge an Empire into blood for a "scrap of paper," and lowly enough to kneel before the Judge of all the Earth in St. Paul's, confessing its sins.

Doc Lambert's Second Choice

By Samuel E. Kiser

Illustrated by G. Tyson

SOURED. Such was the condition of Doc. Lambert. He had tried life and found it guilty. Existence was a thing that he bore with ill-concealed impatience. He felt that it had been unjustly thrust upon him.

Some men would have considered themselves lucky if they had been in Doc's place, for he was neither a beggar nor a cripple. Moreover, he had a job that wasn't half bad, and he was under no moral obligation to support a family.

It was rumored that he had once had a mother, but the report may have been unfounded. Doc was a woman-hater. Long before he became connected with Barton, Swift & Co., a woman had caused him to become a misanthrope, a cynic, a misogynist, a pessimist and almost an outcast. That was when he was a handsome young doctor of divinity. It was the old story. Doc never would speak of it, but we picked up the particulars here and there and got possession of enough of the facts to piece out a fairly complete account of the matter.

"IF I WERE YOUR WIFE, I'D GIVE YOU SOMETHING BESIDE SUICIDE TO THINK ABOUT"

The woman, it appeared, had made a mess of his career merely to satisfy her vanity. If she had ever cared for him she denied it when he had need of her sympathy and affection. She put all the blame on him and he, being a gentleman, made no effort to let the truth be known. He assumed entire responsibility for the scandal when it came out, the result being that he was expelled from his church and ostracised by society, while she, claiming to have repulsed his advances and to have been innocent of any effort or desire to promote his infatuation, was permitted to retain her husband and her respectability. Such is the price the privileged sex is sometimes compelled to pay for its privilege.

Doc was essentially an extremist. When he quit the ministry he burned all his bridges behind him. In addition to casting away his faith in God he became an advocate of artistic self-destruction.

Barton, Swift & Co. had engaged him as a writer of prospectuses, a line of endeavor in which he exhibited wonderful ability. He could write a prospectus that would cause people to beg for the privilege of investing their money; but be it remembered that he never did this with any desire to swindle or mislead. It was merely his way of pursuing art for art's sake.

When he became identified with our establishment he was about fifty-five years old, though no one would have guessed that he was more than forty. He possessed a splendid physique, his abundant hair was but slightly tinged with gray, and he would have been handsome still if it had not been for his constant frown.

At first we found it a little difficult to adjust our emotions to Doc's habits of speech. He would speak of suicide as one ordinarily speaks of music or painting or poetry. In his estimation suicide was an art.

"Oh," he would say, "there are people who bungle suicide just as there are those who bungle music and make daubs on canvases and write atrocious verses. Suicide is a matter that requires study, even as music and painting and poetry demand it. It is, in fact, the very highest of all the arts, for one must be truly inspired in order to achieve distinction in it. That cannot, in the nature of things, be accomplished through mere practice."

We were given to understand that he lived on, not from choice, but because he was waiting for the inspiration that he considered necessary to credit himself with an artistic exit from the world. It was his custom to carry a pocketful of newspaper clippings which referred to people who had voluntarily given up the business of life, and often when he could spare the time he would spread these precious bits upon his desk and philosophize over them.

"I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS GRAVE," SAID DOC, "AND I HOPE TO GET SAFELY MOVED INTO IT BEFORE SNOW FLIES"

"Here," he said one day when he had produced a fresh clipping, "is a story concerning a man who threw himself from the top of a twenty-story building. The method is effective but wholly inartistic. One cannot do that without making a muss. When I remove myself, as I hope to very soon, it will be in such a way as to cause no inconvenience to others. Hanging I consider vulgar, and shooting does not lend itself to the requirements of good taste. One cannot shoot oneself and remain presentable."

When Doc Lambert identified himself with the house of Barton, Swift & Co. he was assigned to a desk near the one at which Mrs. Stetson, our stenographer, worked. Mrs. Stetson was a widow who supported two little children and provided for her own wants out of a salary of $15 a week. That alone would have entitled her to recognition as a genuis; but she did more. She could not bring her children to the office, so she paid a woman to take care of them from seven o'clock every morning until six at night, Sundays excepted. Perhaps she was thirty-five years old; maybe only thirty. She certainly had reason enough to look her age, whatever it was; but she was far from being the least hopeful person in the establishment.

Doc was her pet aversion. She abhorred him and he cordially reciprocated. Neither made any concealment of the contempt each had for the other.

After Doc had expressed his disapproval of shooting as a means of self-destruction Mrs. Stetson said:

"The principal trouble with you, Doc, is that you're too lazy to take exercise enough to keep your pores open. I remember hearing a physician say once that there was nothing like clogged pores to bring on despondency. Why don't you invest in a home training apparatus? It might give you a new outlook."

"Now you take throat-cutting," he went on, without looking up from his clipping or acknowledging that he had heard the widow's remarks; "that is clearly an indication of degeneracy and, furthermore, it is sure to be followed by disagreeable consequences, especially if it is done in a carpeted room. The man who cuts his throat shows an utter lack of the finer feelings. Asphyxiation is much more genteel and, all things considered, is perhaps about as good a method as has ever been thought out."

"What you need," said Mrs. Stetson, "is some one to take your mind off that kind of foolishness. If I were your wife I'd give you something beside suicide to think about."

He studied her for a moment and seemed to be framing a sarcastic reply, but evidently he was unable to think of anything severe enough. He therefore went on with his philosophical deductions concerning asphyxiation.

"There's only one trouble about it," he said. "Unless a man can have a whole building to himself when he turns on the gas somebody is likely to break into his room before he is dead and spoil everything. As far as the gas is concerned, one needn't worry about that. If I decide to select gas as the medium in my case I shall leave enough money to pay for whatever the meter may register. I consider this no more than right. There are certain poisons that have good points, but poison never made a strong appeal to me. There is something about the word that I don't like. One somehow gets the impression that a man who poisons himself must be a plebeian. Drowning is in some respects a fairly good method, too."

"Will you please talk about something else—if you must talk ?" Mrs. Stetson pleaded. "You make one feel creepy. I should think you would be afraid something terrible would happen to you."

"If I were going to drown myself," he continued, folding up his clipping and placing it carefully with the others that he carried, "I should not do it in a well. That would make trouble for others. I myself should not thank any one for drowning himself in a well of mine. In addition to the nuisance of having to get the body out it would have a tendency to spoil my taste for the water, at least for a few days. I——"

"Could you be induced to postpone your remarks until I get these letters copied ?" Mrs. Stetson asked. "Or if it would be more agreeable for you to go out and drown yourself at once, please do that."

"I should not throw myself into a reservoir or a small lake either," he said, ignoring the lady's interruption. "I once saw a body that had been taken from the water after having floated for several days and it was not an attractive object. I should not want my body to be found in such a condition. If I ever drown myself it will be in mid-ocean, so that there can be no possibility that it ever will be recovered. On the whole, however, I think drowning is hardly to be recommended. There are too many risks attached to it. One never can be sure that some fool will not be waiting around somewhere, ready to jump in and pull one out by one's hair. To a man with any self respect that would be humiliating.'"

Having placed his clippings in his pocket, he turned to his desk to resume his work.

"Thanks," said Mrs. Stetson, with a little shiver. "I was afraid you'd never get through this time. What you need is a wife—a good, strong-minded wife—to take some of that foolishness out of you. The idea of a man like you talking about committing suicide ! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You don't know how fortunate you are. If you were a cripple or a hopeless invalid one might forgive you for pretending to be tired of living. A man who thinks of killing himself is a coward, anyhow. He's a mental weakling. There's a screw loose somewhere in his make-up. There's a chance for you to figure it out for yourself if you want to know what I think of you."

Without indicating in any way that he had heard what the lady had said Doc bit off the end of a cigar and went on correcting the copy of a new prospectus which was to be one of the finest products of his genius.

When he came into the office the next day he took a clipping from his pocket and after studying it for a moment said:

"Here's an interesting case. A man threw himself into a blast furnace and his body was completely consumed. That appeals to me very strongly. It did away with the necessity of a funeral. I consider a funeral a nuisance. It wouldn't be so bad if they would bury one without getting some woman to screech or letting some male quartette howl over one. I shall leave specific instructions that nothing of that kind is to be done when they hold my funeral; but how am I to know that they will respect my wishes ?"

"I don't think you need worry," Mrs. Stetson remarked. "No one will ever feel like bursting into song over you, either alive or dead."

"It would be just like some officious preacher," Doc continued, "to want to send me off to the accompaniment of 'Lead Kindly Light' or something of that kind, in spite of any orders I might leave. Still, one has to assume that risk. There's another thing I want to have thoroughly understood. No women are to stand around my grave when I'm lowered into it. If the boys from the office want to pay their respects by coming out I shall consider it decent of them, but no women. They sicken me. I have a creepy feeling whenever one of them gets against me in a crowd."

"Think of the feelings of the poor woman who happens to be crowded against you," said the widow. "Smile, Doctor. Let's see how you look with a twinkle in your eyes."

A few mornings later Doc came into the office, carrying a long envelope, which he carefully placed upon his desk, saying:

"Well, there it is."

"What is it?" asked Danny Richardson, the resident manager, "your will?"

"No. I've bought myself a grave. That's the deed."

"You have decided, then, that you will not destroy yourself in any way that will obviate the necessity of a funeral ?"

"Yes, I've got that point all settled in my mind. I went out to Mount Hope Sunday and looked over their supply of graves to find out whether I wanted to be buried or not. They had one that suited me, so I bought it."

"What kind of a grave did you select ?" asked Danny. "Is it under a weeping willow, or did you pick out a spot that appealed to you on account of the view ?"

"I found a place where there was one grave left between those of two men who had died bachelors. I wanted to make sure that no woman could ever be buried beside me, and this grave answered my purpose. My neighbors never having had families, there will be no danger that their graves will ever be used by anybody but themselves, so it's all fixed. The deed, with full directions concerning the location of my grave, will be found beside me when the end comes, so there will be no occasion for any trouble or confusion in that respect."

The possession of a grave seemed to be a great comfort to Doc. He would frequently take the deed out of his pocket and read it over with unmistakable satisfaction. It almost made him cheerful, and he fell into the habit of going out on Sundays to look at his grave and assure himself that it was where it belonged. His first remark when he came into the office on Monday mornings was:

"Well, I went out to see my grave yesterday."

He spoke of it as if it had been a garden or a building lot, and the boys found it pleasant to humor him by letting him understand that they were interested in the spot which he had selected as his last resting place.

"I suppose," Danny Richardson said, one morning after Doc had made his usual announcement, "you intend to beautify it with flowers, don't you ?"

"Flowers !" Doc sneered, "no ! I'll leave the flowers for the women. They need all of them they can get to keep themselves from being insufferable."

Mrs. Stetson had a little bunch of pansies fastened on her breast. She caressed them and then, smiling at Lambert, said:

"They do help to keep one from being repulsive. I shall plant some on your grave after you have begun to use it."

He lighted a cigar and began to smoke furiously, pretending that he had not noticed her remark.

"What about a grave stone?" Danny Richardson asked. "Do you intend to provide that also, or will you leave

Continued on page 42.

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

"WILL YOU PROMISE," JEFFREY ASKED, "TO REGARD ME AS A SANE PERSON RECOUNTING OBSERVED FACTS?"

SYNOPSIS.

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith," a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart.

Next morning Jeffrey telephones for his friend, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

For a full minute, I think it must have been, Jeffrey sat there on the trunk staring at him without a word. For a moment there was in his eyes a look almost of panic. Then he rose and held out his hand to Shean.

"Thank you for telling me the truth about it," he said. "Oh, yes, I know it's true. I'm sorry for you. If you'll come up to my place and see me some day—oh, any time—we'll talk things over and see what we can do. Oh, and if you know where the frame is, find out what I can buy it back for, will you? No, I don't want any thanks. Good-by!"

In two minutes we were back in the taxi. I wanted to ask him what had given him the clue for what seemed to me an uncannily lucky guess, but his manner made it plain he didn't want to talk, so I left his moody reverie undisturbed all the way back to the studio. He sprang out when we arrived there with unconcealed haste, and fretted over the slowness of the elevator as we were going up.

His Jap heard us coming as we left the elevator and was holding the door open for us.

"Togo," said Jeffrey, "did you take that portrait I left when I went away, out of the frame?"

Togo nodded and smiled. "Yes, I took out. Put there." He nodded toward a big unframed stretcher on the outside of the stack that was leaning against the wall. "That it," he concluded.

Jeffrey burst into a laugh. "Well, why the devil didn't you say so," he demanded, "when I was making all that fuss this morning?"

Togo shook his head and lifted his eyebrows. "Frame gone," he said. "I not know."

Jeffrey strode across the room and swung the big stretcher around. Then he made a queer noise in his throat. There was no portrait there. It was just a big, gray, blank canvas, without a brushful of paint on it. We looked through the others in the stack. We looked at every canvas in the studio. But the portrait of the girl in the white satin gown wasn't there.

CHAPTER III.

AN UNSEEN VISITOR.

JEFFREY'S part of the search was a mere pretense. Togo and I looked everywhere—down in the studio and up in the loft. But, for the greater part of the time, Jeffrey sat in his chair staring dully out of the window and getting whiter and whiter every minute. When I had satisfied myself that we had really exhausted the possibilities and that the portrait of the girl in the white satin gown was really nowhere in the studio, I dismissed Togo with a nod, went up behind Jeffrey, and laid my hand on his shoulders.

I didn't intend to take him by surprise. He'd have heard me coming, had he not been sunk so far in the very deepest abstraction. As it was, he gave a little shudder under my touch and fainted dead away. I laid him on the floor and loosened his collar. But finally I had to get some cold water and dash it in his face in order to bring him to. Then I gathered him up, and with a little help from himself got him safely ensconced in his big, deep Morris chair.

"I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself," he said limply.

I don't know why people apologize for fainting, but they always do.

"Forget about it," said I. "You were in worse shape than I realized when you went away three months ago. If I'd known how bad you were, I think I'd have gone with you. And you're not quite right yet. Madeline and I will figure out, in a little while, what's best for you to do. In the meantime, you stop worrying. As I said, forget it."

Jeffrey laughed. It wasn't a pleasant laugh to hear.

"Forget it," he echoed. "Stop worrying."

"Or else," said I, struck with a new idea, "tell me all about it. I imagine that will be better, after all."

"It's nothing but a nightmare," said Jeffrey. "That's all it can possibly be."

"Exactly," I said. "And the only way to wake yourself out of a nightmare is to bring it out in the daylight. Reduce it to cold facts. Tell it, no matter how it sounds. I've none of your imagination, not any of those wonderful intuitions of yours, but I do lay claim to a certain amount of common sense, and perhaps I may be able to help you."

"Will you promise," Jeffrey asked, "to believe what I tell you? Oh, I don't mean to ask you not to think me a deliberate liar," he went on, interpreting my look of surprise at his request. "I mean, will you promise to regard me as a sane person recounting observed facts? Promise when I have got through not to come over and pat me on the back and tell me what I need is hypophosphites and strychnine. I'm not a wabbly neurasthenic suffering from hallucinations. If my story sounds like a bunch of phonograph records from bedlam, you're to promise to believe it's the story's fault, not mine."

If I felt an uncanny sort of excitement over his prologue, I did my best not to show it. I loaded and lighted my pipe pretty deliberately before I answered, and if the hand that held the match shook a little, I hoped he wouldn't notice it.

"All right," said I. "Fire away."

"Do you remember," he began, "that two years ago I spent the winter in Paris?"

"Do I remember!" I exclaimed. "Didn't Madeline and I visit you a whole week in your apartment there?"

"Did either you or Madeline notice anything queer about me then, or did anything happen that you wondered about?"

I hesitated a little over my answer. I might as well have spoken out, for he noticed the little change in my manner instantly.

"I see you did."

"Why, really it was nothing," said I. "You may remember the incident yourself. We all came into the studio together one afternoon, after a little sightseeing expedition, and we saw lying in the middle of the floor—a woman's handkerchief. Both Madeline and I naturally supposed it was hers. I went over toward it to pick it up, but you saw it just then, picked it up yourself, glanced at it, and slipped it in your pocket. It struck us both as a little queer.

"Not what you did, but the way you did it. As if, somehow, you didn't want to be questioned. Evidently you knew the handkerchief wasn't Madeline's, and you seemed a little embarrassed at finding it there. We had all been off together, so that whoever dropped it must have been there in the studio while we were out."

I stopped there rather awkardly, but Jeffrey, with a little movement of impatience, told me to go on.

"What did you think about it?" he asked. "How did you explain it? Oh, if I'm going to be frank, you must be!"

"Why, we both remembered," said I, feeling for my words a little lamely, "that you hadn't originally planned to go with us that afternoon. So it seemed to us that the owner of the handkerchief must have come in—well, must have been enough at home there to get in when there was no one there to receive her, and waited for you a while and then gone away."

"And you made, I suppose, the conventional explanation," said Jeffrey. "Certainly you couldn't have been expected to make any other; especially when I put the handkerchief in my pocket that way and seemed not to want to talk about it. But it wasn't the right explanation, Drew."

"I'm not a Puritan," said I, "but, somehow, I'm glad to hear that. We both felt a little uncomfortable about it, though we've never discussed it since. Your manner seemed a little different after it, too. I suppose that was because you guessed what we must be thinking."

"No," said Jeffrey, "I never thought of it that way until this morning. But I'll have to go back and begin at the beginning.

"You know I thought I was awfully lucky to get that studio in the first place. There isn't a better one in Paris. The man who had it—he's a prosperous well-known painter—had a long lease on it and a lot of work to do, and it never occurred to me, when I asked him if he knew where I could get a studio, that there was any possibility of his giving up his.

"But he offered it to me, in a hesitating sort of way, saying that he meant to find another and thought he could get one the other side of the *impasse*. I asked him why in the world he was moving out of that one to go into one not so good across the street, and all he said at first was that he'd taken a dislike to it. It had got on his nerves and he couldn't paint there. I wanted to know what had got on his nerves and he wouldn't tell me.

" 'I wouldn't offer it to any one else,' he said at last, 'but you're such a sensible chap that maybe you won't mind.'

" 'Mind what?' I asked him again, but still he wouldn't tell me.

" 'It's ten to one, a hundred to one, there won't be anything.'

"That was all he would say. He was a cranky, temperamental sort of a cuss, so I didn't think any more about it, blessed my good luck, and moved in. I didn't find anything for about a week."

"And then?" I asked. I tried to say the words casually, but it wasn't easy.

"Get the geography of the place well in your mind first," he said. "You remember there was a little hall with a kitchenette to the right of it. And then the salon and two bedrooms straight along in a row, with a corridor on the inside. When you get to the end of the corridor, you turn to the left and come out in the loft of the studio. The studio floor is a half story down, by a flight of steps. There is a door at the other end of the studio that is reached by a flight of iron steps outside, so that models and such can come straight to the studio through the court without coming into the apartments."

"Yes," said I, "I've got it straight. I remembered it pretty well, anyway. Go, on."

"And you understand, don't you," he continued, "that there's another apartment and studio on the other side of the court exactly corresponding to mine, only left-handed. The end walls of the studios come together and the same flight of iron stairs serves both studio doors. That's clear, isn't it?"

I nodded. "Go on," said I. "What did you find at the end of a week?"

Jeffrey shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing," he said—"nothing that I can tell about even to you, without feeling rather an ass. Why, I came in just about four o'clock one afternoon in November. It was dark, of course. Let myself in by the apartment-door—not the studio-door, you understand. Let myself in with my latch-key and lit the gas in the hall. The minute I did it I knew that some one else had just been there. I knew that whoever it was, was in the next room—the salon.

"Mind you, I didn't *see* anything nor *hear* anything. I just knew it. Now there's nothing uncanny about that. I've got some sort of extra sense that often tells me those things, when the people in question are just ordinary, every-day, living people. I call it an extra sense. Perhaps it's actually only an abnormal sense of smell, but too subtle to recognize as such.

"As you know, I didn't keep any servant that winter. I had an old femme de menage who came every morning to clean up and then went away. She hadn't any business there in the afternoon, but still she could have got in. She had a key and she might perfectly well have come back when she thought I'd be out—oh, to steal a few candles or a basket of coal or something. They all do that. So

it didn't startle me at all or give me any queer sensations to know that there was some one in the place.

"I took off my hat and overcoat after I'd lighted the gas, and went into the salon. Well, there was no one there. But the same sense told me that whoever it was had gone on into the adjoining room. That seemed queer, because I ought to have heard her moving about. But I struck another match and went on. There was no one there either, but I followed what I can only call the scent—which was just as definite, real a thing, as what a hound follows the trail by—out into the corridor and down to the turning and into the loft and down across the studio to the outside studio door. And I was just as sure, when I got to that door, that some one had gone out of it less than half a minute before as I was when I came in that there was some one there."

"You heard nothing all the while?" I asked.

"Not a sound," he said, "except the noise I was making myself, and that wasn't much."

"And you saw nothing?"

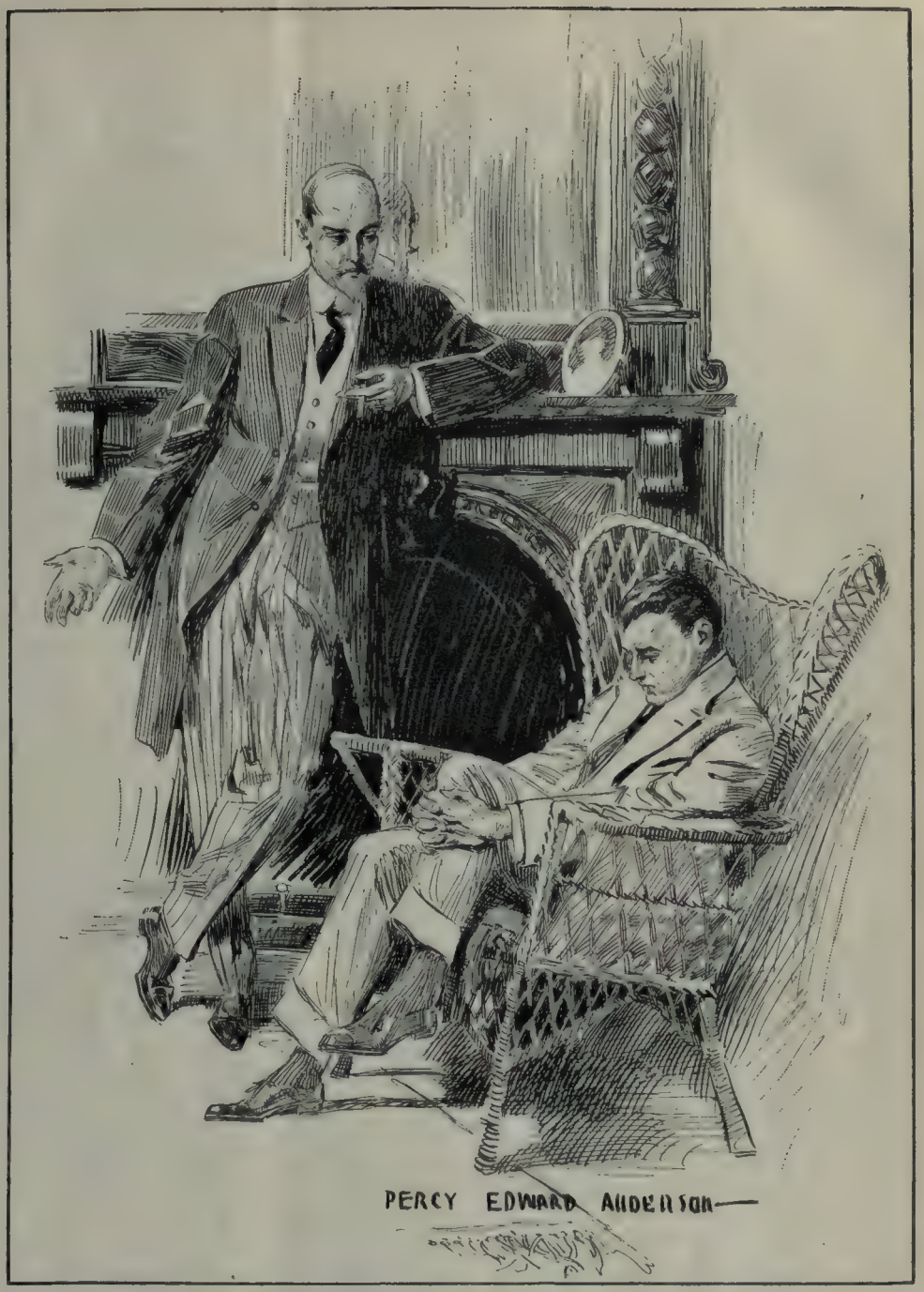
"No," said Jeffrey.

Well, I suppose you will think he was right about it—that it did sound silly; that it was a confession even a nervous, fidgety woman would have been almost ashamed to make; and you may think that if I had been the common-sense, level-headed friend I professed to be, I should have told him that his experiences were nothing more than an attack of the creeps, and that he was a fool to think twice about it. I'd have done that if I could. But the fact was, I couldn't.

To begin with, I knew that what Jeffrey said about his possession of an extra sense was the sober, literal truth. I would trust that sense of his as far as I would trust one of the regular five senses in a normal man. When he said he knew, in that inexplicable way, that some one was in the salon when he opened the hall door, it meant as much to me as if another had said, "I saw some one standing there." Granting that, and I had to grant it, the thing became a very curious mystery.

"You didn't miss anything?" I asked. "Nothing had been taken?"

Jeffrey shook his head. "The trouble is," he went on, "with the possession of a sense like that, you never can really believe in it yourself. You may know you have it, you may be utterly unable to disbelieve you have it, but your common sense won't accept an unsupported report of it. It insists on telling you that you are a fool with a head full of fancies, and it not only prevents you from telling other people about it—it won't let you take ordinary, common-sense means for solving the mystery.



"IN THE MEANTIME YOU STOP WORRYING. AS I SAID, FORGET IT—OR ELSE TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT"

"I thought about the thing for a week. It didn't happen again in that time and I had about persuaded myself there was nothing to it but imagination. Then one evening when I was coming home from the restaurant where I'd dined, I saw a light in my studio.

"My first thought was to go straight up to the studio door by the iron stair. Then I recollected that the sound of any one coming up that stair was perfectly audible in the studio from the moment you set foot on the lowest step. It was a spiral stair and you couldn't go up very fast. Whoever was in the studio would have ample warning I was coming and plenty of time to get out through the apartment.

"So I went up the other stairs, as softly as I could, had my key ready, flung the door open, and rushed down the corridor to the loft. As I turned the corner, I heard the studio door shut. The studio was dark when I got into it, but one of the candles had just been put out. I could smell it. I scrambled up on the back of a big Breton settle from which I could see out of the studio-light into the court.

"I am perfectly sure that I was up there looking out of the window before any one who had just shut my studio door could have had time to get down

the iron stairs and across the court. There wasn't any other way out. The court wasn't dark, for the two hallways were well lighted, and there was another bright light in the arched entrance to the court from the street. Well, I looked and looked, but that court was deserted."

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT JEFFREY SAW.

"I DIDN'T wait for anything more. I went straight out and questioned the concierge. Asked him if any one had come in inquiring for me, or if any one had just gone out. He said no to both questions.

" 'Well,' I said, 'some one has been in my studio. There was a light burning when I came in.' The imbecile asked me if I hadn't left the light there myself. I said no, that I had gone away at noon, and besides, the light was out when I got to the studio. 'Then,' said he, 'possibly what monsieur saw was a reflection.'

"I told him a reflection didn't leave a smell of hot tallow behind it. At that he shrugged his shoulders and suggested I report my losses to the police.

" 'I don't know that I've lost anything,' said I, and at that he gave me up for a maniac.

"I went back to the studio and found that I hadn't lost anything—nothing had even been disturbed. But I felt perfectly sure—I can't tell you how—that somebody had been sitting in my big chair. Probably for a good while. It was clear I'd have to solve the mystery for myself. If I made any complaint, or tried to provoke an official investigation, I'd probably bring up in the mad-house."

"Look here, Jeffrey!" I cried. "What about the other apartment—the one that corresponded to yours on the other side of the court? Didn't you say that the end walls of the two studios came together? Couldn't she have gone?"

"Couldn't who?" said Jeffrey.

"She—the woman that was in your studio? The ghost girl—whatever she was?"

"That's queer," said Jeffrey. "I haven't told you that I thought she was a woman—a young woman too. But I always thought of her that way, even then. I even called her the ghost girl then."

"There's nothing queer about it," said I. "The handkerchief made me think of a young woman."

Jeffrey gave a short laugh. "That shows what a fool I am," said he. "I was getting ready to build another little ghost-story out of that. Go on! What were you going to ask?"

"You said the same iron stairs served both studio doors. Well, then, why couldn't she have slipped out of your door and into the other one? There'd be time enough for that."

"Because I thought of that," said Jeffrey, "almost at once. And I suppose that's the explanation that you'll stick to when I've told you everything, although I don't believe it one single minute myself. The people who occupied that apartment were an English family named Williamson. I didn't know so very much about him, so far as his life was concerned, but we were very pleasant acquaintances. I met him as soon as I took the studio. They were the most commonplace people in the world.

"Williamson himself was a retired English doctor—a chap in his fifties. Hard-headed, straightforward, thoroughly good sort. He had a wife and daughter there with him. They were living in Paris so she could study art. She had about as much chance of doing anything at it as a dog has to learn to sing. She was a pleasant, hard-headed young little old maid of about twenty. She worked very industriously in her studio, and I developed my talent for fiction to the last notch, thinking up things to say about her work when she showed it to me.

"Well, those three Williamsons were simply out of the question. That night that I saw the light in my studio, there was a light in theirs—they generally spent their evenings there. I went straight over, told them some one had been rummaging around my diggings, and asked if they had heard anything through the wall. They were interested, of course, and Mrs. Williamson got quite excited over the idea of robbers and wanted to know if I had lost anything. They had been in their studio all the evening. Now you can say it might have been one of them, and I can't prove that it wasn't; but all the same the notion is inconceivable."

"I agree with you," said I. "Go on. What happened next?"

"There wasn't anything very different up to the time you and Madeline came to visit me," said Jeffrey. "Two or three other experiences more or less like the ones I have told you about. One night when I was in bed—I don't know whether I was asleep or not—I wasn't sleeping well then—I waked up, if I had been asleep, with the idea that I had seen some one go by my bedroom door. I wasted two or three minutes, I'll admit, lying still in a sweating terror, trying to convince myself it had been a dream. And then I heard the studio door shut.

"I got up and lighted all the lights and looked around, but I didn't find anything. The whole thing may have been a dream. But the handkerchief we found on the floor wasn't a dream, and I'm sure it had been dropped while we were out. That was the first tangible clue I got—the first thing that I couldn't reason away when I was in good form, on the theory of imagination.

"I went up one night to call on the man who'd rented me the studio, in the hope of finding out what his experiences had been. But he was mum as an oyster and tried to pump me. Williamson spoke of it again once and asked me if I'd seen or heard anything more, and I told him no. I didn't feel like showing him what an ass I was and I knew I couldn't start talking about it without giving away the whole thing."

"It's awfully queer, of course," I said dubiously, "but—"

"I haven't begun the story yet," said Jeffrey—"the real story. But here's where it begins. Now listen, and if you want to call in an alienist when I get through, why go ahead. But let me tell the thing connectedly first.

"A couple of weeks after you and Madeline left Paris, I got a note from the Muirheads, suggesting that I pack up my color-box and come down to Etaples for a few days. They were having a lovely time painting winter skies and things, and they wanted to let me in on it. I was glad of an excuse to get away, so I went. I did those sketches I showed you—the only real work I've got to show for the whole rotten winter—and went back to Paris feeling that I'd got rid of the cobwebs.

"I reached the studio about two in the afternoon—a bright, clear day. I was feeling as well—as little liable to any imaginative delusions as it is possible to imagine any one. I went into my apartment, got rid of my traps, and went down into the studio.

"This is what I saw: One of my easels had been drawn out into the middle of the room. There was a canvas on it that had been painted; there was a low stool in front of it where the painter had sat. To the left of it was one of my chairs, just an ordinary, straight-backed chair, with a mirror of mine standing on it—an old mirror in a carved, gilt frame, with a sort of ornamental top on it. All around the stool on the floor were brushes and tubes of my colors. There was a palette on the chair, leaning up against the mirror."

"But the canvas?" I asked, for he had hesitated there for a moment. "What was on the canvas?"

Jeffrey got up and drew a long breath. His teeth were clenched as if they wanted to chatter and he talked through them in a sort of dogged, matter-of-fact way.

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When Paris Went to War

BEING A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN THIS TEMPERAMENTAL CITY DURING THE FIRST FEW DAYS OF THE WAR

By Mae Harris Anson

ALL the world knows how the news of the order for mobilization came to Paris. It was an entirely different experience to have received it in a village of a few thousand inhabitants, which was as much a rural backwater as if it were one hundred and fifty miles from Paris, instead of only fifteen. For a month I had been living at Enghien-les-Bains, and though the Paris papers, read there, had the same news as Paris, somehow the reality of possible war never filtered through, never disturbed the drowsy calm of the village.

On Monday, July twenty-seventh, interest in Enghien was centered on the amazing turns in the trial of Madame Caillaux for the murder of M. Gaston Calmette. Progress of the war between Austria and Servia held second place. On Tuesday, however, they were given equal attention. Wednesday, everything connected with Madame Caillaux was practically forgotten, for then even little Enghien understood that the "eventual war" might be suddenly at hand. Thursday and Friday, there were occasional remarks prefaced with the words, "in case of war." Saturday morning, even this phlegmatic, drowsy little village began to show signs of tension—but no excitement, no boasting, no gasconade.

Saturday afternoon, at five o'clock, I suddenly became aware of unusual knots of men and women gathered along the street below my window. There were no signs of excitement, an almost total lack of the typical French gestures—but something about them struck me with fear. Flying down stairs, one look at Madame was enough. Calm she was, but with a stricken look in her eyes.

"Mobilization!" was all she said.

"And that means—war?" I gasped.

"No one knows yet," she said, "but probably."

Not a word more, not a hint of regret, of fear, of seeming thought as to what it might mean to her personally, although she had known all the horrors of the war of 1870, all the humiliations. And her attitude was that of all France. No one who was really seeing capable of the French as they were from the hour mobilization was ordered, can say they were anything but sublime.

In 1870, Emile Ollivier aptly phrased the spirit in which the nation went to war with Prussia, in the historic words, "a light heart." Theatres remained open, social life went gayly on without a break, nobody gave any personal thought to the war; the universal idea was that "somebody" would drive the Prussians back. To this war of 1914 however, France went with absolute calm, almost, indeed, with silence. There was no exuberant belligerency, no hysterical patriotism. Every face seemed purged overnight of all selfish thoughts and baseness, and in the days that followed, everything that was fine in the French nature came to the surface. Theatres closed at once, even the moving picture shows. Frivolity, in fact, dropped from the nation like a mask.

While our little group of women stood silently looking at each other, too stunned to say anything, a sound electrified us, coming faintly from a distance—the roll of a snare drum. Rushing out to the street, we saw a picture that might have been taken from the history of a hundred years ago—an old man, gray-haired, crippled, ragged, coming toward us, head bent, ignoring the world as if he were an automaton, every atom of strength, mental and physical, centered in the call to arms that rolled out under his hands as if it must be heard to the remotest corner of the land.

A dozen small boys in belted smocks followed him, cheering shrilly. Men lined the walks to wait his passing, their faces grave and stern, but their eyes alight, and the women—oh, they wept and wept. From our hotel a dozen cooks came leaping out, still in white aprons and tall white caps, shouting with joy that the suspense was ended and that, at last, they could be "at 'em." For days each had had a notice in his possession telling him exactly where to be at a certain moment after the order for mobilization was given. In half an hour, every man had left, literally dropping dishrag and chopping knife, to pick up bayoneted guns; doffing the spotless white uniform of cooks and kitchen helpers to don the red trousers and long blue coats of the private in the army of France.

The echoes of the drum had scarcely died away, when a wedding party came gaily down the narrow Grande Rue. A most pretentious wedding party it was, the bride and groom in an open landau, unashamed of their wedding finery, the relatives and intimate friends filling no less than eight carriages. None knew that war had come. Pretty bride and proud bridegroom rode with conscious smiles, ignorant that only a few minutes more were left them of the long married life together that they had planned. Tears that had almost dried upon the cheeks of those who watched the passing of the ancient drummer, welled up again at sight of these young people so unconscious of the wreck of their happiness.

In the morning came the first realization of what war might mean to me personally. The hotel would no longer give the accommodations of "room and board by the week," so Madame told me. Guests must eat *a la carte*, and pay as they ate—and overnight all prices had doubled. Until then, too, I had thought it safer to remain outside Paris—probably there was no foreigner in Paris who did not recall the tales of mob atrocities under the Revolution and the Commune. But with morning came the realization that Enghien lay between Fort Montmorency and Paris, and that in the event of the enemy approaching the city, Enghien would be "warm," whether Fort Montmorency on the heights behind it remained in possession of the French or fell into the hands of the enemy. Moreover, Madame warned

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In the Forefront

THE SILENT SOLDIER, SIR IAN HAMILTON; HAMILTON GAULT, WHO RAISED A REGIMENT; MRS. WILLOUGHBY-CUMMINGS, OF THE RED CROSS; "PAT" BURNS, WHO FEEDS THE FIGHTING MEN

The Silent Soldier

Sir Ian Hamilton, whose formal inspection of Canadian soldiery has turned into grim earnestness

By Eldred Archibald

"THE unluckiest man in the British army," they call him, but you are to understand at once that Sir Ian Hamilton's mischances have been purely personal and have not extended to his commands. His bad luck has consisted in getting himself shot and stabbed and otherwise injured in various parts of his anatomy, and in various parts of the world.

An almost useless left hand and forearm recall the day when a shell burst away off somewhere on the Indian frontier. Scars on his forehead are a memento of another Indian engagement when a flying splinter of shell almost cost him his eyesight. Once, during the South African war he was desperately wounded, left on the veldt, captured by Boers and abandoned because there was no hope of his recovery. But he did recover, and then came the crowning piece of ill luck. When his command was just rounding into shape and beginning the final clean up of De Wet in 1900, he was thrown from his horse and had his collar bone broken.

Enough of him was left, however, to make a mighty good soldier, who hasn't missed a scrap in which Britain has been involved since 1875. The only reason he did not serve in the Crimean war was because he happened to be born the year it broke out, 1853. Twenty years later he was in the army, and in 1879-80 he was at it, full tilt, in Afghanistan. One year's rest and he found himself at Majuba Hill, that black day in 1881. He is one of the very few men who went up the hill that day and came down again on his own legs, badly hurt as he was.

The Soudan claimed him in 1884-5 and the next year he was paddling up the Irrawaddy into the centre of Burma, alternately shooting at dacoits and catching fever. Seven years of piping peace followed, to his disgust, and it was not until 1895 that he got another chance to risk his neck. That chance came with the Chitral campaign and from 1895 till 1898 he was busy all along the Indian frontier. In 1899 the South African war broke out and for the next three years Hamilton was a very, very busy man. He went home once, but he had not been there long when Kitchener cabled for a staff officer. So back he went to clean up with "Bobs" and Kitchener. Hamilton was placed at the head of what military men call "mobile columns," which is just another way of saying hard-riding, straight-shooting rapscallions, mostly colonials who feared neither God, man nor devil but had a wholesome respect for their debonair, rather elegant leader who could ride harder and shoot straighter than most of them.

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON
Who remarked that "Canada is a cute country—very cute," and ruined a promising interview thereby

After the last Boer had been chased to the last kopje, Sir Ian came home and became Quartermaster General to the Forces. He stayed put for almost two years and then he went as British Military Representative to the Russo-Japanese war. He had not been watching things for more than two weeks when he sent back word that the Japanese would win. It took courage and insight to make that report at that stage. His final report on that war has been translated into half a dozen or more languages.

After the Russo-Japanese trouble was settled, he became general officer commanding the southern forces, then Adjutant General and was finally given the pleasant task of going all over the world inspecting and reporting on the defences of the Overseas Dominions.

This was an agreeable billet. It entailed a vast amount of travel, but travel under the most pleasant conditions. It was when he made his meteoric progress across Canada with the Minister of Militia and a glittering staff in two special trains last year that Canadians caught their only glimpse of this war comet in human form. What he said about our military shortcomings drove some of our pacifists nearly insane. His report on Australasian needs, just tabled in the British House, would have had the same effect over there had it appeared at any other time.

He is a queer mixture, this man. He has been ten times mentioned in dispatches, wears nine medals and sixteen clasps, and earned the Victoria Cross in South Africa. And yet he is a writer of excellent poetry, some of it, be it whispered, love lyrics of the most lyrical description, and frankly confesses that he never went into action in his life without being in a "blue funk and wondering whether he would ever get out of it."

"Moreover," he adds, "I don't believe the man has ever been born who felt much different." Certainly the man has never been born who concealed blue funk more successfully than does Sir Ian Standish Monteith Hamilton, G. C. B., D. S. O.

A queer mixture, certainly, this poet-warrior, this writer of romances, who

has killed his man in every quarter of the globe, who writes as well as he fights, but who eschews talk as he does the devil.

"One of Hamilton's grunts is more expressive than another man's speech," said a junior officer who had been grunted at one day.

When driven into a corner, he takes refuge in the unexpected as when in Ottawa last year, an energetic reporter ran him to earth and undertook to corkscrew some encomiums of Canada out of him.

"It's a cute country—very cute," said Sir Ian and walked away, leaving the reporter wondering how on earth he could make an interview out of that, for the one thing Canada isn't—is "cute."

Writing about him some years ago, an English commentator said, "Should that war which has been so often prognosticated as being the only means of settling the differences between this country and Germany take place within the next ten years, it will fall to Sir Ian Hamilton to take a high command."

We have the war and Sir Ian has his command. If he lives up to his record, Germany will know his name as well as England.

Hamilton Gault

Who is giving, as well as going with, the regiment he has personally raised for the service

By William Lutton

IT is difficult to be in earnest when you are very rich. A constitutionally serious young man, on the right side of thirty, with many millions, would be a rara avis. And if the investigator did find him, he wouldn't be popular.

But the possibilities of seriousness, the muscles to tighten the smiling lips, the soul to turn the polo-player into the patriot when necessity demanded—these things are essential if the rich young man is to be admirable as well as likeable, is to spring from the place of the one-thing-thou-lackest spender of millions, into the forefront position of the great sacrificer demanded by the opportunity of Empire.

Hamilton Gault, regiment-giver who goes with his gift, was born in Rokeby House, Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, some thirty-two years ago—that splendid family mansion with its ample grounds, so beautiful and restful to the eye and urgently desirable to the aesthetic mind by reason of its interior preciosity. His father, the late Mr. A. F. Gault, an Ulster Scotsman, was one of Montreal's most honored citizens.

H. R. H. PRINCESS PATRICIA
The namesake and liege lady of her regiment of Canadian Light Infantry

He had been successful in his own particular business. He was a liberal churchman and sustained the causes of the Anglican faith in Montreal with no niggard hand, at the same time commending his religious life to his family by his sunny nature, and to the world at large, by his utter absence of that "side" which is usually rubber-banded in with a pile of check books.

Mr. Gault set high ideals before his family. His son, when his education was finished, joined the great dry-goods business in Montreal, a business the fame of which has spread far and near, for its generous treatment of its employees. He sold goods like one of the clerks; he did office work; and by his good nature, his geniality and the true democracy of his spirit, he made

HAMILTON GAULT
Who raised the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry—and not only gave his money, but went himself

hosts of friends among his fellow workers.

Out of office hours, he possessed and was possessed by, two useful and healthful fads—sport and the army.

In Europe, where the Krupp nightmare is never downed, military life has always had the stern seriousness of rehearsal for a performance which is sure to come off. In Canada, on the other hand, the high-spirited officer-boy used to get himself into his high-colored uniform and go in for a high-priced good time. The sorting of the wheat of true Empire-servers from the chaff of mere play-soldiers was left until 1914.

But from the beginning, young Gault took his war-practice seriously.

"I met him on several different occasions," said a military colleague recently, "one being the divisional camp at Kingston in 1904, when he was galloper (aide de camp) to Colonel Gordon, who was the camp commander. Lord Dundonald was in charge of the Canadian militia at that time. He was a gallant soldier, to give the devil his due, but like all the Cochranes of his race, very hasty and hot-tempered and most over-bearing to his subordinate officers. We had a big field day towards the end of the camp, and being on the staff, I was very near to the General.

"As he had no staff of his own with him, he naturally used Colonel Gordon's gallopers, with the result that Gault had to get it when the General put his wrong foot out of bed first in the morning.

"During the course of the manoeuvres, Dundonald told Gault to instruct the Cavalry Brigadier to bring the men past at the trot. Gault duly carried the message, and the cavalry duly carried it out. But as soon as the General saw them coming at the trot he turned and yelled at Gault, 'What do you mean, Sir? Did I not tell you the gallop?'

" 'No, Sir,' said Gault, 'you told me the trot.'

" 'Silence, Sir!' said the General, 'I will not have you contradict me!'

"On this the Colonel, who did not like to have his pet galloper reprimanded for nothing, said to the General, 'I am perfectly certain that you said the trot, Sir.'

"This so put Dundonald out that he fairly sputtered with wrath. He still insisted that he had said gallop and was exceedingly rude about it. The militia of Canada nearly lost one of their most enthusiastic officers that day. Gault had brought his two best horses from Montreal at his own expense, and had gone to a good deal of trouble to help make the camp a success. He did not at all like the way in which the English commander thought it necessary to impress his importance on the Canadians. But even then, the Service meant more to him than his personal pride and he remained, where another and smaller man would have resigned his commission."

He loved all sorts of wholesome sport, especially polo at which he was an adept, being for years, the president of the Montreal Polo Club. He had a keen eye, a dashing spirit, full of verve; he stood up in his saddle, all tense and taut, never failing in speed or brilliancy or daring.

He was also a famous huntsman. He possessed an unerring aim with the rifle, and had the joy—a candidly savage joy—to see the big fellows topple to his gun in East Africa which he visited some years ago on a hunting expedition.

A red coat, a polo pony, a good-friend rifle—these were not the only ties to Montreal and millions.

Hamilton Gault is one of those fortunate men for whom the goddess has turned her cornucopia upside down. In marrying Sallie Stephens he won not only a beauty but a woman with brains and charm and bravery and true kindliness.

They had an ideal home life. Both were philanthropic; each inspired the other. As president of Gault Brothers, Hamilton Gault was greatly esteemed for his commercial aptitude. He consolidated the business; he gave the power of a robust mind to the great practical considerations which in the last analysis spelled dollars; but, influenced by the beautiful woman who was above all a precious comrade, he gave thought to other and higher things, the graces and assuagements of life, the kindly deed, the considerate thought, the plan for others' happiness.

And so time passed, easily, pleasantly, one gold year after the other, until the fall of 1914.

Then this young man, not frivolous at all, but full of the joy of life, awoke one morning and heard a call, the high, imperious and peremptory call for service. "England, my England" was at war. That inviolable isle set in the silver sea needed help.

Something large and insistent came to him. He thrilled to the vision of Empire. As in a flash he saw that he had a great duty to perform. The Mother Country which stood for the highest and best in individual and national life was fighting for all that made that life desirable, and had need of every stalwart son. One thing he had to do. He must first of all offer himself. And then he must find other spirits as ardent as his own who must be formed into an organization so that, going to England, he might say to the mother who had nursed the young Canadian nation, "Here am I; here are companions. Take us; use us for service."

He had not shirked any task: he had taken his duties as citizen and philanthropist seriously. While he loved all merry and wholesome things, he also had the sense of responsibility. But this was to be the great personal consecration. This was the high and sacred duty.

When the public in Montreal heard that he had risen to the supreme sacrifice, they thrilled with the sense of the heroic. When they learned that Mrs. Gault was going with her husband to the front to do her own work, a lump rose in the throat. Here was love that was indissoluble, twin spirits,

MRS. HAMILTON GAULT
Who worked alongside of her husband indefatigably in raising his regiment

committed to the high resolve. Wherever they appeared the people cheered them, and on the memorable evening when the giver walked behind his regiment, the watchers, however poor or narrow or sordid in their lives and outlook, instinctively recognized and loved the great deed, the sublimity of sacrifice.

But the chief grace of Mr. Gault is his utter lack of self-consciousness. He insisted that he was doing nothing out of the way. It was a matter of plain duty. It might be duty to sell drygoods or to make profits for his cotton shareholders. It might be as plain a duty to give his life for the Empire.

Some there are who are not quite sure that England should have entered this war. For men of the large mould

PRINCESS PAT'S PETS ON GUARD

of Mr. Gault, there is one thing clear—the imperious necessity of rallying round the flag, which stands for all that makes life worth while, in the spacious freedom that Flag affords.

"Do not make too much of it," he remarked, deprecatingly, to friends who said praiseful things. "I am only doing my duty."

That is the proud yet humble spirit which should win the war.

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

A representative woman in whose judgment the women of Canada place complete dependence

By Irene Wrenshall

"OUR four trunks were all full; and some suitcases too, but we couldn't refuse to take these. That is a pie for a private in the Queen's Own that his grandmother made him, and this big cake which was given to us at the train, is to be delivered into Sergeant Blank's own hands, for his mother iced it for him the very last thing. Yes, those are wristlets, but they were specially knitted for a certain group of boys so we didn't put them in with the others."

The time was Tuesday afternoon on the eve of the departure of the first Canadian contingent from Valcartier to the front, the place, the thriving tented city of 30,000 and the laden down women who were carrying so many good-bye gifts for the soldier boys from anxious relatives at home, the Chairwoman of the Toronto Patriotic League, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, with Mrs. Stearns Hicks and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, on a tour of inspection, from the official stand point, and as messengers from home, from the personal stand point.

It was an informal party, though an official one, which, upon a large motor truck, went from one place to another all the afternoon distributing the personal gifts of gum, chocolate, knitted caps, etc., to the boys themselves, after having spent the morning in a specially arranged distributing tent, where under the watchful eye of the chairman, everything was portioned out to the various companies about to depart.

It was a place of vital and intense interest, this camp of young and stalwart Canada, to these women who had been giving up their days and nights for many weeks past to energetic work and careful planning that the boy might go away as comfortable as possible, but though the welcome of the 30,000 men could hardly have been more enthusiastic, though the freedom of the city was theirs and the call to watch the volunteers off was particularly strong, Mrs. Cummings felt the call of duty in Toronto stronger still and hurried homewards.

This is representative of the woman upon whose judgment the women of Canada, who are one and all familiar with herself and her work, feel that they can place complete dependence.

"Whenever I am appointed to a committee—and everyone else says the same—Mrs. Cummings is on it, and working hardest of all."

This is the kind of complimentary reference simply and straightforwardly made, which you may hear any day in Canada, if you are talking to one of the women workers, be they members of the National Council, the Woman's Auxiliary of the Anglican Church or the woman writers, about Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, who is not only the Chairman of the Toronto Patriotic League, but also the representative of the National Council on the Central committee for Patriotic service.

At the headquarters of the Patriotic League in Toronto you will usually find her at almost any hour of the day, now at the telephone giving someone exact data about a poor-relief case; now in committee with the workers of the local Patriotic League, or with the Central Committe, who by courtesy of the League meet in one of the rooms; now being interviewed by a troubled-looking reporter with a half hour of "fact collecting" to do, and fifteen minutes to do it in; now rushing off to address a meeting or establish a branch for Patriotic service; always with a smile and a serene countenance, as though there were no such thing as bodily fatigue or mental worry in the world.

But it is not only by the workers in Toronto that she is known. All over Canada hers is a familiar face, and her personality and her opinion carry weight from Vancouver to Nova Scotia. Indeed it is to the latter province that Mrs. Cummings is indebted for one of her more recent honors as she was given her degree of Doctor of Common Law, from King's College, Windsor. This she received as a tribute to her knowlege of social conditions and the legal status of women in Canada. Perhaps the outstanding characteristics of this most efficient worker are her unselfish, untiring, energy, her geniality and her memory. Of the latter, one of her fellow workers on the National Council of Women, of which Mrs. Cummings has been the corresponding secretary for about twenty years, from the inception of the organization, said recently, "Her memory of past events, past amendments to law, and efforts to obtain amendments, has been of inestimable benefit to the National Council. She can state the exact date at which a law was passed, when any matter was brought up, either in committee or in the general Council, and what was accomplished at the time. Her brain is that of a historian."

The experience gained in her years of service for the Council, in systematizing large groups of letters, has enabled her to overlook all the clerical arrangements of the patriotic work and tabulate it on a scientific basis. Her business like method of handling all the troublesome details is a boon to the secretaries and a matter for deep gratitude to the various women journalists who apply to her for news.

By her position on the Central Patriotic committee she has wielded a large and wide spreading influence upon the work of the women of Canada, over whom the Central Committee alone has jurisdiction, to prevent overlapping. That there has been order instead of chaos, and that, instead of thousands of one article being made and two or three of an equally useful article, there has been a marked uniformity in the supplies, has been largely due, her enthusiastic fellow workers will tell you, to the capable and clear brain of the National Council's representative.

But it would not be fair to study Mrs. Cummings' characteristics solely from the point of view of the W. N. C. and the W. P. L. The daughter of the late Rev. Jonathan Shortt, D.D., rector of St. John's Church, Port Hope, and with a brother, Rev. Chas. Shortt, a missionary, it is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Cummings has always taken an enthusiastic part in the missionary work of the Anglican Church, and has been for many years editor of the "Leaflet," the official organ of the Women's Auxiliary, a purely voluntary work.

Mrs. Cummings has had a very great deal of international experience which, in combination with a natural breadth of mind, has given her a well-balanced viewpoint on all questions. She is keenly interested in human nature, having studied it as a woman writer on the Globe for a number of years, and as the government lecturer for the Dominion Annuities, a position which she held with great success, with the result that she can easily get into touch with all manner of people. Democracy is a strong principle with her, and she is quick to recognize the ability in the woman worker, and to provide all possible opportunities for her to display that ability to the best advantage.

Local questions have always had a keen interest for her. Her Toronto

patriotism has been proved by her work on the Woman's Committee of the Exhibition, and her present ability to keep in sympathetic touch with the poor-relief and employment question may be traced back to five years ago when employment was a burning issue in Toronto and when Mrs. Cummings was one of a committee which carried on the work of establishing an employment bureau for women.

It is the same story wherever you go. Those who have only heard her speak, thank her for her clearness of voice and lucidity of explanation, while those who are working with her find it hard to decided which of her characteristics is the most potential for the success of all with whom she comes in contact, the organizing brain, or the kind heart which produces that inestimable gift of tact, the chief essential of a leader.

The Fellow Who Fights at Home

"Pat" Burns, of Calgary, who has put his resources at the service of the Empire in practical ways

By Michael Svenceski

"YOU can put it strongly that there will be no famine in Alberta and that there is no danger of a meat famine in Canada, for this country has lots of cattle, pigs, and other meats," declared "Pat" Burns of P. Burns Co., Ltd., meat packers and canners and the Armours of Canada, in reply to a question put to him with regard to the possibility of a meat famine in this country.

There had been a slight rise in the price of pork and the interviewer, in the capacity of a reporter for one of the daily papers of Calgary had travelled out to Ogden where the large plants of the P. Burns Company are situated. He found Pat Burns in his office, which was easily accessible and in that respect quite different from the sanctums of other kings—oil kings, land barons, and timber magnates.

The Cattle King was quite willing to discuss the problem. In fact he went to great lengths to explain that the meat prices in Canada are governed by the state of the Toronto market and that the slight rise of a cent a pound in pork had been due to the excitement pervading the brokers in the Queen City. He pooh-poohed the idea of a famine and declared that he did not even expect the prices of meat to rise more.

"The meat canning and packing companies can handle the demand and even if they were unable to do so, the farmers in many places have taken the wise course of raising a few cattle on their farms and these collected bands of cattle could stop a famine. But the meat companies are fully capable of taking care of the demand," said Mr. Burns confidently.

And that started Mr. Burns on his favorite subject of "beef." He leaned forward, one hand gesticulating and the other playing with his watch chain.

"The ranchers and small farmers are beginning to learn that a few head of stock kept around the farm, besides being helpful, are a good thing to fall back on when the crops fail. There is always a market for meat. The prices of this commodity have been advancing with the years and the raising of live-stock by the farmer is one practice which will make for the future prosperity of this country."

At a meeting of the stockmen held in Calgary a short time previous to the interview, "Pat" Burns made a short speech moving that the Calgary

"PAT" BURNS, OF CALGARY
Who is feeding the fighting men. Incidentally, he cut all his rents in Calgary fifty per cent when the war broke out

association of stockmen unite with other bodies of stockmen so that the associations could act as one body with a single purpose. His one aim was to unite the stockmen, none of whom is big compared to the vast industry Burns controls, in preserving the province of Alberta's reputation as the leading stock raising province in the Dominion of Canada.

At the time of the interview the troops were all on their way to Valcartier and when questioned as to whether or not he would supply the meat for the government, "Pat" Burns replied:

"Oh, I suppose they will want the best, so I am getting ready," and his eyes twinkled. The real state of affairs was that the government was already figuring with him and he was offering, through patriotic reasons, such low prices that undoubtedly he would get the contract.

Asked at that time if he were going to do anything to help the government he replied that he supposed he would. Since then he has raised a big amount of money, sent a bunch of horses for the soldiers and, not content with his active work in securing contributions to the patriotic fund, he gave further evidence of the kind of patriot he is by reducing the rents of his tenants in his buildings in Calgary fifty per cent. But what makes the newspapermen angry—for they are always on the lookout for stories about the man that all Calgary respects—is the fact that he does everything quietly. If it hadn't been for a glad-hearted tenant telling a news picker about the cut in rents the public would never have known that "Pat" Burns had been so patriotic.

And yet when the interviewer made a clean breast of it and declared he had come to interview the Cattle King, the heavy-set, grey-mustached and shrewd-eyed Irishman shook his head and said:

"I am nobody but a cattleman and I'm not worth a write-up. A cattleman. That's all." He did not want a write-up of the things he had done for Canada, for Alberta and Calgary. He is still doing things for the great Western country that is his domain and like a true Westerner, he believes bouquets belong to funerals when the deceased has no opportunity of protesting.

Calgary is a pretty and praise-worthy town in her own way, but she prides herself more on her business activities. She hustles six days a week and on the seventh is restless for the coming Monday.

The Sunday school teacher who was new to Calgary learned something of interest from one of the tots in her class. The lesson was an explanation of the wonderful work of the Almighty.

"Now, class," said the teacher, "can anyone tell me who built the vast world?"

"God did," answered the first tot. The teacher put the next question to the second child:

"And who made Canada the great and glorious country it is?" The child questioned answered that it was "The Lord," and the teacher asked the third question.

"And who made Calgary?" The pupil hesitated a moment and then with a sudden inspiration declared, "Oh please, teacher, Pat Burns."

Before the land boom, Calgarians who belong to the "I knew him when—" club, would tell you that if it hadn't been for Pat Burns, Calgary would still be a water tank town. Perhaps Pat Burns did not build Calgary as the cronies say he did, but one thing is certain, and that is, that he put Calgary on the map.

Before the name of Pat Burns became associated with the cognomen of Calgary, strangers hearing the name would remark that they had never tried it but if it was whiskey they'd have a "shot." The big personality of the great cattle king linked with Calgary made it a centre of interest. What would Vancouver be without Pauline Johnson, or what would Montreal be if Stephen Leacock did not reside there? Nothing. A mere nothing. It's the places of interest and the big men and women who reside in a city that make it known. Mainly, the city depends on the fame of its people—what they have done. This is especially true of the far reaching western country where they do not ask who you are, or what you were, but what have you done? They care not whether your ancestors butchered the enemies of the country or the pigs in the country. Neither will they want to know if your family belonged to the peerage class or the steerage class. The westerner is broad-minded and depends on his own deeds to make or break him.

And you may well guess that Pat Burns doesn't have to rest on the laurels of forefathers to be the big man he is. He has done things himself and if it weren't for him the beefsteak or porterhouse you eat at dinner would come from Australia instead of the plains of Alberta where lie the boundless ranches of the last cattle king of Canada.

To-day Pat Burns is the remnant of that strong and mighty race of men—the cattle barons. When they held sway fifteen years ago he was a small rancher. They have gone. The homesteaders have fenced the open ranges and waved good-bye to the cattlemen, the scorners of limited areas. But Pat Burns did not scorn to have fences about his ranges and to-day he is the last of the honored band.

Although Mr. Burns is typically and at heart a Westerner the land of the setting sun cannot claim him a native born. He hails originally from a district which has since become famous as a breeding place for millionaires; namely, Kirkfield, Ontario. Sir Donald Mann and James Ross both sprang from that vicinity. The President of the Canadian Northern Railway, Sir William MacKenzie, was a chum of Pat Burns. Once asked if he had ever known Sir William, Pat Burns remarked:

"Yes, a little. We wrestled in our nightshirts together." This, of course, happened long ago in "school days." Those were short days indeed, for the future cattle king's father found lots of chores that occupied the youngster's time outside of school hours. But the lad profited by all his work and at the age of eleven put through his first deal—with a substantial profit for himself, and a profit for his father.

By and by the land rush started many of the younger sons of Ontario westward. Pat Burns pulled his stakes, dropped the old oaken bucket into the well, and turned his face towards the setting sun. He arrived in Manitoba in 1887, and immediately procured for himself a homestead. Sir William MacKenzie, then called plain "Bill," came along surveying the line of the Canadian Northern Railway. Strangely enough MacKenzie drove a stake into a corner of the section owned by Burns and called it a station. Pat immediately sold out and drifted a little farther westward, to Brandon.

However, the real wild west kept calling and calling. The prairie fever was at its height and, having once looked upon the "land that lies unto the skies," in 1890, Pat Burns took another turn at the wheel of fate and moved to Alberta.

Once in the virgin country, did he loaf around waiting for something to turn up? Did he seek out new friends and tell them the story of "paying it back on Monday"? Not a bit of it. He jumped right into business, and although there was competition on every side, the young rancher did not heed the frowns of the big ranchers. He kept up an Irish smile and proceeded with his pastime of accumulating land and cattle.

The first "scoop" he put over the rest of the ranchers and cattlemen was that of shipping "rough beef" into the logging camps and mining towns of British Columbia while the rest did not like to take hazards with their products and were content to ship it east. Luck was with the young rancher

and the shipment reached its destination and Burn's bank account reached skywards.

That was the beginning of the supply of "rougher meat" for a market which has since developed into a big trade. It was a gamble pure and simple, a hundred-to-one shot that he would make good in the new zone. He won. From that lucky shipment grew the foundation of a trade which to-day embraces twelve ranches that stretch for hundreds and hundreds of miles in the great prairie province of Alberta. That stroke started a trade that requires two packing houses, one in Vancouver and one in Calgary, which cover acres and acres of ground. That prime move generated a trade that now stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a business that has twenty distributing houses, besides innumerable retail shops in the principal cities of Alberta, British Columbia and Yukon Territory; a big trade that requires a big man to handle and no one can deny that Pat Burns, its founder, a cattle king and rancher, is the only man who could handle such an important and enormous amount of business and supervise it as he does. For even to this day he is the ruling power of his company, just as in the late nineties he rode as a cowboy, among his cattle, which then ran in twenties whereas to-day they run in thousands.

Those were the happy days for the cowboy. They were the days when Southern Alberta was the real wild western cow country and from Red Deer to Montana the cattle roamed the ranges at will. There were no settlers, no homesteads, no fences, no wheat growers. The range, free and open as God's country, belonged to the cattleman at large. Round-ups were held twice a year, in the spring and fall, and Pat Burns rode the ranges with his cowpunchers and superintended operations personally.

In the Calgary clubs one may still hear the cronies tell of what a hard rider Pat Burns used to be and how full of grit and daring he had shown himself. His horse once stepped into a gopher hole, a feat that is easily performed on Alberta prairies, and threw the hardy rider. The result of the fall was two broken wrists. Friend reader, if you have ever attempted to get into a saddle without using your hands you will understand what a feat Pat Burns performed when he climbed into his saddle and rode eighteen miles to a doctor. The doctor who patched up the broken wrists still wonders what sort of a fellow Burns was to have forgotten to faint.

Pat Burns does not pose as a critic or a student of the classics, but when it comes to judging men he shows better wisdom than even in his judgment of cattle, and his judgment of cattle has made him millions. He can pick a man who is honest and fair because he himself is honest and fair. His word is his bond and every transaction with him is on a cash basis. He has been known to refuse a meal whose makings had not been paid for. It is an iron-bound rule in his offices, scattered over three provinces and a territory that covers half of Canada, that everything must be prepaid in buying and all deals are on a cash basis from the lowest to the highest.

Once, while being interviewed by a newspaperman in Vancouver, who had been a close personal friend of the cattle king, the big westerner was attempting to find in his pockets the card of a man who had been in the city and whose whereabouts he wished to discover. The newspaperman would be the likely man to know. Mr. Burns hunted through his pockets for the card. While taking out some small cards and toothpicks from a vest pocket, a little blue crumpled paper fell to the floor. The newspaperman, thinking it was the paper that the cattleman sought, picked it up and opened it. He read its brief contents.

Then his eyes bulged and he caught himself breathing quickly. In his hand lay a certified cheque payable to Mr. Burns for the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars. The newspaperman stuffed the cheque back into its owner's hands quickly, telling him to be careful of such money. The cattleman replied "Yes, I very nearly forgot where I had placed that paper. Thanks for showing it to me."

The newspaperman wrote half-a-column on the carelessness of multi-millionaires with their money. He let the world know that the big cattle king had so little regard for money that he carried it in a vest pocket. Immediately when the story was out over two hundred philanthropists wrote to the Calgary cattleman telling him in lucid terms where he could double his money many times over. The maid complained next morning about having to carry out so many letters to the ash-can.

Another tale of the easy manner that Pat Burns has with money is that told of how he made the best speech at a meeting of a fraternal order to which he belonged. The reporters as usual were late and they immediately interviewed the secretary to find out what the guest of the evening, Pat Burns, had said.

"Well," remarked the secretary," "the only thing he said was something to the effect that he was not used to making speeches and—," continued the secretary holding up a green piece of paper, "this is the rest of his speech." The cheque was for a thousand dollars.

But he is not a spendthrift. Far from it. Ask Pat for the secret of his success and what will he tell you? "Oh, I know what I want and I try to get it," he will say laconically. Then, if you press him a little closer, you will find that his motto is, "Thrift."

Once an Indian brought word into one of Burn's main cowboys' camps regarding a bunch of "drifters;" that is, cattle which had broken away from the main herd and had wintered it poorly. Cowboys and work, as a rule, do not agree and so the cowmen did not pursue the topic of "drifters." They preferred to let them "drift." Not so with "Pat." He ordered out the herd-riders and brought in the stragglers near a railroad. Then he had the "drifters" shipped to Calgary; he fed them and finally brought them around to looking like cattle and then sold them for so much per pound. That is his best motto. But he has others which he uses oftener and one of them is, "Mind your own business and don't mind everyone else's."

Therefore, when the interviewer put the question to him whether he thought the cattlemen of Alberta would band together and present the Canadian government with a bunch of horses for war purposes, the cattle king remarked:

"Oh, I don't know anything about it. They may decide to do something like that but I have not heard of it yet."

The interviewer then decided to let the subject alone and get some "inside" stories of Mr. Burns' life and mentioned the reasons why he wanted these intimate tales.

"Mr. Burns," said the scribbler of notes, "all Canada is interested in a man who has made a fortune from the land as you have done—and besides I've got to earn my daily bread."

"Well, that is true about earning your bread—but, young man, what about sweating for it?" Mr. Burns tried to appear serious.

"Isn't this sweating for it? Believe me, Mr. Burns, in the course of my career I have interviewed many men and written them up, but I never saw one yet who turned down an offer of publicity on the statement that he did not think himself a great enough man and was not entitled to it."

"But why pick on me?" asked the westerner, "interview Mr.—or Mr.—," and Mr. Burns mentioned several people prominent in and around the city of Calgary.

"Don't you see, Mr. Burns, they are known only in the city, whereas you are a nation-wide figure—"

"Ah pshaw, young man, you're beginning to believe your own fiction." The big man lapsed into silence for a moment and then went on, "I don't

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"Good-bye, Toronto! Adieu, Mon'real!"

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LOADING CAVALRY HORSES ABOARD TRANSPORTS AT QUEBEC; A PART OF THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT WHICH SAILED SEPTEMBER 27TH

By H. R. Gordon

Illustrated from Photographs

THERE are two kinds of soldiers in this War. The German brand is a carefully polished bit of mechanism in a great steam roller. His thought is censored to the point of annihilation, his initiative is deliberately drilled out of him. Von Kluck and the Kaiser will think for him, just as they think for the Reichstag.

The British soldier—above all the Overseas Empire-defender—is just plain Bob Robinson in khaki instead of blue serge, handling a gun in place of a plough or a pencil—same Bob as he used to be—same songs, same slang, same girl down home to write to. He's earning one-ten a day in place of two or three or five, not because a conscription officer rang his front door bell and wouldn't listen when his mother said he was ill, but because he stood in line for two hours, waiting for the chance to volunteer.

This War will see the last of one soldier-type or the other. If the Kaiser can swamp France with his unhuman grey-green waves of infantry, conscription and drill to automatization will have triumphed. But if Bob Robinson, thinking of his home in Calgary, can shoot truer; and if Tommy Atkins from God-knows-where in the London slum can hold his bayonet tighter, while he sings Tipperary; then it's good-bye to the steam roller method in war, just as it's been a lengthened process all over Europe of good-bye to the autocrat in government, the censor in journalism, and the slave-driver in the construction gang.

Meantime, Bob has gone overseas. And this is how they trained him in six muscle-hardening, joy-walking, sharp-shooting weeks at Valcartier.

The first half of his Camp-life-time was a sort of readjustment, prelude-period. Bob the city man learned to sleep on the ground, eat skilly and beans out of a mess-tin and bathe in the open under a cold shower. Bob the village cutup and Bob the rough lumberman learned to stand steady and jump to the commands of officers half their size. City and country learned from each other and both learned from the drill sergeant.

Then the real work began. Shooting and skirmishing were the two essentials. Day after day the battalions marched through dust or mud to the ranges, two to four miles from the camp, according to the section of the three mile line of targets assigned to them. One road led through a muskeg. The third battalion consisting of Toronto troops had to make the trip over quivering moss and knee deep mire several times. At first the men, nearly all from offices, picked their way from hummock to hummock of firm ground, trying to keep their feet dry. At last one young officer, growing weary of the slow pace, called out in very unmilitary language, "Come on boys, right through it!" He plunged into the mire at a run. Everyone followed with a cheer, and no one was regarded as a real man unless he was splashed with mud up to

the waist. The procedure perhaps was German, but the method of attaining it was most certainly not.

The target practice was of a thoroughly practical character. After a day or two of the usual deliberate firing to allow every man to become accustomed to the peculiarities of his own rifle, "rapid fire" was the order of the day. At the sound of a bugle, fifty targets would be raised simultaneously, and a half company would fire at them at the rate of one shot every eight seconds. It was not at all uncommon for men to score an "average of inners," that is to place every shot within an eighteen inch circle. The markers, sitting in their trenches, would raise their targets. Almost instantly a sputter would be heard and a tiny hole would appear. A few seconds later another pencil of sunlight would strike through another hole, just beside the first one, and so on till the ten shots were through. The bullets passed overhead in a steady swish, with a sound as of a heavy rainfall through hardwood trees.

Here again the letter of the law was not unlike that of continental practice, but the spirit of joyousness in which it was carried out was thoroughly un-Teutonic. Little jackpots were usually formed by the men of each section with contributions of five cents from every man. The winners treated the others to pop, the only beverage available for celebrations.

"This beats playing the ponies," remarked one steady loser, "because luck doesn't count." The target practice wasn't regarded as work but as sport.

The shooting was varied by rehearsing the attack in extended order. A mile from the targets, a battalion in close order would dissolve into scattered lines of skirmishers. Brown figures would suddenly rise from brown moss, dart forward for fifty yards, fall abruptly and disappear, leaving the plain apparently as bare of life as before. This process would be repeated until the foremost line of skirmishers was a quarter of a mile from the butts. Then the word of command would be heard, and a scattering crackle of musketry fire break out. The line would dash forward again, and more shots be delivered, and so on till they reached a point two hundred yards from the butts. Advancing under these conditions, with a change of aim necessary after each rush, and the exact range unknown, battalions scored from fifty to eighty per cent. of hits. Individual companies reached as high a percentage as seventy-five.

CANADIAN LIGHT ARTILLERY GETTING THE RANGE WITH AN EIGHTEEN-POUNDER

As the Duke of Connaught remarked after watching a Western regiment fire, "The shooting is good!"

The men who enjoyed open order work the most were the scouts. They were supposed to look out for the enemy. By some curious coincidence the enemy were always located in farmhouses where eggs and chickens and sometimes hot meals were obtainable. After a month of skilly and beans, men could detect home cooking at a range of 5,000 yards.

"What have you scouts been doing with yourselves?" asked a captain when his men reappeared after an absence of an hour.

"We got tangled up in some underbrush, sir," replied the senior scout, with a perfectly straight face.

The captain looked hard at the bits of egg adhering to the private's incipient mustache, turned round and smiled. When the men of the contingent reach the front they will not sit down supinely and wait to be fed. They will scout. And they will scout with politeness un-Germanic, for, with pay coming in at the rate of $1.10 a day, four times as much as the British Tommy with the King's Shillin', they can afford politeness.

For three days, rain had fallen in torrents. A review, and a day's drilling in the rain had soaked almost every scrap of clothing in the camp.

Did they lie down and groan, these soldier-men?

They did not. They stripped to the

CHANGING GUARD AT VALCARTIER

hide, rolled themselves in blankets, lit their pipes and sang, "How dry I am," and similar songs. The soaking was treated as rather a lark.

A little later, brigade manoeuvres on a hot day left four thousand men five miles from home, with baking throats and sweat-soaked clothes. Dust was inches deep on the roads. How did they get back to camp? They sang regimental songs. Most of them aren't poetry, but they push the pace painlessly, and that's what they're for.

The officers in the main are good sports. There is no such cleavage between them and the ranks as exists in other armies. In many cases, privates and non-coms are personal friends of the men over them. In the evening when the day's work was over, the officers used to drift down through the men's lines to sing with them, or out on the parade ground to play football and baseball. If a German officer could see a lieutenant in a disreputable-looking sweater sitting on a soup-kettle in a cloud of smoke from the pipes of a dozen privates in underclothes and great coats, leading the singing of "Where did you get that girl?" he would die of dislocation of the dignity. The Canadian army is a democratic army and the officers are leaders rather than despots, leaders moreover who can grin as well as grind.

Sunday was curiously secular. Religion was dispended in much the same way as rations of skilly and bread—by the wholesale. To complete the analogy, hymn books were distributed from motor trucks. The men in the rear ranks, unable to hear the service, usually occupied themselves watching the antics of regimental mascots. The half dozen dogs, one from each battalion, had a glorious game of tag. The harmony of the scene was broken up when a huge tomcat, the mascot of a Western battalion, chased all the other luck-bringers off the stage.

The Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto had tied their hopes to a tiny kitten. Incidentally they had tied the kitten by a chain heavy enough to hold an elephant. One sad morning the cat slipped out of its collar and disappeared.

"It broke the chain. It was a young tiger," was the general verdict.

In the last fortnight of the stay at Valcartier, the seriousness of the war began to be realized, but without fear or sadness. Newspapers came with stories of tremendous fighting on the Marne and the Aisne and heavy casualty lists. Even the most careless came to feel that they weren't on a holiday. The boisterous songs of the first weeks were heard less frequently. The evening choruses in the tents cultivated drawn out harmony instead of staccato noise. "By the Old Mill Stream," "I Wonder How the Old Folks are at Home" and "Mother Machree," were favorites. In the intervals of singing, little groups would talk in undertones, seriously.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT REMARKED, AFTER WATCHING A WESTERN REGIMENT FIRE, "THE SHOOTING IS GOOD"

"You know," said one private as he laid down his paper, "I've always had a presentiment that I'd never get back home."

A moment later he added, "Still, it's no use worrying." In five minutes he was joining in the chorus of "Casey Jones."

The last evening in camp was an occasion that will be remembered by all the men long after they have forgotten about spectacular reviews and monster church parades. Little groups gathered around lanterns singing, do not strike the casual bystander as out of the ordinary. But the men in the groups, drawing out the slow harmonies of "Annie Laurie" and "Suwanee River," knew that it was the last time many of them would ever meet around a Canadian camp-fire. And the silent ones, who stared out across drifting smoke at the sunset fading above the black masses of the Laurentians, felt that they were bidding good-bye to their own country perhaps forever. As the darkness closed they turned to the old hymns they used to sing on Sunday evenings in the twilight at home, "Abide with Me," "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past," and finally, "Nearer My God to Thee."

Regimental chaplains drifted down quietly to more than one sing-song and said a few simple words more effective than any sermon.

"We are all here," one of them told his listeners, "in an unselfish cause, to help other people against a bully. Let us remember to be unselfish ourselves in all things, to look after the next man to us. As a fellow who went through the South African War told me, 'Look after the man on your right, and the man on your left will look after you.'"

"I'll be on the right of the line," remarked a sergeant, and everybody smiled audibly, Anglo-Saxonly glad perhaps of a break in the tension.

Then came the final day, the day for which the six long weeks were made.

In front of a tent in the morning sunlight a stalwart trooper sat on a soap box, writing a last camp letter home, and from the smile on his face, he was sending all sorts of cheering messages back to take off the edge of the parting.

Up at the Lake Joseph Hotel, only five miles up the line of the Canadian Northern, where the wives and sisters and mothers of some of the soldiers had been staying for weeks, and which on account of its proximity to the camp and its easy access without pass, had been a constant rendezvous for loved and loving ones, there were brave eyes, reddened with weeping but trying to smile, lips that were being kept under the firmest control, and glances that lingered long upon those who might never again appear, save in memory. There were nurses, too, clear-eyed and experienced, soldiers every one of them, who would go with the contingent.

In the full sunshine of an early autumn afternoon, tears were bravely wiped away while eyes watched the

Continued on page 51.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

Air: It's a Long Way from Tipperary.

It's a long way from Canada,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way from Canada,
And the dearest girl I know.

Good-bye, Toronto,
Adieu, Mon'real;
Farewell from Coast to Coast,
And God keep ye all.

It's a long way from Canada
I'll be marching this fall—
A weary way from my home land
And the best girl of all.

NOVEMBER

HOW short the summer ! How long it is delaying ! We have had the hot "spells," the cold night, the exquisite sunshine of the fall. The trees shaken with little gusts of wind are bowing their Benedicite. Despite the war, the old orb we call "the world" swings on. One day the God of Revelation will swoop upon it and then a number of us will be sorry.

We have been warned of the spiritual burglary. "Like a thief in the night will I come," said the Lord God, but we continue to beat our carpets, cook our beans, read the war news, go to church and to sleep, and shear the sheep next to us; for we are human and finite and grasping, and our only hope is that the beneficent Shepherd will have pity upon us—His poor straying sheep.

Said the man at the crossroads, a belligerent fellow: "Maybe it would be the roast beef—they drum that tune—or the good ould ale, but Pedlar, me son, the Anglo-Saxon is a hard man to beat. The divil is cheerful even if the war is going against him—which it isn't. Th' ould souldiers that are left behind in this war are the fine men. I was in Mafeking when Cronje proposed a surrender to avoid further bloodshed, if you plaze; but B. P., the big ould scout, roused out of his sleep, said I'll let ye know when I've had enough, and begar, he turned on his blanket and went to sleep again. Man alive, when the boy at the wheel can crack a joke, the world is all right and God's in His Heaven."

CHARMED LIVES

THE proverb "Every bullet has its billet" was, like many another thing, "made in Germany." John Wesley, in his "Journal," gives the credit of its first use in England to Dutch King William. Some men seem not to be destined to be the billet of any bullet. They bear charmed lives. They are often in danger, often in the thickest of the fight, yet they never cross the predestined path of a bullet.

There is a superstitious belief extant in Germany that bullets cannot harm certain people. A legend has it that a Croatian captain who fought first on the side of Parliament, and then for the King in the Civil War, was shot at by his Colonel for not returning a horse to which he had helped himself. Two bullets went through his buff coat and a bystander saw his shirt on fire. The Croat quietly took the bullets from inside his coat and handed them back to his colonel.

"And many a lad of them will go under without ever firing a shot and there's where the pity of it all catches you—" A boy in camp was playing "Home, Sweet Home" on a mouth organ. A long, lank lad, well under twenty, with a pale, eager face and those very bright eyes of youth—wonderful wanting eyes. Yes, many a Valcartier lad will go under without firing a shot and there will be only one being who will weep in the night and suffer and grieve all the days and that will be the boy's mother. Fathers are dear and proud persons, but it is always the mother who is the worse hurt when the little lad of her own body is injured or killed.

THE RED CROSS NURSE

QUEEN MARY has set her foot down upon the notion of fine court ladies going out as Red Cross nurses. She spoke her mind plainly to one of these society dames lately in her own practical sensible fashion. They had quite enough of fine lady nurses during the Boer war.

This time there will be no Cupid in the camp of Mars. The nursing ladies in the South African war were an unmitigated nuisance, as Kitchener could tell you. They even brought their maids with them to add to the confusion, and the scandals they caused would fill the pages of one of those unsanitary magazines which of late have brought the brothel into the drawing room.

So far as organization goes this tremendous war seems to be perfect. There will be no mistakes such as occurred in the Cuban and Boer wars. There will be no siege guns shipped to the scene of war—without sights—no condemned and putrid beef, no drunken commanders of transports, no lack of surgical and other supplies. At this moment the faith of the whole Empire lies in Kitchener, and K. of K. never yet failed.

HUMOR IN BATTLE

THE magnificent thing about the British troops is that they refuse to be depressed. Now that the wounded are coming home, the noticeable thing about the poor brave chaps is their cheerfulness. When the man at the wheel can crack a joke with the tempest, the passengers are not likely to feel frightened. They are Mark Tapleys, every one of the lads who go cheerfully into the trenches with a hitch of the belt and a jest. Tommy A. does not joke like the gay-hearted French soldier. "Piou-Piou" sings a lilt about his grisette or the Boul' Mich' or something a trifle worse, and marches along cheerfully. Tommy A. jests in a quieter, grimmer way, but Lordy ! there's a lot of back-bone to it.

"A few more miles, lads," said the young officer with a bandaged head, "and you shall have a good sleep." And just to show him they were with him, a few poor wounded chaps began an impromptu dance—such a ghost of a little brave dance !—saying "Lor' love you, Sir, we're not tired." It was then a six-inch shell fell amongst them and six went to their eternal sleep. The other day it was, when falling back from Cambrai.

Bless you ! all the German philosophy in the big, wide world goes to dust before a grain of humor, of cheerfulness.

And wait. The modern Tommy A. did not get his whole-hearted cheery courage "off the wind," as we say in Ireland. He comes by it honorably from his blessed British forbears. "My lads," said one of Nelson's old admirals, "my bucks, you see yonder the land of Egypt. Well, if you don't fight like devils you'll soon be in the house of bondage." "Aye, aye, Sir," was the response, "but we'll put the house in hell first."

And they did.

On the field of battle Tommy A. chaffs death like an old friend. "I could do with a pint of 'arf and arf,'" said one as he waited for his red-hot rifle to cool. "'Old on," said his pal in the act of firing, "my regrets is for the sour wine I didn't finish." A shot swept the bowels out of him and he toppled over on his companion. Immediately two Germans fell to his account while Tommy A. swore deep in his throat.

"Thank God!" said the "little orficer" down the line, "my men are still swearing." Oh, don't be shocked, lady! Swearing is merely steam escaping—a fact which God knows and the angels register as such.

NEWS OF THE BATTLE

GREAT fault is being found with the British censor, and the press-men are indignant at being told they must go to the back door of the Press Bureau to get the meagre news. Poor newspaper people! No class is treated with greater indignity. I remember when I was a cub waiting and wandering round hotel or theatre to get a glimpse of some actress or stage notability. For hours and hours you would wait and dawdle. Then be received for five minutes and condescended to and dismissed in the most peremptory fashion! And you couldn't say how haughty and ill-mannered your "genius" was. You had, like the Irishman, "to butther her up and slither her down" the throats of your readers. And you would walk home two miles in the wet and cold, because you hadn't car fare and two kiddies were waiting, and wring out your skirts in the bath tub and put them on half dried in the morning. And be thankful for the meagre salary preempted by the butcher and grocer long before it was earned! And it is the same to-day.

In Cuba-time you were arrested by a red-headed official for sending an innocent wire to your chief apparently regarding books, but which meant that an army was moving. And your chief told you in cold anger that you had been almost a failure—because you got yourself arrested. And now the correspondents are dragging behind armies, knowing nothing of what has happened except what refugees may tell them, and faking the rest, poor chaps!

"What news of the battle?" cries everyone. You remember your Plutarch and what the Athenian barber got for spreading a false report of the defeat of the Greek army. Human nature is an immense book. You can find a new story in it each day, but a tale that has no end in the universal thirst for news, and the passion for spreading it. It is a difficult factor to deal with. The world, however deeply interested in commerce, finance, industry, holds its breath at the sound of battle. Watch the people gathering about the bill boards; all sorts and conditions. It's a funny jumble. They stand, and stare and read. Repetition most of it, but—everything gives way to news from the front.

"PRAISE HIM AND MAGNIFY HIM FOREVER"

I OFTEN wonder at the age of things. The first English-printed newspaper for the prevention of false reports was published in 1588 when Spain was preparing for her "Invincible" Armada. It was called the "English Mercurie," a bit of a sheet issued under the personal supervision of Lord Burleigh. There are, or were, but three numbers of it in existence. I had the good luck to see one in a one-time famous book and print shop in London. The first, dated July twenty-fifth, 1588, contains intelligence from Sir Francis Walsingham that the Armada had been sighted "in the chops of the Channel." After this came our British count—a fleet of eighty sail against one hundred and fifty Spaniards. Think of it! And we beat 'em.

To quote Mr. Puddlebox (and I am going to introduce you to him in a minute): "O all ye fleet of eighty sail, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him forever!" Don't fret, that's what old Britain is doing to-day.

"MAKE US HAPPY"

A LETTER from Brandon (Man.) beseeches the Pedlar to eschew war and "write something to make us happy." Dear man, if the Editor wants "war stuff" how can we gabble about fresh fields and pastures new? And yet—suppose we leave the battlefields for a moment and look out in our own bright and beautiful Canada on Indian summer which, if not with us now, will be sure to hearten us before the second, and lasting snow flies—

> Open wide
> The window and my soul, and let the air
> And out-door sights sweep gradual gospels in.

Golden Summer has flashed back, and is peering through the purple veil of Autumn at the old earth she had so long cradled in her warm arms. The labored breathings of the dying year rise from the woods, and hang, a throbbing haze, above the deep ravines, where, under the gentle shadow, the trees shed their leaves softly. The great pause of the year is with us. Already has the foot of Winter been heard on the hills, and at the sound, shuddering Autumn is calling on Summer to turn her radiant face on the old earth again, before she walks over the sunny hill into the shadow beyond. So, hearing the voice of her tawny-haired sister, Summer, with her last roses garlanded about her brows, is hastening a little way down the hill, and the brown earth rejoices. The blue-birds pause on their way south to perch and preen in the warm sunshine, singing their little plaintive song, and belated grasshoppers fillip over the grass, springing their whirring rattles as they skip joyously down the sunny slope.

Down by the pool the willows are growing rusty. The sunlight streams through them, and dances over the surface of the water, which glitters as though flashing lances were being thrust up and down and across. Far back in the little wood that crowns the hill the jay chatters harshly, drowning the sound of the falling leaves that slip softly to the ground. The pines step boldly forth, uplifting their beautiful heads to meet the singing wind, and waving greetings as he sighs past. The sunlight gleams on the sleek, gray trunks of the distant belt of beeches, glancing from them to warm lovingly the little wan maple that is slipping away in quick decay. Sunburnt Nature is touching with kindly hands her woods and hills and valleys, washing her great plains with sunshine, steeping all the world in gracious warmth before she lays aside her russet Autumn gown and garland of vine-leaves to put on the cold white robes of Winter. Silent and still as she seems, she is yet busy preparing the earth for the coming of Spring, as well as for the winter sleep. The strong young buds of next year are there curled up, and hiding amid the autumn tints on the trees that seem so stripped and hopeless. They will swing on the rattling branches all through the winter, wrapped securely in their downy sheathes, until the heavenly voice of Spring calling, they will awake, and unfurl their tender green banners in silent haste.

Now, too, the aerial seeds wing over the land. Pop! Pop! go the milkweed pods, revealing the exquisite silken fluff topped with little brown seedlings. The wind catches the airy nothing, and sports with it through

Continued on page 50.

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley.

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley.

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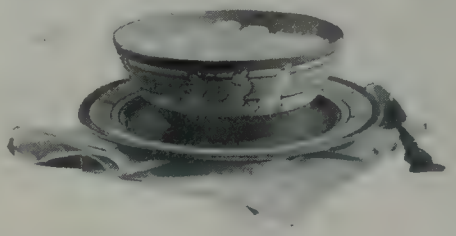
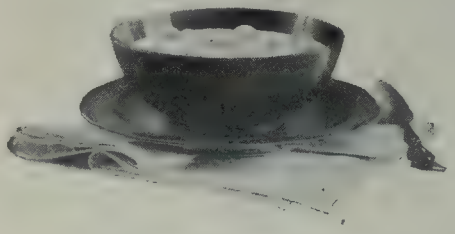


Where would they go for breakfast?

Suppose your folks, for a dairy-dish supper, had their choice of bread or crackers, or Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. And they saw these toasted Puffed Grains—airy, thin, inviting—floating in bowls of milk. Grains four times as porous as bread.



Which would they choose for their milk?

Puffed Wheat, - 10c
Puffed Rice, - - 15c

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These bubbles of grain were created for you by Prof. A. P. Anderson. They are scientific foods. Every food granule is blasted to pieces—blasted by steam explosion. They are both foods and confections.

There are three kinds now with three distinct flavors. Serve them all, and see which your people like best.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(704)

Doc Lambert's Second Choice

Continued from page 22.

it to be attended to by your friends?"

"I don't want a grave stone," Doc answered. "That's another thing which shows the weakness of most people. Everybody wants a grave stone, and why? It's mere personal vanity. If a man deserves a grave stone, all right; but how many men are entitled to them? Not one in ten thousand. I have done nothing to deserve a grave stone."

"But," said Mrs. Stetson, "I think you ought to have one, all the same. 'Doc Lambert' carved under a marble lamb would be so appropriate, don't you think?"

Doc refused to argue the point.

One Monday morning he came to the office in a state of wild indignation.

"This is an outrage!" he exclaimed, slamming his hat on his desk. "By the Lord, I'm going to find out whether there is such a thing as justice in this country or not."

"What has happened?" asked Danny Richardson.

"I went out to see my grave yesterday, and it was gone!"

"Gone? How could your grave be gone?"

"They've cheated me out of it! They've buried another man in it. Buried him in my grave, that I've bought and paid for!"

"How did that happen?"

"It happened as everything else happens in this world. They robbed me of my right, that's how it happened. By thunder, I'll have the law on them! I'll show them!"

"Didn't they make any explanation?"

"Certainly. But what good did that do? The man was in my grave, and the explanation didn't take him out of it. Things have come to a fine pass if a man can't be sure of his grave after he's bought and paid for it. They claimed it was a mistake, but I don't believe it. They knew I liked that grave and they went and buried another man in it just to interfere with my satisfaction. The world has always been against me. I felt when I got my grave that it was too good to be true. I've been expecting from the first that they'd find some way to keep me out of it."

"Well," said Mrs. Stetson, "they will, of course, have to refund your money or give you another grave."

She spoke with kindly sympathy, for Doc seemed to take it so hard that we all felt a bit sorry for him.

"They've offered me another grave in place of it," he admitted, "but it won't be like the grave I've lost. I

picked out that grave because it somehow appealed to me. I'd got used to going out there and sitting on it, too, and thinking of the good, long rest I was going to have in it. It was a comfort to me. You people who have never been robbed of graves can't realize how it gives one the feeling of being left out in the world, homeless."

"I should think," said Danny Richardson, "that you could get them to dig up the man they've buried there, so that you might have the grave for your own use, after all."

"No," Doc sadly replied, "it's spoiled forever, as far as I'm concerned. "I'd no more think of having myself buried in a grave that had been used by somebody else than I'd think of wearing a suit of clothes some other man had worn."

"Cheer up," Mrs. Stetson urged. "There are plenty of good graves left. You may find another that will suit you just as well as this one did. Who knows ?"

"I'm to go out next Sunday," he said, "to look over their stock of empty graves, but I don't much expect that I'll find any to please me. And even if I do, how can I be sure they'll not make another mistake ? I supposed a graveyard was one place where they'd be careful—where a man could be sure they'd let him have the little patch of ground he was entitled to; but there's no such thing as fairness any more, and nothing is sure. If I find a grave that suits me this time I'm going to get into it before they have a chance to chuck anybody else in ahead of me."

By a rare streak of good luck—according to Doc's belief any kind of a streak of good luck was rare in his case—he found another grave that appeared to be splendidly suited to his needs. It was in a remote part of the graveyard and in some ways it pleased him even better than he had been pleased with the grave he had lost. Doc was not easily pleased.

"I can't think of a single fault that it has," he said with something like a touch of pride. "It lies at the top of a little slope, so I shall not have to fear contamination. There is no tree near it, either, so there's not much danger that women or children will come there to sit in the shade, and that's a comfort. I'm going to like this grave, and I hope to get safely moved into it before snow flies."

After he had filed away the deed to his new grave he announced that he had found a new and delightful method of self-destruction. It was described in a clipping which he produced. Without asking whether we cared to hear it or not he read the delectable story of a man who had used a hypodermic needle to inject into his veins a liquid which had caused instant and painless death, without producing any distortion of the body or features or causing ever a drop of blood to escape.

"This," said Doc in a tone of triumph, "is the thing I've been looking and waiting for. There is something about it that appeals to the aesthetic sensibilities. It is at once artistic and thoroughly effective. There is no danger of bungling or making a mess of it. Once the needle has been applied, it is all over. One need not be afraid of being ircumvented by officious meddlers. I consider it a fortuitous combination of circumstances that this should come to my notice just at the time when I have got everything about my new grave satisfactorily arranged."

Mrs. Stetson had been stricken with iliness a day or two before Doc came into possession of his new grave, and we were considerably disturbed when we were informed that her malady

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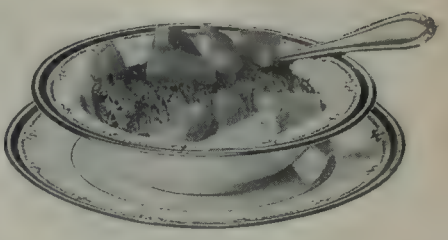

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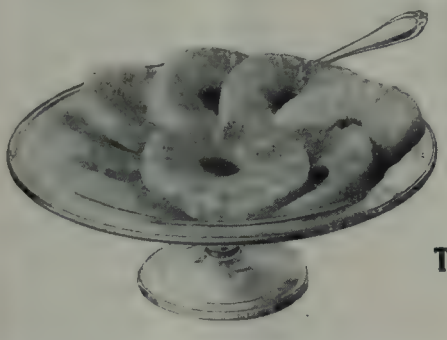

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Canada Monthly, Toronto, Ont.

had developed into typhoid fever. It appeared that she had been almost starving herself in order to maintain a home for her children, the consequence being that her system was so enfeebled as to make her recovery doubtful.

The boys in the office got up a purse to keep the children supplied with food and care, but the amount we were able to raise was merely sufficient to maintain the widow's little establishment for a week or two at the most. Barton & Smart had not been prospering lately and they did not feel disposed to pay Mrs. Stetson's salary, since it had been necessary to engage another stenographer in her place.

Of course we didn't ask Doc Lambert to subscribe and he expressed no desire to contribute. In fact we were so much concerned over the brave little woman's misfortunes that we forgot Doc's new grave and his suicidal intentions until one morning when he failed to put in an appearance at the office. Even then we attached no importance to his absence, nor did anybody begin to worry about him until three days later. Then his landlady telephoned in to ask if anybody knew where he was. She reported that he had mysteriously disappeared, after paying her in full, and she was afraid "something might have happened to him."

Doc's talk about committing suicide had never been taken seriously by any of us, but his unexplained disappearance caused us to have grave misgivings. We made inquiries of the police and looked up the records of the morgues, but no trace of him was discovered. He had vanished without leaving any more evidence of the manner of his departure than if he had been a wraith.

Two weeks after Doc's departure Danny Richardson and I went out to Mount Hope to discover whether he occupied his grave or not. It was curious that none of us had thought of doing so before. Naturally his grave ought to have been the first place in which we might have expected to find him; yet, after all, the grave is usually the last place in which any one is found. Perhaps an unconscious realization of that fact had caused us to inquire everywhere else first.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, late in October. The leaves had turned enough to make the cemetery brilliant and almost cheerful. It seemed a shame that any one had to be dead on such a day. At an office near the gate we made inquiries. The man who had charge of the records recalled our friend at once.

"Yes," he said, "I remember him. A bit queer, I should say. It was too bad about that mistake we made, but

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such things will happen even in the best regulated cemeteries. Still, he got a better grave than if he'd kept the first one. It's better suited to him."

"I suppose," said Danny, "you try to give people graves that are becoming to them, just as a tailor endeavors to make a man's clothes in the style that will set him off to the best advantage ?"

"Sure," the cemetery man replied. "Now you take your friend. The best kind of a grave for him is one that's back, pretty well where there won't be any danger of women and children runnin' over it. It's too bad he gave it up. He'll not get another like it in a hurry."

"Do you mean that he isn't using his grave ?" Danny asked.

"He sold it a couple of weeks ago. I guess he made a little something on it, but he was foolish to let it go. What good'll the profit he made out of it do him when he needs the grave ?"

This was reassuring. We had felt some reluctance about asking point-blank whether Doc was in his grave, probably because we were afraid to learn the truth. When we found that he had not been buried we secured directions concerning the location of the grave and decided to have a look at it to satisfy our curiosity. On reaching it we found Doc sitting on a little mound near by. He nodded sadly in response to our greeting.

"What's the trouble, Doc ?" Danny asked. "We hear you've sold your grave."

"Yes," he said, "I've given it up."

"Decided that it didn't suit you, after all, eh ?"

"No, it was just what I wanted. It's a good grave. I'm sorry I couldn't keep it. I hope to be able to buy it back some day, but I suppose I'll be disappointed. I've never had any luck."

"Where have you been all this time ? We supposed you were dead."

"Never mind where I've been. It's good of you boys to be interested in me, but let it go at that. You needn't worry any more. I'll have to live on now. My grave's gone, and there's nothing for me to do but take up my burdens and carry them along."

He returned to work the next day, without offering any explanation of his absence and he lost no time in permitting us to understand that he did not care to be questioned about the matter.

A few weeks after Mrs. Stetson had recovered she came to the office one afternoon when Doc happened to be out. We learned then that he had sold his grave for the purpose of raising money to provide for the widow's children after our little fund had been exhausted. His absence had been due to the fact that he had gone to another city to dispose of certain building lots on which it had been his purpose to establish a home for aged and indigent unfrocked ministers.

As our former stenographer was leaving Danny Richardson asked:

"Does he still expect to commit suicide ?"

There was a twinkle in her eyes as she replied:

"He has burned his clippings and is teaching our little boy to say grace at meals."

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 26.

"On the canvas," he said, "was a carefully painted portrait of a very beautiful young girl. Young—oh, I should say in her middle twenties. It must have taken two or three sittings —three, anyway, of pretty fast, skilful painting—to have carried it as far as it was. The last of them must have been that very morning, because part

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of the paint on the canvas was wet. It hadn't even dried on the palette. The thing was obviously a portrait of the painter.

"The outline of the rim of the palette showed in the lower part of the canvas, but as if held in the right hand, as of course it always is when you sit down in front of the mirror and paint a portrait of yourself. She had even indicated the frame of the mirror on the canvas. It was all perfectly solid and real. As I said, the thing was well painted, though not brilliantly nor trickily at all—an excellent, an extraordinarily talented piece of work. It wasn't completed. In fact, part of the canvas wasn't covered at all. It was one of my canvases—a gray one like that blank I turned around just now."

"Well, you had something tangible to go on at last," said I. "What did you do?"

"It was hard to decide what to do," said Jeffrey. "I didn't go up in the air at all. The fact that I had something tangible was, in its way, a sort of relief. And I still think what I decided was the best thing I could have done—that was to just stay there in that studio until something happened. I made up my mind not to leave the room for more than thirty seconds, until that mysterious painter"—he stopped and gave a shivering little laugh—"the ghost girl, came back. I thought she would come back, and that before many hours.

"Well, I waited. Spent most of the time smoking, staring at the portrait. I studied it—learned every brush-stroke in it. I could repaint it now from memory. I stayed there for thirty-six hours, without leaving the room but once. That time I went up to my kitchenette and got a box of biscuits. I wasn't gone more than half a minute and everything was just as I had left it when I came back. But at the end of the thirty-six hours—that was at two in the morning—my endurance gave out and I lay down on my divan, there in the studio, for what I thought would be a cat-nap. I'm a light sleeper. I didn't think it possible for anybody to get into that room without waking me instantly. I suppose I slept pretty hard. When I wakened it was ten o'clock the next morning."

"And the portrait?"

"The portrait was gone. The mirror, the easel, the stool, were all back in their places—even my palette and brushes were back on the table where I'd left them when I started for Etaples. I hadn't a thing to show—no way of proving to anybody except myself, that I hadn't dreamed the whole thing. Thank God, I could prove it to myself! The colors that were left on the palette were not the ones that had been on it when I went away. That I

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am ready to swear to, unless I'm crazy. What is your opinion about it? Do you want to call a taxi and take me up to Bellevue? You haven't heard it all, but perhaps you've heard enough."

"No, I want it all," said I, "everything that you can remember—every detail, no matter how irrelevant it seems to you."

"I rather think," said Jeffrey, "that what I've told you is all, so far as the Paris mystery goes. I'm really satisfied that the adventure on the bridge was pure imagination and nothing else. In point of fact, it might have been a dream."

"Never mind," said I; "I want dreams and all."

"Why, the night before I left Paris," said Jeffrey, "that was about the middle of March—a warm night like spring. I hadn't been able to sleep. About four o'clock in the morning I dressed and went out, wandering around. It must have been about five when I brought up on the Pont Royal. The air was very thick with mist. I had on a rain-coat, I remember, instead of an overcoat, and the steam in that warm air condensed and trickled down as if it had really been raining. It was a lovely sight, really. There was a fag-end of a moon trying to light up the mist and it made every smooth, horizontal surface shine like silver—the flat decks of the barges in the river. It was all very restful and still.

"I seemed to have the world to myself for a few minutes; but very soon a woman came along, stopped, and leaned against the rail close beside me. I supposed she was some one who had marked me as possible game and had been following along, waiting for a good chance to speak to me. I was about to move away when I noticed that she seemed perfectly unconscious of my presence. I couldn't see her face at all, just a shape. She was all wrapped up in one of those rain-proof cloaks, with the hood pulled up over her head.

"She stayed there a long time staring down at the river and the boats, just as I had been doing before she came. The funny thing was that her being there made me uncomfortable. It was a little bit like a nightmare—perhaps it really was a nightmare—because I wanted to go away and I couldn't. I didn't want to speak to her and yet it seemed that I must.

"Presently I heard footsteps and that seemed to break the spell a little. They were coming from behind me, so I turned to look. They were a couple of *gendarmes* tramping along on their route. I heard a little movement beside me and turned to look at the girl. The sound had attracted her attention

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too. She was looking in my direction, but wasn't looking at me at all—just in the direction of the sound—and the hood had fallen from her head and —well, she was the girl of the portrait, the ghost girl.

"I felt then as if I'd known it was she from the moment I saw her standing there. She didn't make a sound, but her eyes widened a little as the *gendarmes* came nearer and she turned and fled, vanishing in the mist. When they came opposite me they slowed down and looked at me a bit curiously and passed on. They didn't pay any attention to the girl. I suppose the explanation is that I fell asleep there on the bridge and dreamed about the girl, as I often did dream about her, and that the coming of the *gendarmes* waked me up."

"Well," said I, "let us be thankful for a reasonable explanation where we can get one. Undoubtedly that is the explanation in this case."

Jeffrey drew a long, unsteady breath. "I wish I could say 'undoubtedly' in that tone of voice about anything. Drew, people can talk all they like about the tortures of the Inquisition and so on, but the most exquisite torture in the world is a doubt about the validity of your own observations. That's the thing that's driving me—pretty near crazy. I can't trust my own sense any more."

To be continued.

In the Forefront

Continued from page 35.

want to be interviewed, but if there is anything I can do for you financially or otherwise, why you have but to ask—"

"Mr. Burns," interrupted the scribbler with emphasis, "this interview means more to me than an inside tip on the stock market. I have had men beg me to give them just a little publicity, but never before have I met a man that honestly didn't want it."

"Why should I want to? Look at those books," and Mr. Burns pointed to four shelves piled with books and magazines, "everyone of them contains something about me and some day when I get time I will read one or two of them," said the cattle king whimsically.

"Well, thanks very much, Mr. Burns, for the interview," the reporter was grinning.

"Oh, that's all right. Don't mention it. Any time, young man, you want to talk beef come over and see me. I will always be glad to hear you discuss it," and the cattle king smiled his adieu.

When Friends Come in

to spend the evening and someone suggests a game of "bridge" or "five hundred," you realize the value of a

PEERLESS Folding Table

which can be set up in a moment. When not in use it may be put away, under the sofa or behind the door. It weighs but 12 lbs., and will support half a ton (by actual test). Handy for fancywork, lawn or verandah luncheons and card parties.

Write for illustrated catalogue M with prices. We will send it FREE. Kindly mention the name of your Furniture dealer.

HOURD & CO., LIMITED
Sole Licencees and Manufacturers
LONDON, ONTARIO

Beautiful Gun-Metal Watches FREE

Men's Size, No. 2001

Ladies' size, No. 2006

These WATCHES which we offer you, *absolutely free*, are something new and striking. They are the new thin model style, *guaranteed* Swiss movement with the popular and beautiful satin-finished gun-metal case, fancy dial and hands, and French crystal. We will also engrave any monogram you desire free.

We are really enthusiastic about these watches, because they are the best thing we have seen for a long time, and we want you to have one. All you have to do is sell only **36** packages (of six cards each) of our finely-colored season and picture post cards at **10c.** a package.

We give you free coupons to give with each package, which makes them sell on sight.

Don't send us any money until you have sold the cards, then remit us our **$3.60** and state what monogram you want on your watch and it is yours. We prepay postage on post cards and premium.

Don't delay—write us now—these watches are beauties and will go like hot cakes.

When ordering state number of watch wanted (numbers shown above watches).

Ask for our big catalog of premiums.

COLONIAL ART CO. DESK E 3 TORONTO, ONT.

JAEGER
Fine Pure Wool

Jaeger Wool Garments are non-conductors of heat and cold, so that they are equally comfortable in any weather

Persons wearing Jaeger Wool Garments are not readily affected by sudden changes of temperature and are much less susceptible to colds.

And just as a warm winter house is usually cool in summer, so Jaeger Pure Wool Garments, the coolest, most comfortable and most hygienic wear for warm weather, are also the cosiest, the warmest on cold days.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion.

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM Co.
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND IN 1883 WITH BRITISH CAPITAL FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ea Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!

Thousands who were formerl deaf, now hear distinctly ever sound — whispers even do no escape them. Their life of lonel ness has ended and all is now jo and sunshine. The impaired o lacking portions of their ea drums have been reinforced b simple little devices, scientif cally constructed for that specia purpose.

Wilson Common-Sens Ear Drums

often called **"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"** are resto ing perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defectiv hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed o Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissin Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or hov long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

Drum in Position

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay—**Write today** for our **FREE** 168 page **BOOK** on **DEAFNESS** — giving full particulars and plenty of testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporate
287 Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

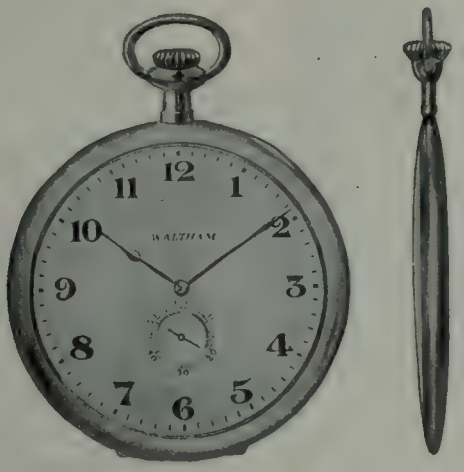
$250 MOTORCYCLE TO BE GIVEN AWAY

For a little pleasant easy work for us in your neighborhood looking after our renewals and new subscriptions. No experience needed, anyone can do the work during spare time and easily win this fine machine. With a motorcycle you can ride miles and miles over country, up and down the hills at almost any speed.

Write to-day for full particulars. Address

CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

Give him a watch which combines "business sense" with the social graces—



Waltham "Opera" Watch

The watch which finds the surest welcome today is the *thin* watch—the refined, slender, artistic timepiece which is light of weight but strong of structure; comfortable to the eye, the hand, the pocket, but none the less safe, serviceable, and accurate.

Such a watch is the Waltham "Opera" Watch. It has all of Waltham's "hereditary" accuracy and it is so thin that you are not conscious of it in the lightest clothing. In every sense this is a product of High Art in watch making.

The moderate price of the "Opera" Watch will surprise you. Your jeweler will have it in a richly plain 14-Karat solid gold case, with 17 jewels, for $55 or in gold-filled case, for $40. Ask him to show it to you.

Write us for booklet and general information.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James Street, Montreal

Think Christmas Now

BOOKS will be the most-generally-given Christmas gifts this year. Everything points to it and for good reasons.

They are reasonable in price—a mighty big feature this year

They are usually British-made.

They fill the bill as gifts in every way.

Here is a list of new novels which everyone will be reading within a few months, any one of which will make an acceptable gift:

Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact - - - $1.25
By MARIE CORELLI

Quinneys - - - $1.25
By H. A. VACHELL

The Call of the East - $1.25
By THURLOW FRASER

The Honorable Percival $1.00
By ALICE HEGAN RICE

Clark's Field - - $1.35
By ROBERT HERRICK

His Official Financee - $1.25
By BERTA RUCK

The Witch - - - $1.50
By MAY JOHNSTON

The Clarion - - - $1.25
By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Ariadne of Allan Water $1.25
By SIDNEY McCALL

Henry of Navarre, Ohio $1.00
HOLWORTHY HALL

See these at your Bookseller's

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS BUYING EARLY—BUY BOOKS

William Briggs
PUBLISHER
29-37 Richmond Street West
TORONTO : : : ONT.

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 40.

the woodland on its wandering mission of propagation. "There is no death; what seems so is transition." The little creatures that are preparing to hibernate; those millions of dormant forces that lie in the womb of the earth waiting till the call of the young year brings them forth again, are sleeping, not dead. So, mayhap, is it with our lost ones. What seems death is transition.

I see them, the radiant sisters, Summer and Autumn, standing with locked hands in the glory of the rich day upon the hill yonder. Soft hangs the mist over the brow of the earth. Peaceful lie the wide plains under the gracious sunshine. The flame is dying from the woods, as the leaves drop slowly, softly. For a moment the glory lingers. Summer, with a parting glance, steps swiftly adown the hill, and is lost in the brooding mist. Slowly, with reluctant feet, tawny Autumn follows, moving gently with many a backward look. A chill falls over the graying world. Who is it that comes striding across the hills, with resonant footsteps, turning the violet mist to ice with the breath of his nostrils?

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door."

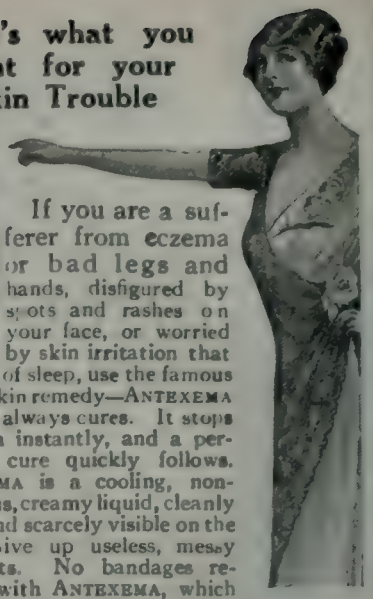
GOD'S TRAMP

DID I say Mr. Puddlebox? Do you want to laugh?—to be happy? Then get acquainted with this dear, this lovable, this very gallant tramp. Perhaps you know Neil Lyons and "Cottage Pie"? No? Alas! I grieve with you. Mr. Puddlebox, like Sam Weller, is in a book—but he is greater than Sam in this that he laid down his life for a brother. The name of the book? Why, "The Clean Heart," by A. S. M. Hutchinson (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.) Suppose we talk about it from the reader's outlook—not the critic's. I opened it in the middle, one night when sleep had flown, and before two minutes reading I was glad that most necessary official was on leave. And "What!" said I, like old George IV. "What! What!" For I had met Puddlebox.

There will be many pages, son, where you will laugh mightily with Mr. Puddlebox, but there will be some where you may not be able to see for fog—the fog and mist along the Cornwall coast.

Poignant and tender and Christlike is the end of Puddlebox, the tramp and the outcast and God's good man. I can but end with his cry, the cry of the poor, drowning tramp who shrank

That's what you want for your Skin Trouble



If you are a sufferer from eczema or bad legs and hands, disfigured by spots and rashes on your face, or worried by skin irritation that robs you of sleep, use the famous British skin remedy—ANTEXEMA—which always cures. It stops irritation instantly, and a permanent cure quickly follows. ANTEXEMA is a cooling, non-poisonous, creamy liquid, cleanly to use and scarcely visible on the skin. Give up useless, messy ointments. No bandages required with ANTEXEMA, which has 30 years' reputation in Great Britain, and always succeeds. Get it today. Of all druggists in Canada. Prices in Britain 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle.
Wholesale from Antexema Co., Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. (Eng.)

"Antexema"
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

Oxydonor
TRADE MARK

The Painless Drugless
ROAD TO HEALTH

Are you run down? Has disease sapped your vitality? Throw off this worn-out feeling and regain robust health by use of Oxydonor.

SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE
"Oxydonor has never failed me. Have had a double and a single Oxydonor for about seven years."
MRS. LUCY MEPHAM,
177 Caroline St., North,
Jan 16th, 1912. Hamilton, Ont.

OVER SIX YEARS' USE
After having an Oxydonor in my house for over six years, I would not part with it for any money if I could not get another." MRS. E. S. GIBSON,
Jan 26th, 1913. Toronto, Ont.

Thousands of such letters have been received by Dr. Sanche.

Beware of fraudulent imitations. The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the originator and inventor, Dr. H. Sanche.

WRITE TO-DAY for FREE BOOK on HEALTH.
Dr. H. Sanche & Co. Dept. 83,
364 St Catherine St. W., Montreal, Canada.

Oxydonor
TRADE MARK

TRICKS

For Stage or Parlor use. All the latest Magic Novelties, Puzzles, etc. Large illustrated catalogue free.

THE PROCTOR MANUF'G CO.
155 KING STREET, E., TORONTO

Agents Wanted

We have an exceptionally attractive proposition to offer enterprising men selling Cadillac Vacuum Cleaners. Address
CLEMENTS MFG. CO.
78 Duchess St. TORONTO

terrified in the face of fearful and lonely Death:

"O ye sea of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: Praise Him and magnify Him forever !"

Good-bye, Toronto

Continued from page 38.

long lines of khaki-clad figures marching in service array along the road from the big camp to Quebec, where the transports lay, tied up ready to be filled with their human freight and the accompanying stores.

If you had stood on the wide terrace, you would have looked in vain at first for a sign of the ships, then slowly your eyes would have grown accustomed to the outlines at the wharves, and one by one, long grey shapes would have loomed up, until you had counted two, three, seven, ten, of these phantom vessels.

The huge battleship bearing the admiral of the fleet which convoyed the transports across, stood like a giant sentinel, clad in the same ghostly grey. Another of the largest vessels in port was banked up with a high wall of new boards shining in the sun—the transport for all the splendid horses which were being taken down to the water side.

The vision of khaki-clad figures has passed for the moment, and while you gaze fascinated at those motionless grey vessels, nestled under the overshadowing cliff and the frowning citadel, one by one they begin to steal slowly away with not a sound, not a whistle, not the creak of a chain nor the groan of a plank, not even a puff of smoke to indicate that they are really living, moving things. They slip out from beneath the shadows and like huge grey moths, float silently down to the mouth of the river.

Hour by hour passes and still, in perfect silence, the grey transports are moving phantom-like, into the stream. And far into the night, without a single sound to break the stillness, they are loading up their men and creeping away with only a pinpoint of light looming out against the black bulk of the Island of Orleans, shadowy against the water. At daybreak all are gone—without a cheer, without a whistle, without any of the firing and jubilation which used to mark the embarkation of troops—like grey mists into the darkness, to be met in the Gulf by a cloud of other grey mists, equally silent.

Wisdom has an uphill fight against the blissfulness of ignorance.

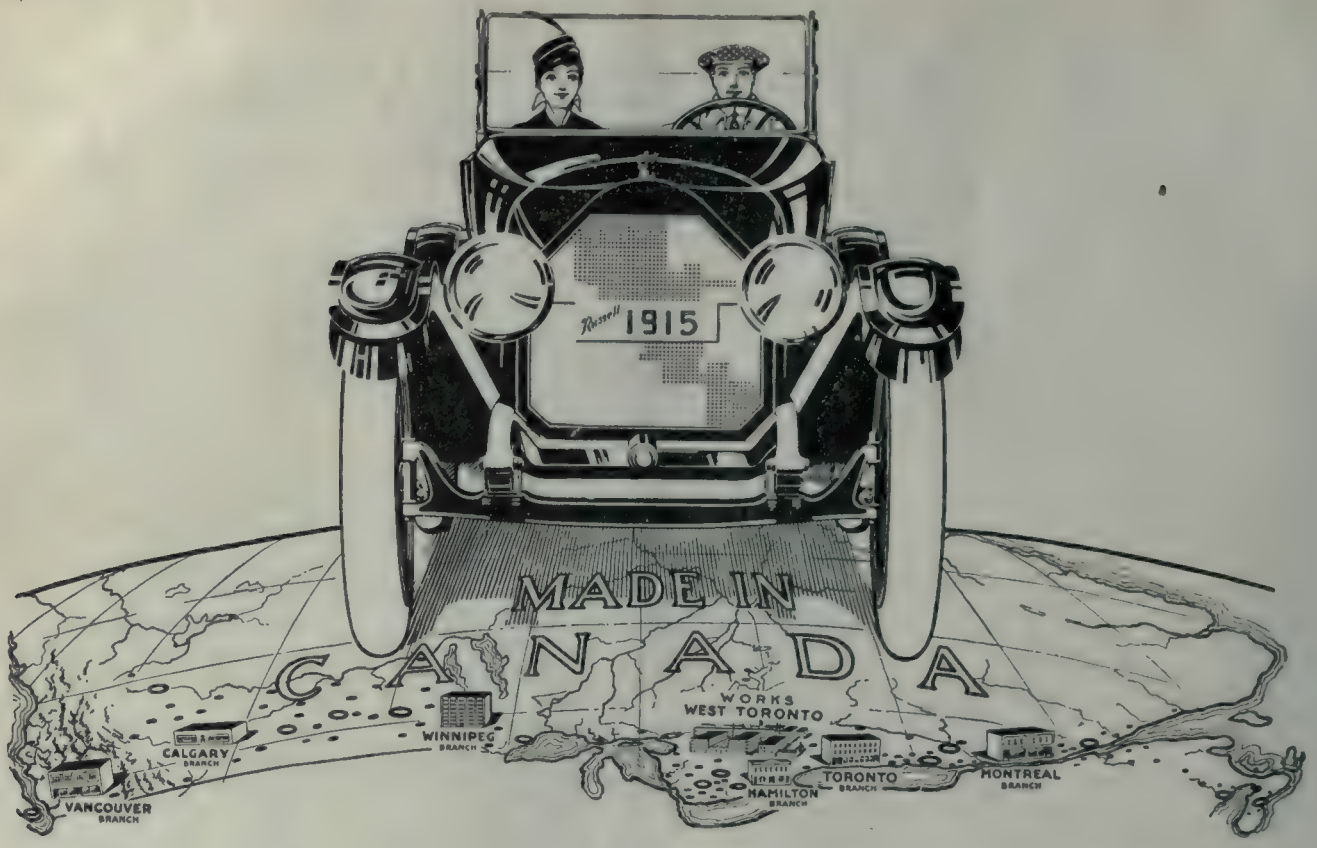
LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL
Whitest White · Stays White
In any room throughout the house the effect of white enamel is one of rich and permanent beauty. Luxeberry White Enamel is checkless, fadeless and whitest white.
Because of its hard, tough surface it is easy to keep clean. Finger marks and spots simply melt away beneath the dampened cleaning cloth.
And for floors use Liquid Granite—the waterproof varnish kiddies can't mar with little heels that pound the floor in play. The weight of heavy moving furniture won't crack it, nor scrubbing with hot water turn it white.
Liquid Granite is a high quality Varnish through and through. Like other celebrated Berry Brothers' finishes its worth and quality are the result of over 56 years' experience in the manufacture of varnishes.
You can bring this experience to bear in the finishing of your new home or the refinishing of your worn dining room floor. The advice of our experts is yours for the asking, no matter how great or small your problem may be
See our nearest dealer or write our factory direct as you prefer.
BERRY BROTHERS
(INCORPORATED)
World's Largest Varnish Makers
Established 1858
Walkerville Ontario
LIQUID GRANITE
Lasting Waterproof Floor Varnish

When Paris Went to War

Continued from page 27.

me that in two days it might be impossible to get bread or meat, as supplies of every kind would be taken by the government for the provisioning of the troops and of Paris.

By this time there was a procession of flying taxi-cabs coming from Paris, all loaded down with boxes and bags, and bundles, and now and then a child's bed with the mattress flopping on the top of the canopy, wild-eyed mothers and scared children wedged in wherever there was space. Trains to Paris were already forbidden to civilians; suburban trams had stopped running. Paris was as inaccesible as if she were the other side of the world, until late in the afternoon, when I found a Paris cabby returning after depositing some refugees in the country, who condescendingly agreed to take me and



Russell Cars Guarantee Quality—Service—and Value

For every dollar you *invest* in a RUSSELL, you get a dollar of *tangible* value. ($1000 duty cannot add one cent of worth.) You get *more*. You *pay less*. You help develop a Canadian industry. You increase Canada's prosperity. The production of Russell Cars gives employment to 1,500 men. Requires $2,000,000 worth of material yearly. Distributes over $1,000,000 in wages to Canadian mechanics.

More Beautiful

Latest European stream-line bodies. New domed fenders. Concealed door-hinges. Clean running-boards. Double head-lights. Lasting lustrous finish. Spare tires at rear. **Full Equipment.**—Highest quality top. Built-in, rain vision, ventilating windshield. Demountable rims. Spare rim. Warner speedometer. Clock. Electric horn, etc.

More Comfortable

Perfectly balanced chasses. Long three-quarter-elliptic rear springs. Ample wheel-base. Big wheels. New proven two-unit electric starting and lighting system. New instrument board (complete control at finger tips). Left side drive. Center control. Quick acting Collins side-curtains, opening with doors, and adjustable from seats.

More Efficient

Latest-type, long-stroke, smooth-running, high-efficiency engines. More power—less weight. Saving of fuel, oil and tires. Newest type ignition. Chrome nickel-steel gears and shafts. Cleverly designed chasses. Light, strong, heat-treated steels. Full-floating rear axle. Worm bevel gears. Double dust-proof brakes. Very low operative cost per mile.

Five reasons why YOU should drive a Russell "Made in Canada" Car:

1st: The highest-quality car—at the lowest price. 2nd: Most comfortable—easiest-riding—smoothest-running car built.
3rd: Built of finest materials—by expert workmanship. Fully guaranteed and backed by service stations from coast to coast.
4th: Made in Canada—by Canadian workmen—in a Canadian-owned-and-operated plant.
5th: A vital unit in Canadian industry—whose success helps to build up Canadian prosperity—which in turn helps YOU.

Ride in a RUSSELL to-day. Performance proves its worth.

Agency applications invited in open territory "6-30"--$1750 "4-32"--$2650 "6-48"--$4500 *Catalogue and full descriptive matter on request*

Works and Executive Offices
WEST TORONTO

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY
LIMITED.

Branches:
TORONTO — HAMILTON
MONTREAL — WINNIPEG
CALGARY—VANCOUVER

my three small pieces of hand luggage to Paris for fifteen francs ($3).

Exactly five times the regular taximeter rates, as I discovered later, but need must when snecessity drives, and I started off—to the Great Unknown. For so far as I then knew, not one friend remained in Paris, to whom I could go for advice or assistance, should the worst eventually come. At that time, there were no boats between French ports and English, no transatlantic service from either country, scarcely any hope that there would be until the war was over.

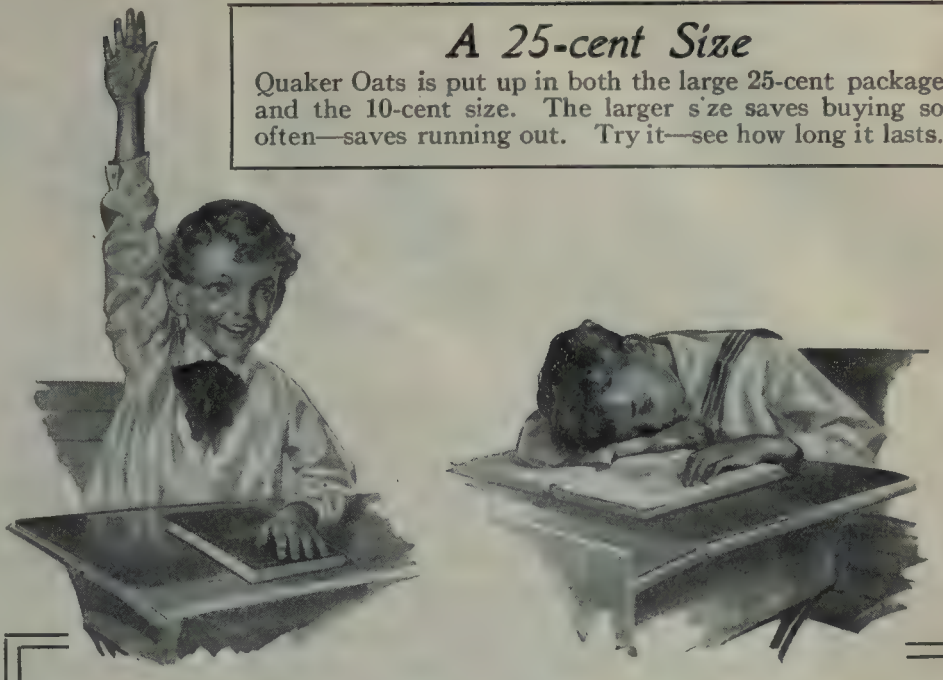
That drive from Enghien-les-Bains to Paris is one of the many unforgetable experiences of these early days of warfare. It was a glorious sunshiny day, with a silver haze in the distance, the sky a deep blue, the clouds of purest white, all the greens of trees and meadows most vivid, and soon at every turn, every open vista, the height of Old Montmartre, crowned by the beautiful cathedral of Sacre Coeur, making in its ensemble of composition, architecture, color and atmosphere, a scene to which only Turner could do justice. And through all this peace and beauty, the discordant note of panic-stricken refugees flying from danger that they feared, to a safety that was based merely on hope. Yet in spite of these, it was a route strangely deserted to one familiar with the holiday crowds of a Sunday in France, especially a perfect summer day such as this. Tram lines were but unused rails; not a vehicle was abroad with groups of merry-makers, for already every horse, every cart had become, automatically, the property of the government. Presently, along came a company of cuirassiers, in glittering breastplates and helmets, and farther on, in the shadow of the ancient basilica of St. Denis, where long lines of kings of France have been buried, and others crowned, a bugler was sounding his call.

Hotels in the Champs Elysees—or tourist—section were inadvisable, I knew, for stiff rates would be much stiffer—some, indeed, raised prices five times those charged even during the season of tourist travel—but through a student club for women in the schools quarter, I found a little French hotel within a stone's throw of the Sorbonne, and almost in the shadow of the Pantheon, simple to austerity in its appointments, bourgeois in every detail, but kept by people with hearts of gold.

Monday, sensation succeeded sensation. First, in crossing the Place du Parvis Notre Dame, I looked up mechanically at the windows of the studio of some artist friends, whom I had supposed were safely settled in the country far from trouble, and to my surprise, found them open. Mounting

A 25-cent Size

Quaker Oats is put up in both the large 25-cent package and the 10-cent size. The larger size saves buying so often—saves running out. Try it—see how long it lasts.



Some Do——————Some Don't

Get Vim-Food In the Morning

Some children go to school on Quaker Oats—perhaps five millions of them. They get all the vitality, all the energy that the greatest vim-food can supply them. Children and grown-ups all need an abundance of this spirit-giving Quaker.

You know that—all folks know it.

They get in addition a delicious dish. You serve nothing so luscious, so tempting to children as well-cooked Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

Matchless in Taste and Aroma

Quaker Oats comes in big flakes, made only from the plump and luscious grains. All the puny, starved grains are discarded. So careful are we that we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

The Quaker process ncludes hours of dry heat and steam heat, which enhance the flavor. Thus we bring to the tables of a hundred nations the most delicious oat dish that's known.

You get this when you ask for Quaker Oats, and you pay no extra price. Don't you consider that worth while?

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Overland
TRADE MARK REG.

$1425
Model 80
f. o. b. Hamilton, Ontario

Every Advanced Feature But no Advance in Price

¶ The new Overland has one of the most advanced and most admired body designs of the season.
¶ The new Overland has a larger tonneau.
¶ The new Overland has the most advanced and most practical type of underslung rear springs.
¶ The new Overland has the most advanced electric lighting and electric starting system.
¶ The new Overland has the most advanced ignition system.
¶ The new Overland has larger wheels and tires.

Yet in spite of these and numerous other advanced and costly features *the price has not been advanced.*

Orders are now being taken for immediate delivery.

Specifications:

Motor 35 h.p.
New full stream-line body
Tonneau, longer and wider
Upholstery, deeper and softer
Windshield, rain vision, ventilating type, built-in
Electric starter—Electric lights
High-tension magneto—no dry cells necessary
Thermo-syphon cooling
Five-bearing crankshaft
Rear axle, floating type
Wheelbase, 114 inches
34 inch x 4 inch tires
Demountable rims—1 extra
Left-hand drive—Centre control
Body: beautiful new Brewster green finish

Handsome catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 3

The Willys-Overland of Canada Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

(Model 80)

Model 81 Prices:
5 Passenger Touring Car - $1135
2 Passenger Roadster - $1065

Model 80 Prices:
5 Passenger Touring Car - $1425
2 Passenger Roadster - - $1390
4 Passenger Coupe - - $2150
All prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ontario

Model 81 Prices
Delivery Wagon with closed body - - - - $1195
Delivery Wagon with open body $1135

the stairs, I found their plans had failed and that they, like myself, were anchored in Paris. Selfishly, I was glad, and what I would have done without them all in the trying days that followed, I cannot imagine. I had been there but a few minutes when Mr. M— entered somewhat out of breath.

"The mobs are out!" he said abruptly. "I have been dodging them all the morning. They are smashing all the Maggi Milk company's shops, all the German stores and restaurants and singing the Marseillaise — there's one now!" he broke off excitedly, and rushing to the window, we looked down from our height across the Seine to see a swirling crowd, looking scarcely bigger than gnats, battering their way into a "brasserie" across from Notre Dame, and when nothing was left of glass windows or even window frames, or furnishings or contents, swirling out again, and marching in disorderly lines to the centre of the square, breaking out into the thrilling strains of the Marseillaise. There are no words adequate to express the effect that the Marseillaise has at such a time as this. It drives men wild, and turns even an indifferent spectator into a revolutionist for the moment. There are tones in it that seem to be wrung from the very heart of a whole people. As I left, Mr. M— said,

"Keep to the broad, main streets. Avoid the narrow streets and all crowds for a day or two, until the people have had a chance to get over their Germanophobia. They would know you are a foreigner, and might not discover you weren't a German until something disagreeable had happened."

So with a little half thrill I left and made my way along the quai to the famous Boulevard St. Michel—the "Boul' Mich' " beloved of generations of students. Several blocks up the hill, on the opposite side of the street, I noticed a crowd of people, but as they appeared to be standing quietly, I thought it nothing more than a crowd reading bulletins. Just before I came up to them, however, two large motor-cars packed full of police dashed up, emptied out in the twinkling of an eye, and charged the crowd, pushing them here and there with their hands—the Paris policeman is not allowed to carry even a billy, and under normal conditions is permitted merely to tell a man to "come along," or "move on," or "behave now," and in a trice the mob was scattering like a lot of frightened sheep. Then I saw that though they might have been standing quietly when I first saw them, it was the quiet of nothing left to do. That little shop, once so clean and attractive in its spotless white furnishings was ab-

Continued on page 69.

Your Enemies

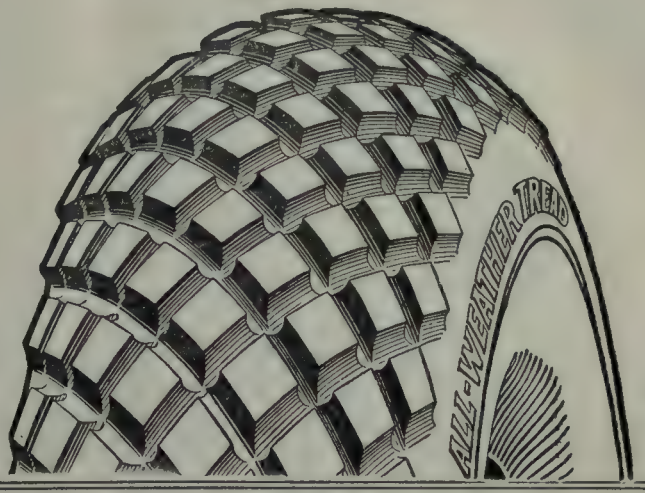
as a Tire User are

Rim-Cuts, Blow-Outs, Loose Treads, Punctures, Skidding

Note How we Combat them in

No-Rim-Cut Tires

Made in Canada.



Needless Tire Troubles

Rim-Cuts—the chiefest tire troubles—are utterly needless. They are ended completely—in a faultless way—in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Blow-Outs, in large part, are due to wrinkled fabric. Our "On-Air" cure eliminates this cause. This exclusive Goodyear process adds greatly to our own cost.

Loose Treads we combat by a patent method. Hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed in each tire, reducing this risk 60 per cent.

Punctures are minimized in our All-Weather tread. It is tough and double-thick.

Skidding is best combated by this same exclusive tread. The grips are sharp, deep, resistless. Yet the tread is flat and regular. It runs as smoothly as a plain tread.

Save These Losses

Save the avoidable troubles. Get all the safety, strength and mileage that you can. Then you have the utmost in a tire.

That is what Goodyear gives you. In the five ways cited, no other maker offers what we give.

The result is that Goodyear leads. No other tire commands such prestige or such sale.

And 18 other American and Canadian makes cost more than Goodyears.

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

Tires are not alike. Only one tire made offers these great Goodyear features, Get it. Learn what it means to you.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada,

Head Office: TORONTO, ONT. LIMITED Factory, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

$930,000 Per Week Paid for HUDSON Cars

$235,600 Paid by Users in One Day

On September 15—the day before this is written—dealers sold to users 152 HUDSON Six-40's. That is, yesterday buyers of new cars paid out $235,600 for HUDSONS.

The average has long been $930,000 per week—because that is the limit of output. We are building and selling 100 per day. That is five times as many—*five times, mark you*—as we sold at this season last year. And we had no war then. Our average sales have more than trebled since August 1st.

Means That Hudsons Rule This Field

In July—when we brought out this new model—we trebled our output to cope with demand. Thirty days later—despite our best efforts—we were 4,000 cars oversold.

We shipped by *express* nearly 1,000 cars to minimize delays. That is unprecedented. But thousands of men waited weeks for this car when other cars were plentiful. No other could satisfy men who once saw this new-model HUDSON Six-40.

Five-Fold Increase An Amazing thing

Consider that the HUDSON has long been a leading car. Every model for years has been designed by Howard E. Coffin. He has brought out in these cars all his new advances. And the demand for his models—long before this Six-40—gave HUDSONS the lead. The first HUDSON Six, inside of one year, made us the largest builders of six-cylinder cars in the world.

Think what a car this must be—this new HUDSON Six-40—to multiply this popularity by five in one year. And to do it at a time like this. Think how far it must outrank all the cars that compete with it. Think what a tremendous appeal it must make to car buyers.

Think how it attracts—how it must excel—when in times like these they pay $930,000 per week for it. And they would have paid more had we had the cars to deliver—as shown by yesterday's sales of 152 cars.

The HUDSON Six-40 is to-day the largest selling car in the world with a price above $1,800.

See the Car That Did It Howard E. Coffin's Best

Go now and see this model—the car whose record is unmatched in the annals of this line. You will see a quality car sold at a price which is winning men by the thousands from lower-grade cars.

You will see a class car—in many respects the finest car of the day—sold at one-third what class cars used to cost.

You will see how clever designing and costly materials have saved about 1,000 pounds in weight. And in this light car—the lightest seven-seat car—you will see one of the sturdiest cars ever built. You will see a new-type motor which has cut down operative cost about 30 per cent.

You will see new beauties, new ideas in equipment, new comforts, new conveniences. You will see scores of attractions you have never seen before.

They are all in this masterpiece of Howard E. Coffin, who has long been the leading American designer. This is his finished ideal of a car, and many count him final authority.

Mr. Coffin has worked for four years on this model, with 47 other HUDSON engineers. Part by part, they have refined to the limit every detail of the car.

This is the acceptable proven type. This lightness, beauty, economy and price are new-day standards which men are demanding. And this quality—Howard E. Coffin's level best—is the least men will take when they know.

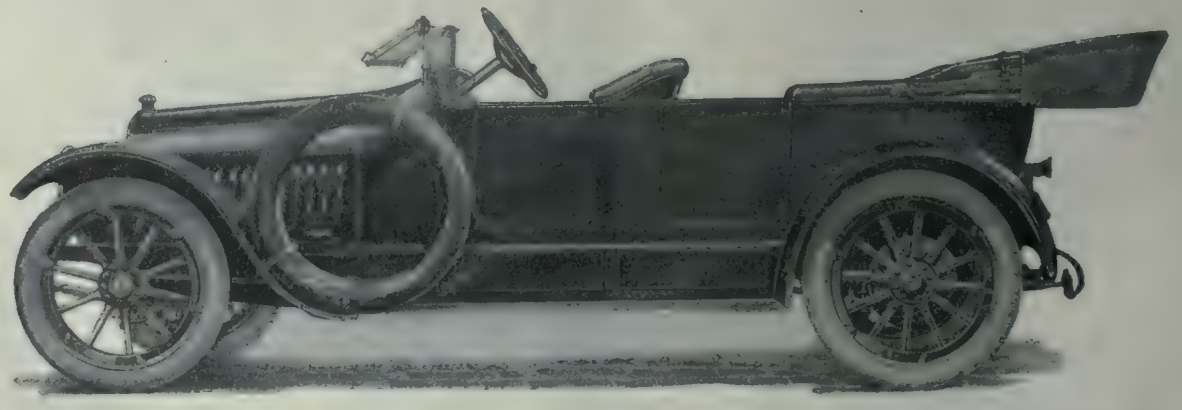
Now is the Time

Now is the time to pick out your new car. Next year's models are out now. You see what the field has to offer. And the best touring months are before you—the Indian Summer days. Get your new car and enjoy them.

If you buy a class car, this new HUDSON Six-40 is the car you'll want. The exclusive features which have won so much favor are bound to appeal to you. Your dealer will see that you get your car promptly if we have to ship by express.

Five New-Styles Bodies:
7-Passenger Phaeton, $2,100
3-Passenger Roadster, $2,100
3-Passenger Cabriolet, $2,375
4-Passenger Coupe, $2,900
Luxurious Limousine, $3,450
All Models quoted above f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid.

Six-40 HUDSON $2,100



HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7932 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

You need not shake this bottle

H.P. SAUCE

is so perfectly blended—there is no sediment—the last drop is as delicious as the first.

Napoleon Wins

Continued from page 13.

"Why, daddy, he's a regular, sure-for-truly, cross-my-heart, hope-to-my-die fellow."

He looked at her in affectionate wonder.

"If you had all those words in your system, I am glad you got them out," said he. "Modern language is somewhat of a shock to me, I must confess, but after all, it is not an unpleasurable shock. By the way, I formed about the same impression of your Pole Smith that you've given me. He's good to look at, and I've been remembering that wonderful grin of his all morning. It's like a drink of good wine."

"He's a perfectly grand grinner; he invented it, I think," agreed Marjorie, and they went to lunch.

That evening, just before closing time, Hammond looked suddenly up from his memoranda and snapped:

"Bluffing, did you see about securing that adjoining tract of land for the extension of the Eureka Works ?"

"Why—no," faltered Mr. Bluffing, "I haven't seen to it yet."

"You haven't !" roared Hammond, "Bluffing, I am going to pain you. I have threatened to myself a million times to fire you, and this time I am going to make good. Go do business with the cashier, and don't bother to come back and shake hands. Good-by. You'll find your hat upon its accustomed hook."

That evening, after having accepted the angry resignation of the girl with the straw-colored hair, the captain took a train fifteen minutes earlier than his accustomed one, and stopped at the gray cottage of the Smiths' on his way up to his own big stone residence at the end of the boulevard. In answer to his ring a very pretty brown-haired girl came to the door, and Captain Hammond, whose heart was growing younger through the day's experiences, fairly beamed upon her.

"My goodness me ! And you're one of the grown-up Smith children, too, aren't you ?" he said, as one just awakening to a startling discovery.

"Yes, Captain Hammond," she replied, dimpling. "I'm June. Don't you remember, you used to give us peppermint drops ? You always had them in your pocket."

"Why, so I did !" he exclaimed, delighted. "My ! I'd forgotten about that. I must get into the habit again. I'm afraid I'm growing old. Where's your brother ?"

"Oh, he's up at your house playing tennis, I think. We were just going up to join them," and she looked back over her shoulder and smiled, as a chubby young fellow of about twenty-two strolled out hatless and saluted

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Labatt's Lager

Now Perfected—The best on the market!

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THE ARLINGTON CO. of Canada, Ltd.
56 FRAZER AVENUE TORONTO

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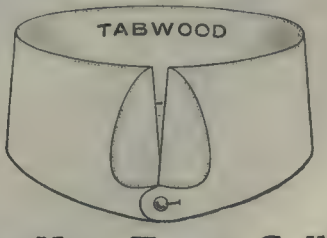
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

EW RED MAN



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20c. or 3 for 50c.

SUITABLE FOR EVENING WEAR, ALSO VERY SWELL FOR DAY WEAR

A triumph of the collar maker's art in a tab collar. Possessing to the highest degree the distinctiveness of style and wearing qualities that differentiate the Red Man Brand from all others.

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Makers of Troy's best product.

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WASH OFF the dirt with the hose, and then give it a thorough grooming with

IOCO LIQUID GLOSS

It makes your auto look like a new machine. IOCO LIQUID GLOSS feeds the varnish, keeps it from cracking and gives it a bright, lasting lustre.

IOCO LIQUID GLOSS cleans, polishes and disinfects all wooden surfaces. A little on the dust cloth makes house-cleaning twice as easy and twice as effective.

In half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon and five gallon lithographed tins; also in barrels and half barrels; at furniture and hardware stores everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED

Toronto	Quebec	Regina
Ottawa	St. John	Vancouver
Halifax	Winnipeg	Edmonton
Montreal	Calgary	Saskatoon

the captain with a flourish of his hand.

"Hello, Peters!" said the captain; "you're a great one. I never see you twice with the same girl."

"Hush!" said Billy Peters in a careful burlesque of a confidential undertone. "I don't dare encourage any of them too much." And he gave a fine imitation of a man yawning.

"Some of these days, my boy," warned the captain, laughing, "you're going to be so hard hit that it will make a man of you. By the way, June, I'm suddenly so interested in all you young people that I forgot my errand. I understand that your brother is looking for a position."

"Oh, no!" she said, beaming with sisterly pride, "he found one this morning."

Then the captain, who usually tried to be most circumspect in the company of ladies, forgot himself.

"Hell!" he said.

III.

NAPOLEON SMITH had "scouted" in perhaps a dozen places before he found a good Samaritan who led him to the offices of Forsythe and Spencer, who needed a man of exactly Napoleon Smith's height and breadth and energy and grin. They called themselves promoters, did Forsythe and Spencer, although they chiefly promoted real estate deals and would follow a dollar through Hades, or until they had annexed it. Forsythe's hair, face, mustache and beard were the color of a dish of ice cream, and he looked up at one through shrewd old eyes which bored down through the soul to the pockets. He looked down through the soul of Napoleon Smith, but could not see into the pockets for a grin blocked the way.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," he quavered in his high-pitched and nasal voice, "we do need a man, but I'm afraid from what you tell me that you haven't had enough business experience."

Young Smith did a little soul reading of his own.

"Assuming that you are correct," he said, "how much money would you be willing to pay me?"

"Ten dollars a week," stated Mr. Forsythe.

Napoleon grinned. Forsythe liked that grin; he knew it had commercial value, and he waited with concealed anxiety for the answer.

"Ten dollars a week," repeated young Smith. "And what would I be expected to do?"

"Anything you're told."

"No," decided Mr. Smith. "One gets more money for that. We'll say about twenty-five dollars, and even then there'd have to be reservations."

Around the corners of Forsythe's

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The "BEST" LIGHT
Used in every civilized country on earth. Best and cheapest light for homes, stores, factories and public buildings. Makes you independent of lighting companies. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Makes and burns its own gas. 100 to 2,000 candle-power. Agents wanted. Write to-day for catalogue and prices.
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
463 East 5th Street, Canton, O.
2¢ a week
No Dirt
No Grease
No Odor

mouth there came an unfamiliar twitch, and after a hard struggle the corners turned upward.

"I see," he said. "Well, Mr. Smith, suppose we leave the question of salary an open one. Suppose you work with us for two weeks. At the end of that time, we'll sit down and have a good quarrel upon the matter of pay."

"I'll take you," said Napoleon, with an alacrity which almost startled the older man.

"Come in and meet Mr. Spencer," he said, grimly. Young Smith had a disposition to be too cocksure of himself, he feared.

Mr. Spencer proved to be an iron-gray-haired man of about forty-five, who acknowledged the introduction to Mr. Smith with a grunt and dismissed him with another. But after the new employee had gone out, he said:

"He'll do. I'd break him in on showing people around the Sunnyview addition."

So it came about that Napoleon Smith was put out in Sunnyview, so called because it rained there in sympathy with every other spot in the United States, and began the Herculean task of selling building lots to prospective home seekers. The first week he was well-nigh discouraged, for, in spite of all his engaging efforts and his pleasing personality, and even despite his grin, the flock of people attracted by the Forsythe and Spencer advertising came and looked at the appalling forsakenness of the place and went away; and by Saturday noon he had only sold eight lots.

That was not the way they put it in the office of Forsythe and Spencer, however.

"What do you think of that Smith boy?" said Forsythe, rubbing his bloodless old hands together. "He sold eight of those Sunnyview stickers. It's a record for that type of place. I never thought we could get it moving."

"Keep him out there," advised Mr. Spencer sagely. "And tell him he'll have to do better if he's going to stay with us."

A hint to that effect on the following Tuesday, however, set Napoleon, heretofore humble, upon his defense.

"I'm doing the best I can, and hope to do better," he declared. "What ought my sales to reach?"

"Well—um—not less than fifteen lots," stated Forsythe, his grasping soul leaping at the idea that Smith might be spurred on to that figure.

The younger man was silent for a moment, looking into the beady little wrinkled eyes of his employer.

"How much profit do you make on those lots?" he suddenly asked.

Mr. Forsythe visibly winced.

"Profits!" he exclaimed. "Um—

CANADA'S FACTORIES

will be enabled to run full time only if we all buy "Made-in-Canada" goods every time.

KELLOGG'S

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

is the only food under the name KELLOGG that is "Made-in-Canada." All others are imported and do not help Canadian workpeople.

Your money spent on "Made-in-Canada" goods remains in this country and helps Canadians.

KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKES
Made in London, Ontario, Canada

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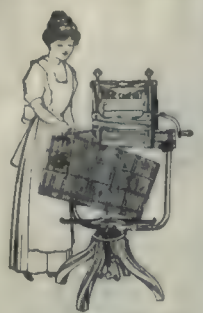
Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of $1.00 and upwards. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of the number.

Accounts can be opened and operated by mail as easily as by a personal visit to the bank.

Write to-day for particulars of my

FREE TRIAL OFFER



Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that, I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see, I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about me and my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might

So said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a **MONTH'S FREE TRIAL.** I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes. Address me personally,

H. R. MORRIS, MANAGER NINETEEN HUNDRED WASHER Company
Factory—79-81 Portland Street, TORONTO, Ontario.

Power Washers

If you have electricity or Gasoline Power available let me tell you about our "1900" Power Washers; wash and wring by electricity by simply attaching to any electric light socket—no work at all, or the same machine can be operated from a Gasoline Engine.

NO DUST NO RUST

BLACK KNIGHT

STOVE POLISH 10¢

FOR A KITCHEN CHEERY AND BRIGHT

THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED,
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Prevents Waste!

THE KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET with its airtight, sanitary containers for flour, sugar, cereals, etc., prevents all waste or spoiling.

It enables the thrifty housewife to dispense with a servant, and earns its cost over and over again. Write for catalogue M, describing and illustrating the many styles.

Look for the Trade Mark

KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET
REGISTERED

Sold by best furniture stores in every town and city.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd.
Hanover Ontario

you see, Mr. Smith, it's impossible to tell until we're all through, on account of advertising expenses, cost of selling, and other items, to say nothing of the heavy investment in the site."

The famous grin sprang into instant illumination, and scared the astute Mr. Forsythe nearly into heart disease.

"Yes," said the owner of the grin with calm joy, "I met the former proprietor of that land out at Sunnyview just yesterday, and he told me your exact investment. I think, Mr. Forsythe, that on Saturday night I am going to have more salary than I have mentioned; or else I may go on a commission basis."

IV.

NAPOLEON walked up on the moonlit Hammond porch and found Billy Peters comfortably located on the swinging seat with Miss Marjorie.

"Come on, Pole," said Marjorie, moving over. "There's always room for one more."

"Indeed, there's not, "declared Billy, moving squarely into the center of the remaining space. "Go away, Pole Smith. I'm making love,"

Napoleon regarded him for a moment with tolerant humor.

"All right, Billy," he agreed. "I think the best thing I can do, for the sake of contrast, is to let you go ahead at it. Where's your father, Margie?"

"He's in the library," she replied, laughing as he had done, at Billy Peters' drawling avowal. "But come back soon, won't you, for Billy's an awful fluffer at his chosen specialty."

As he walked away, Marjorie looked after his tall figure with appreciation.

"Isn't he a certainly fellow?" she observed.

"Declared irregular," announced Billy cheerfully. "Against the rules to ask any smitten swain to praise the deadly rival."

"Billy, Billy," she laughed. "Don't you ever think of anything serious?"

In the meantime, Napoleon sought the library where Captain Hammond, then poring over his plans for the extension of the Eureka Iron Mills arose instantly with a smile of pleasure and extended his hand.

"Well, Pole," he said, unconsciously adopting his daughter's name for young Smith, "you got away from me. I made a job for you the very day you asked for it, and I've had a Dickens of a time to fill the vacancy."

"I couldn't wait," explained Pole.

"How do you like your new place?" went on the captain, offering him a cigar.

"Oh, it's interesting, though I'm not sure I'd like it for a life occupation. I'm learning something, I think; salesmanship principally. There's one queer thing I've noticed. It's wonderful how much business can be done on a small amount of ready money.

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I find Forsythe and Spencer are swinging that whole Sunnyview deal on an initial cash payment of a thousand dollars, mortgage notes for the balance. They bought in the land at two hundred dollars an acre, and are selling it out in building lots at two thousand. They do a big business in options, too, I've found, and they make a dollar go farther than I'd ever dreamed it could reach."

"You've only known the spending dollars," returned the captain with a smile. "A single, ordinary, spending dollar is of no more use than a safety razor at a colored picnic, but a business dollar has no time for foolishness. It works twenty-five hours a day. It's as serious as an old maid's wedding. I'd like to see you succeed, Smith. To do that you've got to appreciate that there's no sentiment or friendship in business. If there is, the business fails. Remember that, will you ?"

"I'm not likely to forget it," replied Napoleon seriously. "It was because of such lovable weaknesses that my father failed."

"Yes," admitted the captain. "Your father always was a sentimentalist, and he lost many a good opportunity through it. I beat him out myself once in a business deal, just because of that."

"You did, eh ?" said young Smith, his brows contracting a trifle.

"Oh, it was a fair and a square arrangement, where one of us had just as good a chance as the other, only I was less particular than he in taking advantage when I saw it. We parted good friends enough."

"Yes, father always was charitably inclined."

"Charitably the devil !" exclaimed the captain. "There was nothing of the sort needed in that or any other deal. The sooner you get out of your head, young man, that money has any emotions, the better off you'll be."

"I see," said Napoleon dryly.

"The quicker you see, the better," insisted the captain, dwelling upon the subject so strongly that one might think he had really almost need to defend himself. "Where would I have been if I had stopped for such considerations ? As it is, I built the Eureka Iron Mills out of nothing—a little bit of a sixteen by twenty shop, where we made plain castings—to its present twenty-acre spread. Not only that, but we must have more room, large additions, too, right away. There's success for you. We need twenty acres more in which to spread, which means— By Hokey !" and the captain pounded his fist on the table, irritated by a sudden thought. "I left the matter of securing that property to young Bluffing, then I fired him and haven't turned over the job to any-

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ELECTRIC LIGHTED OBSERVATION CHAIR CARS. MODERN TRAINS. THE POPULAR ROUTE TO WINNIPEG

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE DULUTH SUPERIOR

body else. I must see to it to-morrow. I'm growing neglectful in my old age."

"I suppose you have plenty of room in which to spread ?" observed the younger man politely.

"No, that's the dickens of it," said the captain. "We haven't. There are only two pieces of land available, and only one of them desirable."

"Where is your plant ?" asked young Smith with growing interest.

"Out on the Cedarpong Division of the L. & I., at Hammondville. You ought to go out some day and see the place."

"Hammondville ! Why, I pass the Hammondville station every day on my way to the Sunnyview addition, but I never noticed your plant."

"No, we haven't the business advantages that we ought to have," admitted the captain; "I'm thinking of cutting away the sand ridge which shuts off the view of our factory from the railroad."

Just then the telephone bell rang, and the call proved to be for young Smith. Excusing himself from the captain, who seemed reluctant to let him go, Napoleon walked out on the porch.

"For whom was the call ?" asked Marjorie.

"For me, of course," declared Billy Peters. "I'll gamble it was some one of the girls calling me up. They're always bothering around me."

"No," said Napoleon abstractedly, thinking upon other matters so deeply that he had not time to reply to Billy Peters in his own banter. "The call was for me. It's from June. She wants me to come down and get her," and he started toward the gate.

"Just what I told you," said Billy triumphantly. "I wish your sister would quit following me around. You ought to speak to her about it, Pole. But never mind; you stay here, and I'll go ahead. You may try to make love to Margie while I am gone."

"Trying to make love to Margie is rather a bromide," said Napoleon. "Everybody has the same idea." Nevertheless, he sat down most comfortably and contentedly by Marjorie's side, and allowed Billy Peters to stroll negligently after his sister.

V.

HAMMONDVILLE consisted of a station and three streets of well-populated workmen's cottages. Beyond, reached by a wagon road and a spur track, was the Eureka plant, a low-lying collection of brick buildings which sprawled in every direction. To the front was a sand ridge; to the rear, the Sound; to the east, a stretch of level land; and to the west, an equal area which, however, was one-third marsh. As young Smith stepped into view around the turn of the road, workmen

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As an attractive addition to the household there is nothing like it. Its marvelous qualities are more like a miracle of magic than an act of nature, and as a favor for parties, etc., it is in great demand and the cause of great interest and amusement.

The illustration gives only a rough idea of the plant when dormant and when resurrected; it can give no idea of its beautiful rich color and attractive appearance, and an average plant when open will more than fill a saucer.

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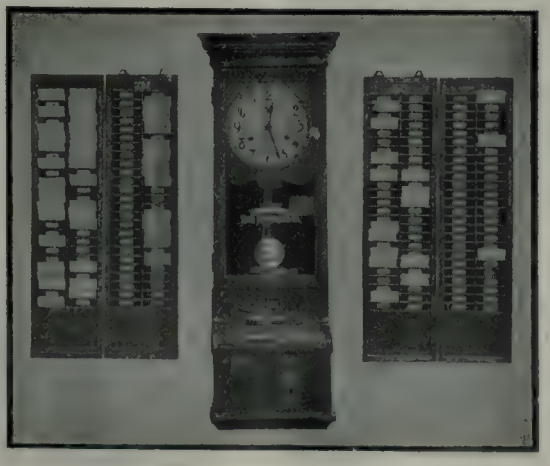

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S. H. B.

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were removing the "for sale or lease" sign from the better tract, and Napoleon stopped to look upon this operation with a trace of annoyance.

"Quick work," he said. Then he approached the workmen. "Who's bought this place?" he asked. "Captain Hammond?"

"I couldn't tell you, sir," said the older man of the crew. "Mr. Panz told us to move the sign over to Greeneck."

Panz was the real estate agent whose name was on the board, and with a sigh Napoleon saw he had been correct in his surmise; that the captain had taken extraordinarily prompt action.

"A fool's errand," he told himself; and yet there came to him a sudden determination never to arrive at any conclusion without investigation, but in each and every case to sift his facts to the bottom. He hurried back to the station, where there was a public 'phone, and called up Panz's office.

"I understand you have a tract of land for sale at Hammondville," he observed.

"I couldn't tell you about that," said the clerk at the other end. "Who's this speaking?"

"Smith, of Forsythe and Spencer's office."

"Oh, ! I'll find out about it right away, Mr. Smith." Then a moment later: "We no longer have control of that tract. It was sold yesterday."

"To whom?"

"To the Consolidated Hame-ring Manufacturing Company, which we understand intends to erect an extensive plant there."

"Good," said Smith. "Thank you," and he rang off.

So, after all, the captain, through his forgetfulness, had lost the most desirable piece of extension property, and there remained only the marshy ground.

"Who owns that piece of property to the west of the Eureka Iron Mills?" he asked the station agent.

"Mrs. McGundy," said the lantern jawed station agent, scraping his finge nail tenderly over his nose. "Sh lives in that sky-blue house just to th end of the frog pond. Her husban has been dead for ten years, and sh wants to go back to Ireland. She's good-natured fat old woman with a awful temper."

These and many other bits of infor mation the station agent proceeded t relate, all the while, however, scrapin his finger nail tenderly over his nos and Napoleon Smith listened mos patiently, for he wished to know a that he could learn about Mrs. M Gundy. Finally, however, the sta tion agent switched to topics concer ing himself and his own family and h past career and future prospects, an

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Napoleon hurried away to the little blue house, where he found Mrs. McGundy to be a globular person cut into two hemispheres by an apron string.

"Mrs. McGundy," queried Napoleon, "do you wish to sell your land out here ?"

"Show me the man that will buy it!" said she, and having no more opportunities to talk than the lonely statiou agent she started right in to make up for lost time. "I surely could part with it without breaking my heart. Twenty years ago, when Jim bought it for a song, it was supposed that if we held on to it for twenty years it would be worth all the money in the mint, but in all that time never have I seen the man that would ever be wanting that land, unless it would be Captain Hammond. But he don't want it. Twice I have gone myself to sell it to him, and twice he gave me to understand that if he bought any land it would be the other piece. Last time he made me desperate angry, and I swore I never would sell it to him. You're not representing Captain Hammond ?"

"No," said Napoleon briskly, "I am representing myself. What will you take for the land ?"

"Well, there's twenty acres, and it's worth, Jim always said, two hundred dollars an acre. That's four thousand dollars. Give me that and I'll take the next steamer for Dublin."

"I can't give you the four thousand cash," said Smith, "but I'll give you one thousand cash, and a mortgage note on the balance, payable in sixty days. You can wait the two months for the collection of that note, or you can probably discount it."

"Let me understand that," said Mrs. McGundy.

He carefully explained to her about the mortgage note, and with each period she nodded her round gray head emphatically.

"It sounds well," she said, "and you seem like an honest boy. But before I say aye, yes, or no, I'll go in and see Mr. McShane of McShane and McShane, who was my husband's old friend; and whatever he says, I'll do. Do you know Mr. McShane ?"

Mr. Smith was unfortunate enough never to have had that pleasure, and he expressed himself contritely about it.

"What time does the next train go ?" he wanted to know. "Can you come to town with me right now ?"

Mrs. McGundy looked him over carefully, and glanced at the clock.

"Lord love you, boy !" she said. "What a ragin' tearin' hurry you're in ! Oh, well, it's been many a long day since I took a jaunting with a handsome-looking young fellow like yourself, and I think I'll treat myself to it just this once. There's a train goes in about twenty minutes. Do you go down to the station and wait, and in due time I'll come along with my best bib and tucker on."

Napoleon lost no time in getting down to the station, and lost no time, furthermore, in calling Captain Hammond by 'phone.

"This is young Smith, Captain Hammond," said he. "I want to borrow a thousand dollars."

"Oh, you do ?" inquired the captain. "On what security ?"

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Kindel Divanette Design Fairfax

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
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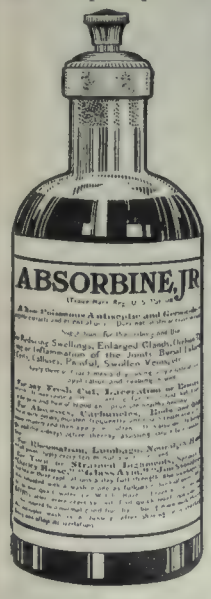

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"Mortgage on our house," returned Napoleon crisply.

"When do you want it ?"

"Within an hour or so. Captain, I want you to let me have the check this morning and let me fix up the mortgage with you to-morrow."

"It isn't business, but I'll do it," agreed the captain after some hesitation. "But would you mind telling me what you want it for ?"

"Oh, I have a little real estate opportunity."

The captain pondered a moment.

"You want to be careful about that," he warned. "Real estate deals are not always what they appear on the surface. "

Napoleon Smith grinned sweetly into the 'phone.

"I'll guarantee this one to be all right," he confidently affirmed. "It's a piece of property that's wanted, and I'll clean up two thousand dollars on it in less than a week."

"All right," said the captain. "Of course I am not your guardian, and you're not compelled to tell me all the details of your business, only I warn you not to do anything foolish. Come into the office and get your check at any time."

Napoleon grinned so amiably as he turned away from the 'phone that the station agent, coming in at that moment, demanded to know what was funny; and the agent stood looking after him in slow wonder even after Smith had taken the train with Mrs. McGundy, who was dressed her bravest in a little black bonnet and Persian shawl and silk as stiff as sheet iron.

On the way to McShane and McShane Napoleon had Mrs. McGundy stop a moment in the lobby of the Kingston Building while he ran up to Captain Hammond's office and got his check. Still on the way, he stopped and deposited that check at the bank where he had a small account, and then was ready for business. The broad-boned old lawyer would have made the deal pompous and difficult had he been left alone, but Mrs. McGundy stopped him as soon as she saw his direction.

"Stop your blatherin' and foolin' now, Terrance," she commanded. "Hurry up and finish the business with this young man. I like the cheerful face of him."

After that, Napoleon went out to Sunnyview and sold lots with particular vim and energy.

VI.

MR. FORSYTHE, having sent for his new assistant in extreme haste in the afternoon of the same day, peered up at that young man with something tigerish in the expression of his white old face.

"I understand that you secured possession of a tract of land in Hammondville," said he, "and that you only purchased it this morning."

Napoleon grinned cheerfully.

"All quite true," he confessed.

"Don't you know that was most unethical ?" demanded Mr. Forsythe. "Why, in our employ, and upon our time, you took occasion to do some private business for yourself in our exact line !"

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Smith, with no abatement of his pleasant

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Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

The Original and Only Genuine

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expression. "How do you come to know about it ?"

"Because Mr. Hammond called us up early this morning and commissioned us to buy that very piece of ground for him."

This time the grin of Napoleon became a laugh.

"That's almost retributive justice," he said. "I suppose Captain Hammond gave you the commission because I was employed here."

"Well, he did say something about that," admitted Forsythe grudgingly. "But the point under consideration just now is that you have been doing business on your own account, on our time, and in our line, which we cannot permit."

The grin of Napoleon was positively radiant now.

"You said that before," he gently reminded Forsythe. "Do you think I ought to turn it over to you ?"

"Well not exactly that," said Mr. Forsythe. "But as our employee, you are bound to consult our interests. As our employee we couldn't recognize you in this deal, but there's one thing we can do; we can admit you into partnership in this particular transaction. Captain Hammond has commissioned us to secure this piece of property, which he imagined could be purchased for four thousand dollars. You have purchased it, and I presume intend to sell it to him at an increased price. Now, we might arrange to fix the price between Forsythe and Spencer and yourself, and you and us split the profits."

Napoleon paused for an extra special grin.

"No, I resign," he stated. "That's a still better scheme. Now I'll sell you that land for six thousand dollars, cash."

In vast pain Mr. Forsythe eventually was compelled to call up Mr. Hammond, and inform that gentleman that the land for his extension would cost him the modest sum of six thousand dollars.

"Buy it," directed Hammond. "It's my own fault for not having seen to it a long time ago."

"I might add," said Mr. Forsythe with a malignant glance at his ex-employee, "that the property in question is at present owned by young Smith, formerly in our employ, but to-day resigned."

"Smith !" exclaimed Hammond. "Is he in your office now ? If he is, put him on the 'phone." And as Mr. Forsythe indicated the captain's desire to Napoleon, he could hear the captain, at the other end of the wire, saying to himself: "Well, I'll be damned !"

"Look here," demanded the captain of young Smith, "did you actually have the nerve to borrow that thou-

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sand dollars from me this morning to buy the very piece of property you knew I wanted, so as to compel me to pay you a two-thousand-dollar profit on the loan?"

"That's right, Captain," admitted Napoleon cheerfully.

"Well, Smith, don't you think that was a little ungrateful and unfriendly? Don't you think you stepped over the bounds of both business and social ethics?

"By no means," said Napoleon. "You told me yourself, just the other night, that business knows no friendship, and that a dollar has no sentiments or emotions. I want this two thousand dollars, and intend to have it. It's as unsentimental and unemotional a block of money as there is in the world. Want this property at six thousand?"

"Of course I do, you young pirate," said the captain. "Tell Forsythe I'll send him a check for his commission, then you come over here and settle up with me. I'll have my lawyer here and tell him to watch you."

"All right," laughed Napoleon. "I'll be right over, thank you."

"Thank nothing!" snorted the captain. "I ought to have you arrested."

That night as the captain sat in the library, Marjorie came in to use the telephone, and paused behind her father's chair to pull his ears.

"Who's that you have with you on the porch, Margie?" he asked.

"Pole Smith," she informed him. He says he made two thousand dollars in one deal to-day."

"Yes, confound it, he did!" exploded the captain. "He made it out of my pocket and borrowed my money to do it with."

Her laugh upon that was delicious; so much so that the captain stopped to listen to it in positive joy, all his annoyances of the day forgotten.

"I guess I'm a lemon," he confessed, laughing with her.

"A nickel's worth of them," she agreed, twisting two corkscrews in his gray hair. "I should think that a shrewd old business tiger like you would feel humiliated to have a mere youngster like Pole Smith come along and eat him all up."

The captain smiled grimly.

"To tell you the truth, Margie, that's exactly the point which peeved your poor old father. I don't mind the loss of the money so much as having a youngster like that beat me. But in spite of myself, I forgive him for it. He's a fine chap, young Smith is."

She slipped her arm around his neck and laid her cheek against his.

"A fine chap? Just finding it out? Daddy, daddy, daddy! You don't keep up with the news very well, do you?"

Margie Fiske

Continued from page 17.

"Aw—kid—" he said softly, "you're all tired out. Look at me, why don't you? You're all in, Marg."

It was the first intimate, real you-an'-me word she had heard since Beryl left. To be sure he didn't mean it, clear down, soul-deep. She knew that. But God! how good it was.

Somehow Margery found herself talking—the office, the factories, the housekeepers, down to Miss Etta herself, everything came tumbling out. He sympathized with her fiercely, understandingly she thought, sympathized with her when she was right and when she was wrong.

After she finished, they dropped into silence.

The darkness slid deeper over the park.

Suddenly he stirred.

"What's that in your glove, kid?" he asked unevenly, "your key?"

There was a change in his voice. Margie had all along subconsciously expected it. This straight human sympathy that Beryl might have given couldn't last.

She braced herself to meet the pull, but there was no spring left. There had been so many Waterloos in the past week.

Had she looked up above the park lights, up, up to the strange little silent stars that she used to see through the apple tree at home, perhaps things might have been different—had she thought of that far-off God who had nothing whatever to do with mottoes—

But she was too tired.

"Aw, say," said the man huskily, his arm tightening," "couldn't we go up to the flat and—get a cup of cocoa, kid?"

When Paris Went to War

Continued from page 55.

solutely nothing but a shell. Bottles of milk had been smashed to bits; the great copper separator torn to pieces, like so much cloth, heedless of damage to fingers and hands, which dripped blood, while butter and eggs had been trampled in fury under foot. Chairs, desk, refrigerator, counters—all were reduced to splinters, and in a corner cowered a woman, her natty cap awry, her white apron torn and streaked, her hair disheveled. The crowd had wrecked its will, there was nothing for the police to do—and they did it. Rather roughly conducting the fainting woman to one of the motor-cars, all piled in, and dashed off, leaving the "mob" still there, without having made any attempt to find out the ringleaders and arrest them. We surmised a few days later when strict military rule was inaugurated, that the authorities had thought it wise to permit the mobs a little leeway for the first few days, just to get the Germanophobia out of their systems.

During these days, too, there was other danger from the mob spirit. Provision shops were attacked and sacked, under the charge that the owners had raised prices prohibitively. These mobs were severely handled, and many arrests made, while the episodes called out placards politely informing the people that it was "not necessary" to attack any shopkeeper charged with lifting prices; that a complaint at the nearest commissariat of police would have immediate investigation as the government would not permit any undue raising of prices on food stuffs.

"We'll live on fresh things now," my friends said, without any hint of panic or fear of the future, "and

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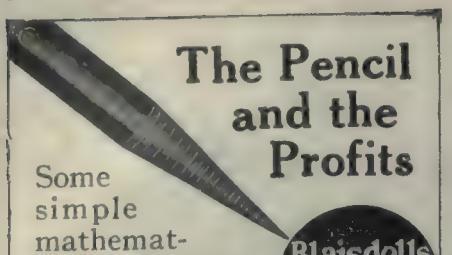

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When Paris was proclaimed in a state of siege and martial law announced, foreigners were ordered to register and obtain a "*permis de sejour*," on the third and fourth days of mobilization. I know that mobilization went off like clockwork, but I must say that this matter of registration of foreigners was abominably slipshod.

In time of peace, even, the French are over-fond of bearing down heavy with any little brief spell of authority. Under martial law, then, it behooved a foreigner to expect all sorts of complications, all kinds of contradictory instructions, all of which he must obey implicitly, cheerfully and without comment of any sort, no matter what the expense in fatigue or useless and unnecessary goings-about. First, we were told that we must register at the Prefecture of Police—across the square from Notre Dame. This sounded likely, as it was a stone's throw from the studio of the M's. and not far from my hotel. At the same time, it seemed altogether too easy to me, knowing as I did from long experience, the utter inconsequentiality of the French in an emergency. Before the third day of mobilization dawned, we had received word to go to the Place d'Italie—almost to the western boundary of Paris, anything but a pleasant prospect with no trams in service, nor any subway line. But ours "not to reason why"—and at seven o'clock the next morning, Mr. M— and I arrived there—to find several hundred others—mostly workingmen of the lowest type, already waiting in three lines, two of which could not be right, and in case no police appeared to keep order, would be provocative of a riot. The doors would not open until nine o'clock—for at no time did the authorities think it worth while to add to the regular staffs at the various police stations, or to keep longer hours. We waited an hour, the crowd rapidly growing behind us, as well as at the ends of the other two lines, all crowding slowly, but relentlessly forward, like the inevitable creeping up of quicksands, and as the crush grew worse, a certain nasty temper also developed. It was not at all reassuring, and knowing there was still another day, Mr. M— advised dropping out, and coming again the next morning, at four o'clock, in order to "get right up against the door" as he expressed it, and be the first ones admitted.

But that evening at eight o'clock, Mr. M— came to say we had been transferred to the commissariat of my arrondissement, only a few minutes' walk distant, that the office was to keep open all night, and he thought it well to go down about midnight, and

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then we would be able, probably, to get in about two o'clock in the morning, thus avoiding a long, all day wait. Fortunately we decided to reconnoitre and discovered that the office would close at ten o'clock, and that the police would not permit any more to form in line.

"You must be here by four o'clock to-morrow morning, sure," said Mr. M— as he left me at my door. "Now, don't oversleep."

But, somehow I did; and it was twenty minutes to five when I arrived at the commissariat. Already there was a crowd there, and my place was seven rows from the front where Mr. M— stood, the lines never being single file, as with us, but packed solidly the width of the walk. Mr. M— decided that it would be better for him to keep the place he had, get his own "*permis de sejour*" first, and then take my place until he could get to the door again, for he knew well that I never could stand the last hour or so of relentless, killing crush. I had had coffee and rolls before leaving the hotel. I had bread in my bag —and I had also the determination to get through somehow without making complaint, or showing the white feather in any way.

About half past six, I began to feel faint. I took out the unbuttered bread in my bag and began to munch it slowly. It revived me for a time and then Mr. M— seeing I was feeling the ordeal, brought me a tumbler of wine, which he bought from a man standing beside him, who had a full bottle. About eight o'clock, feeling that I was reaching my limit, with still another hour before the doors would open, and then more delay in getting to the door itself, I began to count. Very slowly and deliberately I pronounced the numbers; when I reached the hundreds, I pronounced the full number. I had gotten up to five thousand and was beginning to wonder what next I could do, when it began to rain, and I had other things to think of. People who had umbrellas and those who by crowding closer, could get under them, were satisfied; those on whose shoulders and hats the umbrellas dripped, growled menacingly. At any moment, the dissatisfaction might have broken out into a general fight. There had already been various disorderly scenes, windows had been broken; in a surge forward I had been pushed to the outside, into the gutter, where I slipped in the running water which the street sweeper had set loose under my very feet, and fell upon one knee. Not a hand was lifted to help me up; not an inch of the space that I had lost was given back.

And when at last the door was opened, only six from the waiting throng were permitted to enter at a time. It was ten-twenty before Mr. M— could relieve me, and my muscles were so strained from having stood so long that it was several minutes before I could walk. It was exactly two hours longer before Mr. M— again reached the door, and I could enter. With all the determination in the world, it would have been a physical impossibility for me to have attempted to hold my place in that pitiless mob during the last hour. Tough, wiry Italian peasant women screamed with agony, and fought for a chance to breathe, while the tempers of the men rose every minute, and the police were kept alert to quell incipient fights.

Including this "*permis de sejour*", my papers now consisted of a regular passport (for getting which I had been laughed at, when I left America) a birth certificate which the consul had given me a year before, a certificate of domicile from the concierge of my

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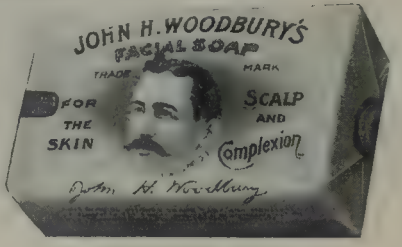

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hotel, and on the back of the "*permis de sojour*", the necessary form to permit my leaving France. And during all the succeeding days, until I finally bought my ticket for Havre, to leave France, I never was required to show one of my papers! So much trouble, so much physical inconvenience, so much anxiety for measures of identification that were never put to the proof! After the first ebullition of the mob spirit Paris settled downto perfect calm. In tourist Paris, two-thirds of the shops were closed, but in French Paris, life went on, to the casual observer, almost as usual. Nearly all the little shops were open, the women went every morning to market, returning with bursting market-baskets, and in some cases, even with the bunch of flowers of which the French are so fond. The street sweepers went about their occupations as regularly as ever, swishing their rude brooms in the clear running water, as lazily as if no cataclysm had turned things upside down; fountains played at the customary hours; mothers took their children, as usual, to the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, where the little ones indulged, quite as usual, in the little hot cakes baked under their noses, and which look like waffles, but are light as thistledown and crispy as fresh toast, and everywhere, mothers and nurses sat quietly about, their fingers busy with the inevitable embroidery or crochet work.

And yet, with all this brave show of going about its business as usual, it was a sadly changed Paris, a pitiful travesty upon the lovely lively city that I had known so well. Gone were the hundreds of motor-busses, and dozens and dozens of the taxi-cabs and fiacres; gone were the myriad hucksters' carts, piled high with appetizing fruits, and vegetables or aglow with great piles of flowers. Gone were the fashion parades, all frivolous dress on the boulevards; gone all the novelties from the counters in what stores were still open, and gone was every cart horse, every delivery van, and at night, more noticeable still, gone by eight o'clock, were the little tables and chairs on the sidewalks outside the cafes—all the terrace life which for generations has been so typically a part of Paris, so intimately a part of the life of the sedate, plodding Parisian, as well as of the "boulevardier."

And yet, shorn of all these outward signs of her fabled glory, it was still a wonderful Paris, a Paris to be cherished and loved and crooned over, a Paris of which one was proud to the point of tears, a Paris that one who knew it can never forget, a Paris that one is honored to have known, a Paris which has never been greater, even at the zenith of national glory.

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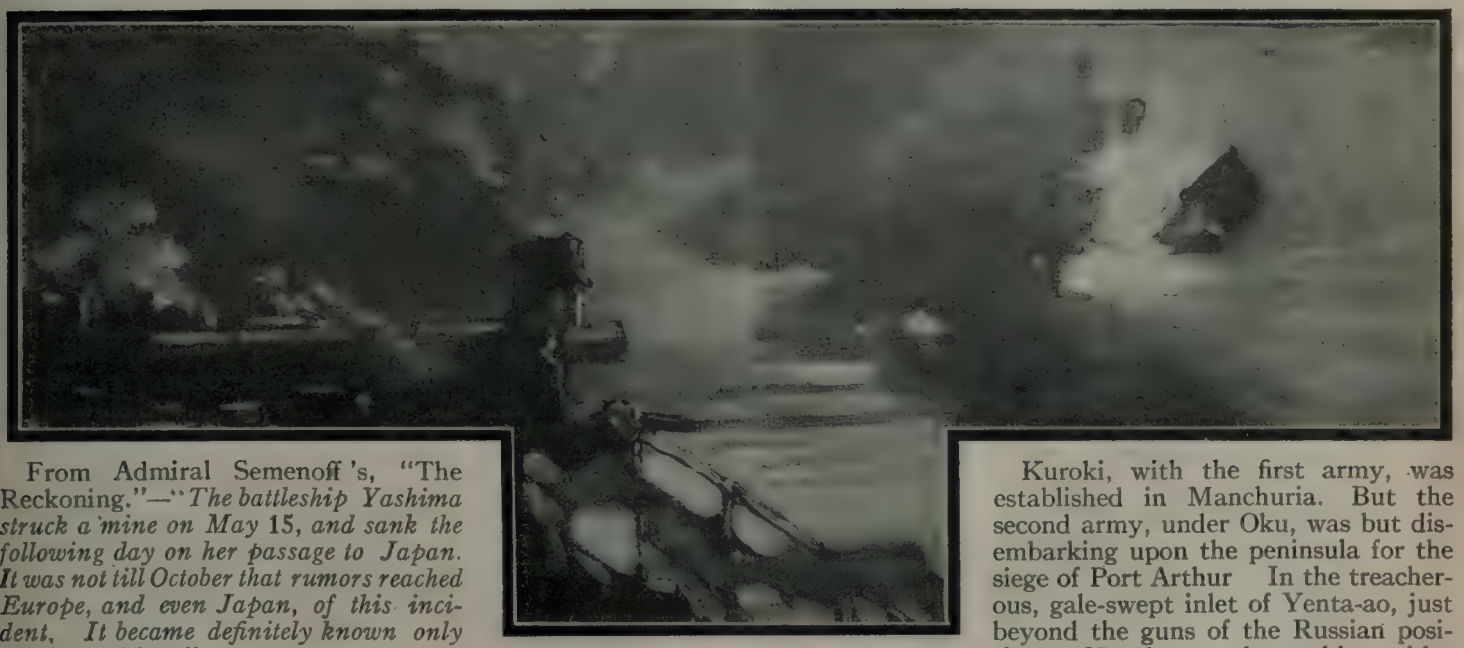

From Admiral Semenoff's, "The Reckoning."—"*The battleship Yashima struck a mine on May* 15, *and sank the following day on her passage to Japan. It was not till October that rumors reached Europe, and even Japan, of this incident. It became definitely known only after Tsushima.*"

. . . . . .

By Edwin Balmer

Author of "Via Wireless," "Counsel for the Defence," "A Wild Goose Chase," etc.

Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

EAST of Port Arthur and south—so far out in the Bay of Korea that only the extreme Russian forts topping the last Laoteshan mountain gave the glint of land as the rocks caught the rays of the rising sun—a single Japanese torpedo boat drifted.

It was not entirely out of control. Smoke constantly streaked from the funnels as fresh coal was spread over the fires; but the screw scarcely turned—no more at any time than to save steerageway enough to hold the Sansanami's unshattered starboard bow to the waves dashed down by the ragged wind from the foam-beaten Korean gulf. The steam was being made for the pumps. For, from six feet short of the stem half-way to the beam, the port plates of the torpedo boat were crushed and battered in. Canvas, lashed over the worst of the hole, stayed the sea from flooding in unchecked as the Sansanami rolled; but above this leaking patch, and about it, and between the parted plates bent in below the water line, the sea rushed in. Too much for the pumps. With all the opposed violence of the boilers palpitating them, each moment the pumps barely put off the sinking of the Sansanami for another moment. So it had gone all night, with officer and crew bailing alike with buckets—ceaseless, no man once sparing himself till he dropped from weakness in the water which he had not lowered.

It was the morning of the 16th of May—the fourth month of the blockade of Port Arthur by sea. At the mouth of the Yalu, two hundred miles to the north, the first battle for the Manchurian mainland was over. For more than two weeks the honored spirits of the Japanese soldiers who fell in the assaults there had dwelt in the Temple of Kudan; already, from some of the regiments, names of those imperishable ones had begun to reach their brothers in the fleet.

Kuroki, with the first army, was established in Manchuria. But the second army, under Oku, was but disembarking upon the peninsula for the siege of Port Arthur In the treacherous, gale-swept inlet of Yenta-ao, just beyond the guns of the Russian position at Nanshan, and not thirty *ri* by sea from Port Arthur, the Japanese transports tore at their anchors. The two miles of wild, roaring water between troop-ships and shore daily were strung with overloaded, shrieking launches, half-swamped sampans, and ships' boats tumbling the soldiers toward the land.

But a few miles further up the beach were the Japanese army base and supplies at Pitsevo.

All these—and all that these promised—therefore lay at any hour at the mercy of the Russian battle-fleet at Port Arthur, if Togo's guard should fail. All these and more—the victorious corps on the Yalu, as surely as the brigades in camp upon the peninsula—were equally subject, if the Russian ships should give battle now and, with fortune, could cripple Togo's fleet.

So never was there a dawn upon which the Admiral had such need to expect that every man and every ship was fit for its duty, as upon this sunrise which found the Sansanami all but sunk from its commander's unwarrantable act.

It was, indeed, the atom of the fleet—the smallest armed vessel under the Admiral's command. Except for the

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hulks which dragged for mines, and the hulls to be sunk to block the channel, the Sansanami probably better could be lost than any other ship.

It was nineteen years since she was bought in England, and got the name and rating, "Sansanami, torpedo-boat of the first class." It was ten years ago—the year before the Chinese war—that already the Sansanami had become "of the second class"; and its name began slipping from it upon the navy records. For it was now six years that, officially, the quivering quarter-inch plates at the stern had borne but a number; since the Navy Yards charged repairs and refitting to "third-class torpedo boat No. 108"; and since a sub-lieutenant, with a torpedo-gunner second, was fixed as sufficient command.

Therefore the loss of the Sansanami could not, even at this moment, be of much concern. But to the drenched, haggard men, fighting back the sea with buckets, the saving of the ship meant more than life; and to young sub-lieutenant Yasui, upon the bridge—the boy responsible, in command—it meant, beyond life, his whole hope for imperishable honor, his destiny with his forefathers for eternity.

From the beginning of the blockade, both Russian and Japanese had been planting contact mines thickly about the harbour entrance. Those of the Japanese had blown up and sunk the Russian battle ship Petropavlosk the month before. But the Russian anchored mines had accounted for but unimportant gunboats of the Japanese fleet. So for weeks their mine-layers had been sowing mines at night on the bottom where the watching battleships and cruisers steamed back and forth at their stations; other mines—ugly, iron monsters, floating just below the surface of the sea with only their five-spiked heads showing at the surface—were strewed so as to drift out anywhere where the Japanese ships might encounter them.

The order had gone to the torpedo-fleet to destroy these, wherever found. Through over-eagerness in destroying these floating mines, sub-lieutenant Yasui brought the Sansanami too close to one, which he exploded.

Immediately he had ordered the screw all but stopped, the pumps started. Strong Takesaburo, the stoker—the best swimmer and diver—took a rope in his teeth and twice dove with it and carried it under the sinking stem so that canvas could be drawn over the gap and secured.

Thus officer and men fought it out alone, through the afternoon and night, beseeching the spirits of the gale which so often died down with the dawn to spare, not them, but the Sansanami at sunrise.

So the boy upon the tiny bridge, searching the white waves for a sign, rushed below to tell his men:

"The wind is becoming less!"

"My commander," said old Majuka, his torpedo gunner, "are we so poor in spirit you must spur us?"

The sailor beyond him likewise managed a smile. "Lieutenant, have you begun to have fear for the sinews of the pumps?"

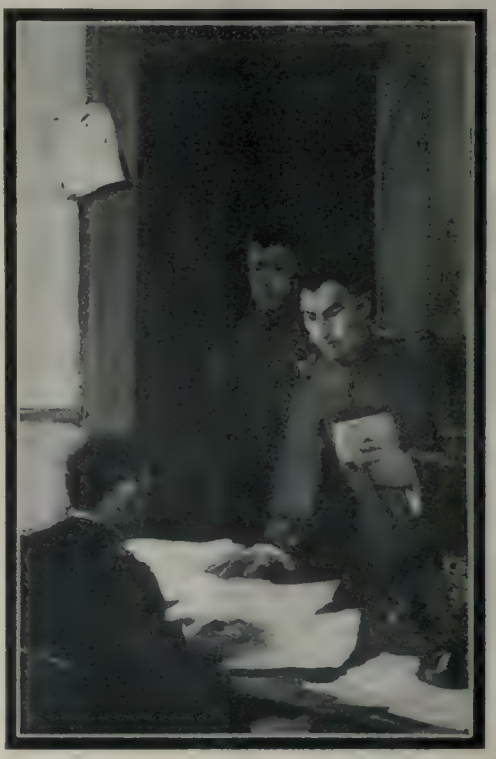
Yasui returned to his bridge. He saw there was now but little more danger in forcing his vessel through the waves than in drifting with them.

The engine-room bell jangled; the throb of the turning engines became companion to the beat of the pumps. The stem of the Sansanami swung boldly and drove direct for the naval base at Hai-Yun-Tao, in the Elliot Islands, twenty miles off Pitsevo.

The sun, half an hour high, flooded the white-specked sea with yellow radiance and disclosed, over the bow of the Sansanami, a blotch of black above the glistening green of the horizon. Another blotch rose behind it; now others—the smoke of the Japanese battle-ships and heavy cruisers going to watch stations off Port Arthur, relieving the lighter cruisers and torpedo craft which kept the watch at night.

As he saw this, Yasui suddenly realized that the safety of his ship had deprived him of escape by death from disgrace.

In a few moments, he must proclaim failure from his flagstaff to all the ships in sight. They had seen the Sansanami and the officers had made out through their glasses the wreck of the side exposed to them. Undoubtedly they had been calling to him by the wireless for some moments; but his installation had been wrecked. Soon the ships would be within flag-signaling distance. Already Adachi could distinguish them, the gray battleships Aschi, Yashima, then the flagship Nikasa; no, that second one was not the Yashima; it was the Shikishima, the sister-ship. For neither the Yashima nor the Hatsuse were there; yesterday morning they—the powerful great Yashima and the Hatsuse—with the Shikishima were on watch. So to-day they were not there. The rest were cruisers and destroyers. And then one destroyer came toward the Sansanami and a line of flags broke from the mast of the Mikasa.



"I DID NOT SEE THE HATSUSE AND THE YASHIMA. A DISASTER HAS OCCURRED?"

Sub-lieutenant Yasui ordered the answering flags broken upon his mast.

"Out of service through carelessness in exploding mine. No encounter with enemy. Able to reach base without assistance."

The signal flags upon the Mikasa fluttered down; the destroyer, which had swung toward the Sansanami, returned to the squadron. With no other notice of any sort, silently and without sheer of any ship, the fleet steamed past torpedo boat of the third class, No. 108, able to continue to the base, but out of service through the carelessness of its commander, without having encountered the enemy.

Steering into the crowded harbour of Hai-Yun-Tao at noon, Adachi Yasui looked about for the battleships Hatsuse and Yashima.

The old and slow battleship, Fuji, was there; beyond it the heavy cruisers Kasugo and Nisshin, and other ships of the armoured cruiser squadron heaved and pushed with the tide. Smoke shot up from stacks of lighter cruisers, auxiliaries and torpedo craft. Yasui counted clumsy hulks fitted as mine-sweepers with rope trawls and grapnels. But the two powerful battleships, for which he looked, were not there.

However, he then had no time for wonder upon what duty the missing battleships might have been detailed. A string of flags signalled the Sansanami's number. Obeying them, Yasui steered direct to the "Disabled" station, reported to the naval construction engineer, turned the Sansanami over to him and went on shore to report to his commodore.

He first fancied that the sadness he saw in the faces of the officers he passed was but his inability to see a smile. But soon he realized this could not be so.

Something had happened of which no one wishes to speak—something which gave the men, trying not to think of it, such close-shut, determined lips.

Immediately the thought came to Yasui, "Our army has been defeated!" For it could not be the Navy; there was no sign upon any ship of a recent encounter. It must be the Army!

He ventured to inquire of an officer whom he knew—a much older man, a first lieutenant.

"No," his elder answered kindly, but so that the boy did not venture to ask more. "Our army, after its victory, still rests before the next."

Yasui entered the headquarters of his commodore. Then it was some terrible catastrophe to the fleet which so entirely engrossed the old commodore, seated awkwardly in European fashion at his table covered with dispatches, reports and papers, which his eyes, but not his mind, examined.

"I, by my own inexcusable carelessness in firing upon the mines ordered to be destroyed, have damaged my ship so as to be incapable of service. The mine, in exploding, crushed in ——"

The Commodore stopped him sharply.

"Lieutenant Nomoto will report to me," he named the construction engineer. "Await him!"

The boy, effaced, stood back. He saw that his commander's eyes immediately had returned to the papers upon the table, that his attention had not ceased to be absorbed in the one great matter.

Yet Yasui became conscious that, though his report of the Sansanami had been disregarded, his Commodore's consideration now was including him, somehow, in the problem before him. Twice he felt his senior's keen, piercing eyes study him.

Suddenly the Commodore demanded of him.

"What is it, Lieutenant Yasui?"

"Commodore, I passed the fleet! I did not see the Hatsuse and the Yashima. They are not here! A disaster has occurred?" and he watched his elder's face for confirmation or denial of his guess. But the Commodore gave him neither.

His senior seemed merely suddenly reminded of something. He arose and, opening a drawer in a table at one side, he took out one from a number of little wooden boxes, not wider than a hand and pegged with bamboo nails.

He extended this silently.

Yasui, staring down at it in wonder, saw that there was a black name ideograph-painted in ink upon the cover; but for an instant it told him nothing. Then he recognized that it was the Buddhistic posthumous name of his elder brother of the Army on the Yalu.

The Commodore quietly slid back the cover and showed him that it was filled—with a clipping of his brother's hair, and a folded paper which contained, Adachi knew, a handful of his brother's ashes.

HE TOOK FROM HIS COAT THE ASHES OF HIS BROTHER AND STREWED THEM REVERENTLY BEFORE HIM

"Lieutenant Yasui! Your brother—after the fire of two regiments had failed to dislodge the enemy from an escarpment—gathered and led a *keissheitai* (certain death detachment) to storm it! A comrade in his regiment, who recovered his body, sent this here for you, writing, 'Captain Yasui so many times has spoken with pride and envy of his younger brother in the navy! Before setting upon the final assault he requested of me, "When I die, please let my brother know how brilliantly my death-flower has blossomed!" ' "

The terrible rebuke of it assailed Adachi.

"Commodore! Direct me to where I may lead, or join, a *keissheitai*!"

"The admiral sends in no more hulks to block the harbor," the Commodore replied coldly. "If they were to be sent, it would remain the right of those who have deserved to man them."

Adachi, holding his brother's ashes reverently, bent his head over them. His commander had ceased to think about him, personally. Lieutenant Nomoto, the construction engineer, entered. He gave his report, tersely.

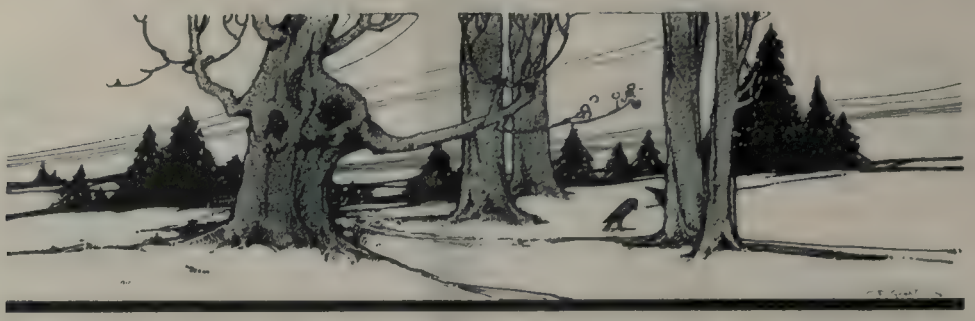
"Repairs—if repairs are to be made, must be at Sasebo."

Sasebo! So he must take his ship, the command of which he just had gained with so great pride, ingloriously to Japan to be rebuilt—if it were worth the repairs. The Commodore absently dismissed the engineer.

Adachi kept his head bowed, await-

Continued on page 129.

Christmas at the Front



NOT MAGI BUT MADMEN; NOT SHEPHERDS BUT SHRAPNEL; NOT CHRIST BUT KAISER; NOT PEACE ON EARTH BUT A SWORD

By "Kit"

SAID the Wise Man:—"The King is coming and I go to meet Him." Two others joined him and, by Sign of the Star, they travelled towards Bethlehem. What a voyaging it was! Across level plains, where the herds of wild horses thundered in a mad gallop, or fed sweetly in the rich pastures; laboring over desolate passes, and sharp-shouldered hills; by beautiful little villages, and ancient cities, through a land perfumed by fragrant fruits, and darkened by magnificent oak groves; through narrow defiles and orchards abloom with peach blossoms; across the yellow channels of the Euphrates—prophetic river!—and by groves of date-palms—always the Star guiding with its ineffable yet gentle brilliancy to where in the little manger, between the ass and the ox, the Christ-child lay with His Virgin Mother.

Wearily the old men plodded.

And there came the night when they reached Bethlehem, and met upon the hills the "country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."

Ringing through the starlit night came the chant of the Angel of the Lord God. "The glory of the Lord shone around about them; and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them—Fear not: for, behold I bring you tidings of great joy, *which shall be to all people* . . . . .

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, saying:—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will towards men."

And as they sang—this multitude of the heavenly host—the small Christ, the gentlest, the meekest, the most lovable of human types, the real God in the real Man, was slumbering in His little crib in the manger between the brooding cow, and the patient, munching ass. Outside, the skies were alight with a strange glory, the angels were harping their wild beautiful music—singing their songs of Peace. The old wise men who had plodded through the desert wastes, the stony places, the fruitful orchards, guided alike by beaming star and angel voices, were moving towards the humble stable where lay the Light of the World, the promise of God to those whom He made in His own likeness, the Saviour, the Deliverer.

Think of it: that divine starlit night, the little Child willing to lie on a truss of straw between two of God's little beasts (whom we are so apt to despise and ill-treat), and the poor shepherds adoring, and the three great Kings of the East pouring out their presents of frankincense and myrrh.

And think of to-day—to-day in the trenches! Men at each other's throats, the mad charge, the bayonet pinching its way through the living flesh; the dying over-ridden by gun-carriages, the drivers—by their own stories in the London papers—listening with closed and suffering eyes to the creaking of the bones of the dying.

Christmas night! the stars glimmering, the angels chanting, the beautiful call of Peace and Goodwill beating through the air—and here, in God's world, the shocking clamor of war—the hideous slaughter—the damned work of the Devil, trying to undo the work of the patient, the laboring Redeemer on His road to Calvary.

Christmas in the trenches! Perhaps you think war is all glory, magnificent advances: men shot, but shouting admiring phrases for their flag and country as they lie in the dirt and mud, disemboweled, utterly destroyed, delirious, or pounded into splinters by the gun-carriages, which, under orders, have to crush them into the earth. Perhaps, in spite of the awful accounts in the daily papers, the battle means, as one fool-woman expressed it:—"being shot and done with." Well, take it from me, it does not. If you had ever seen a shot man kicking holes in the grass you would not count war as any sort of "glory." Nor would you talk of "heroes." We have made that name "hero" too common, but—let it go—

Christmas Night Without Santa; Christmas Morn Without Daddy

We have had word already that our Canadian Expeditionary Force think, every one of them, and all the time, of Home. What, then, will it be to any of them, or to any other of our gallant, humorous, and beloved British Boys at the front on Christmas Eve? I question whether death would not be preferable to thinking of the little kiddies and Mother, alone—without Daddy, and his fine big strength and power, and his share in the Santy doings on the night before Christmas. Poor little Mother—the human creature who bore and nursed and adored the dear noisy youngsters, who wrote letters to Santy and planted them about the fireplace somewhere, as my little, but very long stockings were planted long ago. And the delight of filling them! The pretty, gentle happiness!

All this the men at the front, our tired fellows in the firing line, will consider when the Bethlehem stars are shining and the dreadful war pur-

sues its course. If only one could help with a gentle word; I wonder if the men at the heroic work will understand the dear patience and love of Mother, waiting at home.

Do you know what trenches really are? They look fine in the pictures. But, (I have been in Spanish so-called trenches) and they are pits filled with things mentionable and unmentionable. Crude Christmas hospitality!

Think now, of our soldier in some bleak camp-tent or other shelter. Christmas Night—maybe the stars shining—maybe the cold drizzle and East wind which racks Britain and Europe generally. The men thinking of the "Missus" and the little children at home and Daddy not there to help to fill the small stockings.

"Seven of 'em, I have," said the big British Sergeant: "seven little blighters an' the Missus, an' 'ere I be in the firin' line Christmas Eve, and Gawd knows where I'll be to-morrow. The pore little blighters an' the Missus!"

On the harping wings of the angels comes the message to all the grieving and troubled world—the message of Peace and Goodwill to all men. What a mockery!

. . . . . .

"Where's Daddy, Mother? I want my Daddy for my Christmas." Daddy is lying dead on Christmas morning—in a far country, little boy.

To Kit

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Woman in the Rain," "The Wire Tappers," etc.

WHO'S the woman wid a trace
Av the lough-light on her face,
The woman wid the meltin' eyes and wid a sense av wit?
Faith, it's Kit, colleen Kit,
The Kit whose name is spoken soft where mournin' women sit,
The Kit that all the world must love where lamp or turf is lit!
The brogue that's on her Irish tongue is soft as Cleena cream,
And th' light that's in her sea-gray eye is sure the light o' dream!
And the bodagh wid a trouble,
Seein' Kit, is seein' double,
Wid a word to give him grit,—
Grit to brace his sowl a bit
And be stickin' like a burr,
Till he falls to thankin' Kit
For the likes av her, and for it!
What Erin's blade but loves that aisy-goin' smile av hers?
What thrush that has a voice that comes within a mile av hers?
Who patches up our troubles wid that woman's guile av hers,
And keeps this world the sweeter for that soothering' smile av hers?
Faith, what's the use av arguin' it?
For it's Kit, lovin', laughin', crazy Kit,
Who cheers us on to fightin', lads, and tells us when to quit!
Who knows this sad ould world av ours and still keeps lovin' it!
Sure, it's Kit, our Irish Kit,
The Kit who owns a heart as big as any shay,
The Kit who'd be your friend a thousand miles away!
The Kit who's quick and kind,
The Kit who's niver blind
To what's beside her way,
The rompin' Kit, it's ten to wan, ye'll spy so close behind
The rompin' troops av Tiny Folk who turn our work to play!
For she's a colleen still is Kit,
Niver growin' ould a bit,
Teachin' us to pump a tear and drown it in a smile,
Passin' out her Irish song to aise the longest mile!
And we thank you, Colleen Kit,
For your God's own Irish wit
And for keepin' young in heart
(You and Youth can never part!)
And for comin' from the Isle
Where they're Irish to the core
And the green is niver gray!
So miss or hit, here's to you, Kit,
To you, wanst more! for we love you like a mother,
And like a brother, and like another
Isle av Erin half a world away from Erin's shore!

St. Nicholas and the Lovers

HOW THE GOOD SAINT, DISGUISED AS CUPID, VISITED THE ART STUDENTS AT "THE ROOST," AND LEFT SOMETHING IN LUCIUS' STOCKING

LUCIUS WAS STILL SITTING IN A DAZE, THE PORTRAIT IN HIS HAND

By Emery Pottle

Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

THERE is no occasion to make excuses for Fanny and Fritz. When one is—or rather when two are frank and twenty, and, at the same time, complacently and conspicuously in love with each other, I am not aware that it is a condition in which excuses are properly made. Unquestionably they would themselves, I dare say rudely, resent any extenuation of their conduct. And any one else, as matters ultimately turned out, will not greatly be inclined to lay at their doors the obsolescent charge of indelicacy. Cecelia—Cecelia Francesca Purvis—and Lucius Prettyman did not.

To elaborate a bit—Fanny Denton and Cecelia Francesca shared together a battered apartment on the roof of a great, gloomy, rambling structure, devoted to the housing of courageously impecunious art students. I say on the roof, since the case was just that: they lived in an insecure-looking story which the thrifty owners of the building had hastily constructed on the top of everything to contain a new lot more courageous and more impecunious than the rest. Somewhere down the canal-like halls Fritz Allen also had a studio and Lucius Prettyman another.

In the daytime the four of them worked at an art school nearby—considering, with exceptional confidence, art wasn't so long or time so fleeting that they couldn't make both ends meet in a Career. Cecelia did miniatures, in a very ladylike and miniature way; Fanny inclined to conventional designing; and as for Denton and Lucius, the former dashed out fictitious illustrations for his fictitious imaginings, while Lucius toiled worrisomely along in the "life class" and brooded deeply over the possibilities of large, depressing canvases devoted to the depicting of death scenes of famous generals, and like inspiring subjects.

Of a truth it cannot be said of Cecelia and Lucius that they were in the bloom of their youth, though, to be sure, Cecelia's spirit was innocently inexperienced to an appalling degree, and she was wont to clothe herself in garments of a limply artistic drapery, suggesting, in hue at least, the immortal, blithe Botticelli maidens. At any rate her soul was youthful and her nature unselfish and beautiful.

Lucius probably never was young. The unpliable strands of his nature seemed never to loosen. One instinctively knew that Lucius's favorite poem contained rigid the sentiment that life is real, life is earnest. His high, pale brow betokened in its concentrated little knot of lines above the nose, a spirit furrowed with the ploughshare of Serious Effort. . . . He moved in and out among his fellows, a gentle, shabby, good-tempered, abnormally shy creature whom all loved, when they were not consumed with a helpless rage at the ponderous precision of his mental and physical workings.

It was natural enough that the four of them, living together in the "Roost"—so they called the parlous top story—should be much in each other's company. Youthful art is not a peculiarly solitary profession; and, moreover, their frank poverty, and the franker attachment of Fritz to Fanny gave additional strength to their bond.

To Cecelia, the wooing of her roommate afforded a first-hand observation of what to her was the most thrillingly beautiful and complex emotion of the world. Fanny, herself, being somewhat practical even in the affairs of her heart, did not encourage Cecelia's sentimental out-breathings. So it happened that Cecelia fell into the habit of confiding the progress of the delicate footsteps of love to Lucius Prettyman.

The two men, of an evening, would drop into the studio of the girls—a very proper apartment, to be sure, with the beds converted artlessly into divans and all the feminine evidences hid in the closet. Lucius really was brought in the beginning by Fritz to divert Cecelia from the fascination of his methods with Fanny. And it generally turned out that the two serious ones would early retire to the kitchen—an elastic apartment made by the folding of a screen about a little gas-stove—there to whisper and to cook up indigestible messes for refreshment; while Fritz and Fanny—well, it really is not our province to disclose the sweet story of their affections.

It was in late October when Fanny briefly apprised Cecelia that she was engaged to Fritz. Cecelia kissed her rapturously. "My dear, my dear," she cried softly, "isn't it *wonderful*!"

"O, I don't know," remarked her friend, sharpening a lead pencil judiciously. "Fritzie is a nice boy. And I'm sure he's very lucky to get *me*."

Cecelia was staggered. "Oh, Fanny! How *can* you! Oh, it seems to me love is the most beautiful——"

"O yes, everybody gets it sooner or later, they say," broke in Fanny prosaically. "It takes an awful lot of your time, though. Heavens! I

haven't done a thing in a month."

"Dear, how can you joke about it?" sighed Cecelia.

Fanny looked up in surprise. "Mercy Cecelia, it's no joke. Lend me your gamboge, will you?"

Poor Cecelia, she was too bewildered to reply.

That same night Fritz lounged into Prettyman's room. Lucius was brooding solemnly over a pipe.

"Well, Lucy," Fritz let fall casually, "the little girl and I have hit it off."

"I beg your pardon," said Lucius uncertainly.

"Fanny and I, you know—engaged—'love, true love, undying,'" grinned Fritz with appreciation.

Lucius rose with grave ceremony and put out his hand. "Allen, I—I congratulate you, sir, she's a splendid woman. You are a fortunate man."

"Sure, Lucy, that's the eye. She's a little peach. Guess we'll do the trick all right."

Prettyman sat down heavily. He could not grasp the *insouciant* Fritz's attitude.

"But——" he hesitated laboriously.

"You aren't going to cry about it, are you?" said his friend briskly, lighting a cigarette.

Lucius seemed about to reply; instead he lapsed into a mood of impressive thoughtfulness. After a long silence he stammered blushingly, "Ah—Allen—ah—did you—ah—if you don't mind my asking—was it—ah—*hard* to do?"

"Was *what* hard?"

"Why, the—the—the *asking* her, Allen?"

Allen's eyes twinkled. "Well, old boy, it—it was harder ***not*** to, you know."

"Ah," ejaculated Lucius uncomprehendingly.

"Ever tried it?" confidentially remarked Fritz.

Lucius flushed. "No sir, I—I—I——"

"It's great," said Allen, as he departed, "you never can tell till you try."

Lucius Prettyman sat for hours that night, alone in his room, scarcely conscious of the chilling atmosphere, musing modestly on the strange, maddening ways of love. The result of his cogitations amounted to this: "I couldn't do it, I couldn't—I don't see how they do."

The next day he overtook Cecelia on her way home from the art school. For some reason they both flushed scarlet at sight of each other. It was very difficult to start any suitable topic of conversation. At length Cecelia timidly referred to the flames of the divine fire which now publicly lit the souls of Fritz and Fanny. The two discussed the situation evasively. They wondered if, after all, "their love was——they seemed so——Love, real love, was such a—— Yes, it was a noble, a——" But there was a new and discomforting element between Cecelia and Lucius that attracted and compelled, even while it distressed and bewildered. It was precisely as if these two onlookers somehow were vicariously assuming all the sweet confusion, all the tumultuous emotions, the modest esctacies that Fanny and Fritz seemed not to undergo. Cecelia, indeed, took the conversation so seriously that she went to bed with a nervous headache.

Once the crucial hour of engagement was over, Fanny and Fritz had more leisure to look about them. They bore the rosy wreath of love with great composure. And since there is that in love—like misfortune—which dislikes singleness of experience, they presently cast about them to involve their unattached friends in a toil like their own.

"Wouldn't it be simply perfect if poor old Sissy and Lucy should fall in love with each other?" considered Fanny, one afternoon.

"Those two!" replied Fritz. "Why, there's no more chance——"

"Oh, isn't there! Watch them. Cecelia is a *mush*."

"But Lucy—why, you'd as soon think of a Methodist chapel playing on the beach at Coney Island, as Lucy in love."

"Pooh," retorted Fanny, airily, "he's mad about her. Don't tell me. When they're old and get it they're perfectly *dotty*. I've seen it in them."

"Have they said anything?" inquired Fritz, fascinated at Fanny's idea.

"*Said* anything! They don't *dare*."

Of a truth, it would seem that the astute Fanny had accurately diagnosed the situation of Cecelia Francesca and Lucius. Up to the time of the culmination of Fanny's romance, the two had taken each other's society in a grateful, unconscious freedom, but now their slightest encounter covered them with a dreadful confusion. They became tongue-tied, though the desire to talk was riotous within them. The embarrassment of Lucius, in especial, was distressing to observe. Cecelia

"OH, IT'S MEAN! CRUEL! FANNY, HOW COULD YOU! O DEAR! O DEAR!"

clad herself in dull draperies of a sombre hue—as if she were doing a penitential office for the soul of love. In fact, instead of performing the light-hearted service of cup-bearers to the young gods, Fanny and Fritz, they hung about funereally in corners.

This abysmal condition was, in the early stages, a delight to the lovers. They considered it an ephemeral affectation, due in part to age and in part to extreme inexperience. Therefore, to help matters along, they made jovial comments with ill-concealed meanings to Cecelia and to Lucius—a form of diversion of so ghastly and so indelicate a character to the serious pair that Cecelia was wont to end the evening in a burst of tears. On one occasion when Fritz referred, with humorous intent, to love as an unscratchable itching of the heart, Cecelia became almost faint with disgust, and poor Lucius got up ponderously and retired to his own quarters. So brazen were the manifestations of affection on the part of the engaged ones, and so poignantly barbed were the insinuating arrows of their wit, Cecelia could no longer bring herself to comment upon the case to Lucius, while he, in turn, almost dreaded the sight of her.

They avoided each other. Prettyman no longer came of an evening to the studio of the girls. And Cecelia, anguished of heart, would retire alone to the kitchen, there to sniffle weakly, her ears stuffed with cotton that she might not hear the lovers. The very necessity, as they conceived it, that sundered their companionship, worked, as one might expect, to the incandescence of their, as yet, unnamed emotions. Cecelia, in a blush of maidenly indiscretion, secretly painted from memory a miniature of Lucius—which on completion she hid. Prettyman left off the imaginary composition of battle scenes and let his mind wander to the delights of statuesque houris—with the face of Cecelia—washing their feet publicly on marble balconies.

When, toward Christmas, Fanny and Fritz were forced to the conclusion that their amorous devices to entrap their friends were resulting in apparent failure—for Fanny's intuitions, agile as they were, could not compass a concealed love, like the worm i' the bud—they were frankly annoyed.

"They're a pair of dubs," said Fritz, in irritation.

"Sissy is really the limit," acquiesced Fanny. "I'm sure we've done all we could to help the thing along."

"Oh, well, I move we shake them both. They're too old to fool with. They've had their chance." And with this Fritz closed the discussion.

On the afternoon before Christmas Day Fanny was alone in the studio, dressing to go out with Fritz. Discovering that at the moment she had had no clean pocket-handkerchief, she resorted simply to Cecelia's stock. Rummaging through the latter's modest trunk for the article in question, she unearthed the miniature of Lucius.

"Well, my heavens !" she exclaimed. "The silly old things." Whereupon she sat down abruptly and shrieked with laughter.

Fritz found her on the floor, the miniature in her hand, giggling. She held it out to him mutely, too overcome for words.

"Great goodness," he cried, "it's *Lucy*—Lucy, looking like a perfect lady of the 1830 type !"

"I ask you !" began Fanny, recovering speech, "I ask you ! I found it in Cecelia's trunk. I was looking for a hanky. She did it !"

"The sly thing ! Fan, this is great ! What'll we do with it ?"

"Do with it ! 'Tisn't ours—we'll put it back. Sissy'd die if she knew we had seen it," said Fanny.

"Not on your life we'll put it back. Let's have some fun out of it."

"But Cecelia——"

'Cecelia nothing ! She's fooled us. We'll fool her."

"Now Fritzie—I won't stand for—"

"Oh, that's all right—it'll be the joke of our lives. Ah, say, don't fuss, think of the fun."

"Well," weakened Fanny, "it would be fun to do something with it."

"I'll tell you what ! We'll do it up and send it to Lucius for a Christmas present. He won't think of its being a josh, anyway. And he knows that no one but Sissy could possibly do a miniature of him."

"It's a sweet idea," replied Fanny rapturously. "We'll do it now while she's away. . . . She must be crazy about him. Do you suppose he——"

"Well, he will be, if he isn't now, when he sees this !" assured Fritz.

The miniature forthwith was wrapped up delicately in white tissue paper and tied with a little white ribbon in which was tucked a piece of holly. "That's bully," declared Fritz joyously, "and I'll leave it in Lucius's room when he's out to-night—he's going to some beastly lecture on Art."

"Sissy's gone out for the afternoon and she's going to stay out for dinner, too, and the theatre afterwards," reflected Fanny. "She has some grand friends who ask her once in awhile, you know. So we're perfecty safe. She won't miss the thing to-night. . . It's really dreadful to do it, but it's so funny !"

. . . . . .

That evening at an hour when he judged Prettyman would have returned from his lecture, Fritz Allen wandered casually in upon him. Lucius seemed excessively confused at sight of his visitor. He thrust something hastily under a pile of papers on the table before him.

"What you hiding, Lucy ?" began Fritz without hesitation, "a Christmas present ?"

"Nothing. I—I——"

"Oh, say, Lucy—I saw you now. What is it ? Out with it. Can't you trust me ?"

Allen made a sudden dash for the table. Prettyman tried to intercept him. He was too late. Fritz, warding him off with one hand, held up the miniature in the other, yelling with glee. "O, Lucy, O, Lucy ! It's a picture of you !"

"Give that here," demanded Lucius, peony-red.

Allen regarded the little portrait critically. "It's mighty good, Lucy, it's fine. Who did it ?"

"I—I—I——"

"Out with it !"

"I don't know. I found it here," confessed the reluctant Lucius. "I suppose it's a gift."

"Oh, tell that to the elevator-man ! You can't fool me," giggled Fritz. "Naughty, naughty ! Say, who did it, Lucy !"

Prettyman attempted dignity. "You needn't believe me if you don't care to. I found it here when I came home."

"Found it *here*, old man ! You don't say so. That's funny !"

Allen sat down and eyed Lucius solemnly.

"It was here when I came home," repeated Lucius awkwardly. "I—It is very strange."

"Strange ! I should say so. But—say, Lucius, there's only one person who could have done it."

"Allen, what do you mean ?"

"Mean. Oh, you know. Cecelia Francesca Purvis ! That's whom I mean."

Lucius was flooded with sentimental blushes. "Oh, no, I—*Oh, no* !"

"Sure she did, old boy. I—well, of course, I don't want to butt in on your affairs—well, it looks, you know, as if——"

"Allen, I won't have you talk that way about a lady."

"Why, no offense, Lucy, I'm sure. It was mighty nice of her."

"You don't think, Allen, that she—"

"Well, Lucy, what I think is this: That girl is strong for you. Of course, if you don't care for her, why——"

It happens that way at times. The most reserved and timid of us reach a point when our doors are opened wide, when we speak with the tongues of men about the angels. It was so with Lucius Prettyman. He began to talk to Fritz. He talked wildly well.

There was nothing hidden in him that was not revealed, and even the light-minded Allen became nervous and uncomfortable. And the burden of Lucius's song was always Cecelia, Cecelia, Cecelia. Fritz had a sickening feeling that the thing had ceased to be a joke.

"If you feel like all this you say you do, old chap," Allen got out lamely, "you ought to do something about it. I'd *tell* her."

"Oh, I couldn't. I don't think I could," stammered Lucius, cold with fear at the thought.

"I'll tell you what," Fritz suggested hopefully, "you write her a note and ask her to meet you in the Park to-morrow morning, Christmas Day, and say you have something *important* to tell her. Don't mention the miniature—that would embarrass her. Just tell her you want to talk to her, and I'll slip it under the girls' door to-night."

"Would she?" Lucius got out in awed tones.

"Would she *what?*"

"Come—if I asked her?"

"*Sure* she would. Try her." Fritz was growing more confident. "You just write her. And I'll leave it at their room now."

Prettyman, between distracted love and awful self-abasement, after tearing up a dozen sheets of paper, managed to set forth his modest request.

"Fine," said Fritz heartily when the letter was submitted to his practiced eye. "That'll draw her like a—a plaster, you know."

"Allen, I don't know how to thank you—for—for——" Lucius was wringing Fritz's hand in the excess of gratitude.

With the letter in his hand, Allen hurried surreptitiously to Fanny. He judged that Cecelia Francesca had not yet returned from her festal day. He rapped cautiously on the studio door.

"Who is it?" demanded Fanny, opening the door a hair's breadth.

"Me."

"Mercy, Fritz, you can't come in! I'm just——"

"Yes, I know, but there's something doing. I've got to talk to you, I don't want to come in. Can't you—say, Cecelia isn't there?"

"No. Wait a minute."

Presently the door opened wide enough to allow Fanny to put out her head. "What is it?" she inquired with excitement. "Did you give Lucius the——"

"That's it, I did. I've just been in his room. He's foolish about it. Sat and grinned at his picture like a monkey. Went on about Cecelia till it made me sick. He's all up in the air—says he loves her like anything. Oh, Lord."

Fanny was instantly impressed.

"My goodness! What did *you* say!"

"I—I told him she was crazy about him. I think I did. He asked me what to do."

"What did you tell him?" demanded Fanny feverishly.

"Well, you know, I—I felt sort of rotten about it. He's so serious over the thing. I—say, Fanny, it looks to me like a mess."

"Stupid, what did you *do?*"

"I told him to write her a note asking her to meet him to-morrow in the Park—in the morning—and I said I'd leave it here for Sissy—She——"

"It's perfectly dreadful," gasped Fanny, "she sha'n't have that note."

"Sha'n't——"

"Certainly not." Fanny was decisive.

"But—why, you can't—you'll bust up their show if you don't let her——"

"Idiot! If Cecelia got that note the first thing she'd do would be to go and look at that old miniature. And it wouldn't be there. And she'd accuse *me*. And there'd be a sickening time."

"But, Fan——" Allen was utterly confused at the turn of affairs.

"You've got to get that picture back, somehow. I don't care how. Give me that note. *Give* it to me. Cecelia sha'n't have it till you get the miniature."

"How in the deuce can I get it?"

"When is he going to meet her?" asked Fanny.

"At nine, I think."

"Well, while he's out then, you'll have to break into his place and steal it and bring it here. I'll put it back. Then I'll give Cecelia the note and say I found it on the floor."

"I can't see how that——"

"No, of course *you* can't. But *I* can. It'll be in her trunk, won't it? And she can't accuse *me* of having taken it—at least, not right away. I'll get out of it somehow."

"You're dreadfully virtuous all at once," retorted Fritz, sulkily.

"It's worried me all the evening—taking that picture. And I'd *never* have done it if it hadn't been for you!"

"Well, I like that! Who found it first, anyway, and——"

"Ssh! There's Cecelia coming. Don't you dare to argue with me. You've *got* to get the picture. Cecelia, dear, is that *you?* You must be tired to death. Come in and let's get to bed right off," sweetly finished Fanny, hastily concealing Prettyman's note in the folds of her *robe de chambre*.

In all probability the somewhat imperfect scheme of Fanny's would have worked in the fashion she anticipated had it not been for a reason of which she naturally could have known nothing. It had been Cecelia's romantic custom, since the painting of the miniature, to take it from its hiding-place and to bid it the tender, whispered good-nights she might not properly bestow on the original. She did this in the kitchen at a moment when Fanny was under the impression that Cecelia was saying her prayers. In consequence, on this particular evening, Cecelia Francesca went to her trunk to perform the last sacred rite of what had been to her a peculiarly happy day—to wish Lucius a "Merry Christmas." Her fingers, touching the familiar place, did not feel the miniature. She hurriedly dashed out the contents of the trunk, her bosom heaving with anxiety. She could not find the token. For a moment Cecelia stood petrified with shame and fear. Then suddenly the truth flashed in upon her. Fanny! She must have taken it. No one else could have. The gentle Cecelia shook with a torrent of anger, the like of which she had never known. Like a wild nocturnal avenger she flew at Fanny in her bed.

"How dared you!" she cried, snatching the bedclothing from the terrified conspirator.

"O, how dared you!" She shook her violently. "Don't *lie*! I know you took it! You stole it! You—you—you—*thief*! I hate you! Where *is* it? Where *is* it?"

Cecelia jerked the collapsing Fanny from her cot and towered above her, cowering on the floor. "It's cruel! How could you! Beast!"

Fanny essayed to speak, but Cecelia looked so tall and terrifying in the dim gaslight of the room that, for the life of her, she could not get out a word.

"*Beast*!" repeated Cecelia, with awful tragicality.

Fanny recovered herself slightly. "Cecelia," she quavered, "it was only a joke ——"

But Cecelia's rage was spent. She sat down weakly on the trunk-top and sobbed. Long, shivering, dreadful and convulsive sobs. "O it's mean! Cruel! Fanny, how could you! O dear! O dear! O dear!"

To describe the mental state of Fanny is hardly necessary. She dared not speak, she lay wretchedly on her bed for half an hour, in her ears the monotonous moans of the girl over there on the trunk. Sometimes Fanny was enraged, sometimes repentant, sometimes hysterically tearful and sometimes full of nervous laughter. "I shall die if she keeps this up much longer," she assured herself. Finally she leaped from her cot, flung on a wrapper and slippers, tied up her head in a scarf and precipitately left the room. She ran straight to Fritz.

"Fritz, Fritz," she whispered, as she heard sleepy sounds within his quarters. "*Fritz*!"

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The Dream of Prussianism

A MAN WHO HAS LIVED IN GERMANY FURNISHES A CLOSE-UP-TO-THE-CAMERA VIEW OF THE REVOLTING REASONS FOR THE PRESENT WORLD-WAR

By A. Vernon Thomas

Illustrated from Photographs

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S recent dictum that "to come at the truth, by observation, about a foreign country is immensely, overpoweringly, difficult" shall not discourage me. This is only Mr. Bennett's humor.

For, while telling us that a nine years' residence in France would not justify him even in writing a cheap handbook about French character and life, Mr. Bennett feels himself able, "on general principles," knowing nothing of Germany by actual experience, to offer us a close analytical study of the German soldier's mind. Subconsciously in this mind, Mr. Bennett tells us, is the recollection of social and economic wrongs. And this recollection, he assures us, will, at some psychological moment of the war, prevail over bumptiousness and self-conceit, giving the battle into the hands of the Allies.

While I have no great faith in arguments based upon "general principles," I feel that Mr. Bennett is right in concluding, as he does conclude, that the heart of the German people is in the war. I reach this conclusion as the result of what I observed during four years in which I earned my living in Germany and three years in which I was similarly occupied in Switzerland, a few miles south of the German border.

During this period, for weeks and months together, I spoke nothing but German. Indeed, on returning to England, whose shores contained me till I was twenty-one, I was informed that I spoke English with a German accent! On my table as I write is a bronze paper knife which I won in a boat race upon the river Neckar at Heidelberg, my four companions in the boat being Germans. With four German companions I have rowed on the Neckar from Heilbronn to Heidelberg in one day, a distance of sixty miles. I have tramped all over the Black Forest and the Odenwald and have been up and down the Rhine several times between Mannheim and Rotterdam.

GERMAN STUDENT IN CORPS UNIFORM—NOTE CUTS ON HIS FACE FROM DUELLING

In these amenities of my sojourn in Germany and in more humdrum occupation I have seen the Germans, I think, in every conceivable mood from Sunday-afternoon *Gemutlichkeit* to Monday-morning absorption. I have seen them in laughter and in tears, at work and at play; in brief, in most in the varied states and activities of which this our mortal life consists. I admit that all this may go for nothing in a discussion of the question whether the heart of the German people is in the war, but as to that the readers of CANADA MONTHLY must decide.

At the head of a pension, or boarding house, in a German university town are an elderly professor and his wife who will be vividly remembered by all—and their name must be legion—who have obtained shelter under their interesting, attractive and not less hospitable roof. And many times since the beginning of the war I have thought of this old couple, with whom I boarded for two years. It is Herr Professor's mental outlook which I wish to use as an illustration, but I cannot refrain from interpolating a word as to Frau Professor.

She is, I think, the most remarkable woman I have ever met. She is the Professor's second wife, and, although German, lived for many years in Alsace with her first husband. On the strength of her French connections, Frau Professor fills her pension every summer with French students and high-school boys, who come to learn German. For two or three months each summer her pension overflows and sleeping accommodation has to be found in neighboring establishments for many of her flock.

But the entire flock takes its meals in the pension proper, from thirty to forty sitting down to dinner and supper, breakfast in Germany being an unimportant and unceremonious affair. At other times of the year Frau Professor presides over a less numerous assortment of English, American, Canadian, French and Russian and German students.

The whole establishment lives, moves and has its being through Frau Professor. Not merely does she inspire

A CERTAIN PORTION OF A GERMAN STUDENT'S UNIVERSITY LIFE IS FRANKLY DEVOTED TO FRIVOLITY

the whole establishment—she is the whole establishment. Every detail of finance devolves upon her. Every tradesman deals personally with her, and personally, of course, she directs the servants. Frau Professor is the chief, and far the best, teacher of German in the pension. To provide opportunities for conversation she arranges excursions and personally conducts them. At table she is the centre of discussions, and with what art and tact she directs them! In diplomacy and strategy Bismarck and von Moltke are babes compared to Frau Professor.

I have seen Frau Professor one moment shake with temper when incensed at a loutish man-servant and the next beam angelically at a fresh arrival from France. At her beck and call are a select company of young ladies and young gentlemen of the locality whom she disposes cleverly and discreetly amongst her pensionaires for conversational purposes. She marshalls her little army with infinite skill. It advances and retreats without a hitch. An accomplished pianist, Frau Professor leads in the salon as she leads everywhere. If it is a song, Frau Professor is at the piano. Frau Professor is there also if it is a cello or violin piece.

Compared to Frau Professor, her husband, a broken down pedagogue, cuts a sorry figure. He has worldly wisdom enough not to challenge Frau Professor in the management of the pension, but he has never for a moment relinquished a claim to mental superiority. He thoroughly despises her intellectual powers, while Frau Professor in her heart has only pity for her husband upon whom she lavishes her every care. She is a big-hearted woman. If it were not that Frau Professor's surpassing cleverness reduces him very much to a cipher, Herr Professor would precipitate lots of trouble. But he gets no tether and is, to boot, a little lazy. Yet inwardly he chafes at his position in the pension. His chief revenge is to descant at table upon the virtues of his first wife, endeavoring to create the impression that, as far as matrimony proper is concerned, he has, in his opinion, only been married once.

While no doubt much of Herr Professor's mental make-up and his mode of expressing it is incidental, I submit that the essential attitude of his mind is characteristic of the German professorial class. That attitude, which was under my observation for two years, never varied and was in the main absolutist. It was the attitude of mind which assumes to decide all big things not only for itself but for others. Scores of times I have heard Herr Professor subjectively end conversations with the curt chuckle,—"*Das wissen wir.*" He would eject this formula epilogically after listening to views with which he didn't agree and after stating an opinion contrary to the one which evidently obtained, at table or elsewhere.

"*Das wissen wir.*" We know that. And the "We" in this case did not, at least directly, mean God. It meant the whole body of German professors with Herr Professor an integral part of it. They, with God no doubt in the background, had examined the matter and had come to a decision. "*Das wissen wir*" was the result. The contrary opinions of ordinary and uninspired persons were not exactly to be suppressed or even countered violently. They might be listened to with amusement and even with interest. For a little chuckle and a curt "*Das wissen wir*" would always put him right with his fellow-professors and with God.

Herr Professor's mind accepted fully the militarist position. I fail to recall from him even a hint of criticism of Germany's autocratic constitution, of the position of the Kaiser and his ministers, or of the Prussian military spirit. Indeed during my four years' stay in Germany I never heard the Kaiser discussed at any time, with one exception. This was the remark of a hotel *portier,* usually very keen fellows, that the Kaiser's telegram to

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR (WITH FAMILY) WHO SAYS: "DAS WISSEN WIR"

President Kruger caused losses to German financiers. When first leaving England for Germany I remember that my father's parting word, my "*Reisepfennig*" as it were, was to keep my mouth particularly shut regarding the Kaiser. Cases of Lese-Majeste were very common about that time.

To return briefly to the German professor. It seems to me that the militarist writings of such outstanding German professors as Heinrich von Treitschke, Adolf Wagner, Hans Delbrück, Ernst Haeckel, etc., are some evidence that the intellect of the nation is behind the German war lords. It is argued that the German professors, being civil servants, cannot engage in political controversy. But apparently they can as long as their contributions are on the side of militarism.

Although Treitschke has been dead for nearly twenty years his ultra-Jingoistic spirit seems still to dominate the political professors. If there are democrats of power and influence amongst the German professors we hear nothing of them. They must be content to reserve their speculations for the dusty shelves of libraries instead of bringing them into vitalizing touch with popular opinion. It is Treitschke, the panegyrist of the Hohenzollerns and the man who said, —"Let us take Holland; then we shall have them (colonies) ready-made," whose writings are chiefly before the German people. Haeckel, now eighty years of age, although unable to solve the riddle of the universe, is positive at least that Germany is fighting for freedom, justice, and commercial fair play.

Amongst other contemporary German professors are Delbr ck and Eucken, both approaching the Psalmist's three score years and ten. Both are justifying the German war lords. Delbr ck, the tutor of princes, is the man who said of Bismarck's criminal curtailment of the Ems telegram: "Blessed be the hand that traced those lines." Rudolf Eucken, the refined idealist, is to-day justifying the Belgian campaign of desolation and destruction. Truly the German general staff works hand in hand with the lecture-room.

It was not always so in Germany. Since the present century began two great German professors have passed away in Theodor Mommsen and Rudolf Virchow. The latter was the great pathologist who converted Berlin from a disease-infected area into a healthful city. When he died in 1902, the City of Berlin carried out his funeral. Virchow was a man of wide sympathies and these led him many times into fierce political strife. In 1849 he was deprived of his academic chair on account of his leanings toward the revolutionists. Later he became a member of the Prussian Landtag and later still of the Reichstag. Here, side by side with the great German historian Mommsen, Virchow vigorously assailed the policy of Bismarck and drew from the Iron Chancellor the scornful nickname of "professor-politician." In 1865 a scene took place between Virchow and Bismarck in which they almost came to blows. Negotiations for a duel were set on foot, but came to nothing. Apparently the breed of outstanding democrats like Virchow and Mommsen is extinct in the German universities.

At Heidelberg I remember hearing a public lecture by one of the smaller fry of the German academicians, a professor named Tilly. Professor Tilly had previously lectured at a Scotch university, but he had left after a row with the students over a question of nationality. In the lecture to which I have just referred, Professor Tilly described the probable development of the German Empire. His conclusions were of the most striking kind. In what seemed to me a crude way, he outlined the inevitable falling apart of the British Empire and the absorption of a considerable portion of it by a ready and waiting Germany. What was to happen to Canada I do not clearly remember, but I remember quite distinctly that the fortunes of war were to land Australia reposefully in the lap of Germany. The point I wish to make is that it was possible for a German professor to deliver a public lecture of this kind in a German university town in recent years, and to be listened to in dead earnestness.

Another recollection which comes to me is that of Professor Kuno Fischer, renowned philosopher and Shakespearean critic. I attended several of his lectures in Heidelberg, these, as is quite frequently the case in Germany, being free to the public. Whether all the stories told about Kuno Fischer are true I am not prepared to say, but it is certainly true that his conceit was enormous. I have still a vivid mental picture of how he looked on his walks abroad in Heidelberg. A massive figure, he went along with one hand behind his back and in the other a stick. His face was large, clean-shaven and grimly set, a smashed or very flat nose giving him almost a pugnacious appearance. His was obviously a personality into which it would be next to impossible to drive new ideas.

The stories told of Kuno Fischer's conceit and eccentricity are legion. He hated beards and moustaches and relegated them to the back of his lecture room. He is said, on one occasion, to have reprimanded a bearded freshman who ventured too near the front of his lecture room with the remark that the garb "of our primeval ancestors" was incompatible with the dignity of a philosopher, adding that before he could begin his lecture he must ask his primeval friend to take a place nearer the back. A prejudice against the admission to his classroom of "women and dogs" is also attributed to Kuno Fischer. He asserted some sort of claim to the title of "Excellenz" and insisted upon being addressed by it. It is said of him that he once remarked: "How strange it is that the sons of great men seldom emulate their fathers. There's my son, for instance, only an obscure doctor of medicine." Kuno Fischer is also credited with the saying that the German Empire contained but two philosophers—and that "the other one" was at Strasburg.

Let us leave the German professors and glance at other sides of national life. Of recent years British games, notably football, have been introduced into Germany and have attained quite a vogue. I was for two or three winters a member of a German football club and noted constantly how my German companions always drifted into a machine-like way of playing and how they seldom developed initiative. Rules and order were meticulously insisted upon, not in itself, perhaps, a bad thing. But when the German young men played football they played it as soldiers. It was the same in a gymnastic class or in rowing. The military spirit pervaded. I have heard a German boy in a boat furiously denounce another member of the crew for some slight and trivial inattention. Similarly on the football field any lapse from what was considered correct play would be vigorously commented upon.

The fact is that the military spirit has dominated the whole atmosphere of Germany, as fashion and gaiety may be said to have dominated the entire atmosphere of Paris. Berlin has been well called a city of soldiers, but the truth is that the whole German nation has been a nation of soldiers. The spirit of immediate obedience to constituted authority, with paternalism as its necessary counterpart, is to be found everywhere. Conflicts between civilians and soldiers have been quite frequent in Germany. There has always been a nervousness as to the possibility of unintentionally jostling an officer in the street, or of offending him in a restaurant or other public place. The tradition, of course, is that a German soldier's honor must be defended at any cost. And in the upholding of this tradition many German civilians have been murdered

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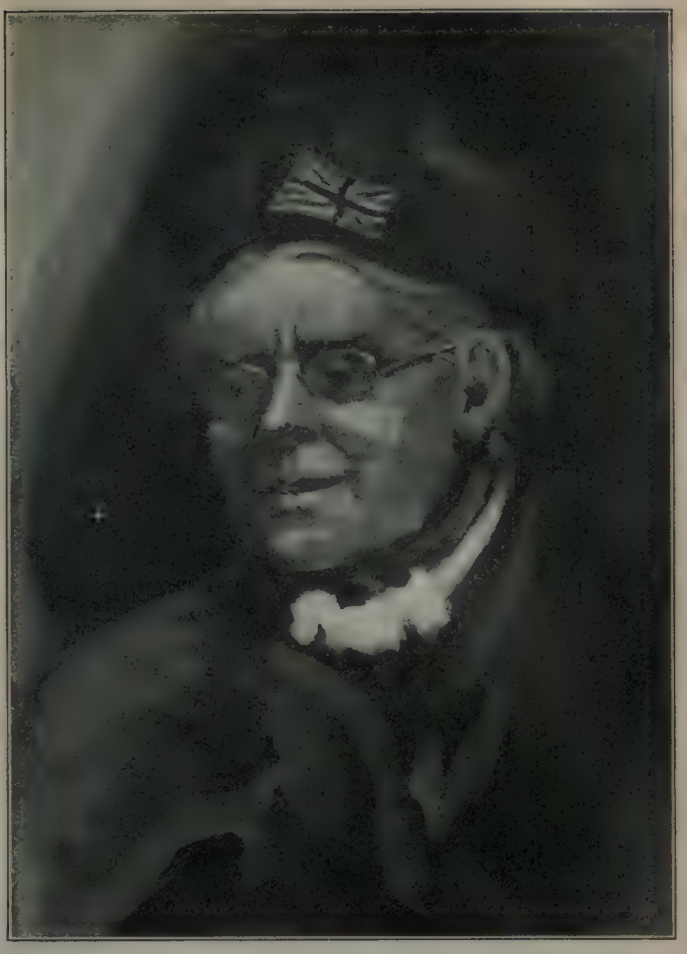
To Say Him Good-bye

WHEREIN OULD ANNIE MALONEY, ALL BY HER LONE, GETS TO SEE HER BOY AT "SUDBRUY" DESPITE THE GERMAN BOMB

By Louise R. Rorke

Illustrated by P. C. Sheppard



"WILL HE BE LAUGHIN' DO YOU THINK, AT RED ENDS ON HIS GREY SOCKS?" SHE ADDED WISTFULLY

"AN' I haven't the money to take me to Val Cartyez. It do be costin' a sight o' money, that do be."

"A good deal of money," acquiesced McNaughton, smiling at the wrinkled old face beside him.

"An' so," the old Irish voice went on, a little cadence of satisfaction glimmering through it, "so I just sold the bit pig—for shure I can live widout it, an' what would I be wantin' wid a pig, an' Jimmy off that far an' livin' on army biscuits?—I can get through the winter somehow. An' the money I got for the little fella' got me a ticket to Sudbruy; for Jimmy wrote me the throops do be goin' by there, an' Sudbruy's not so far. But it's a woeful long way for an ould body like me, as never went on the cars before save to a Twelft' o' July in Fordham, or a bit Sunday School Excursion with me own man an' the childher. Ah, well, me own man's been dead this twenty year an' more, an' the childher—God keep 'em—scattered about the world. Jimmy's the baby—an' him off to Val Cartyez to be a soldier!

"He's a good boy, Jimmy is, an' ever since he went out west to work I've got his little bit money every week. An' he wrote an' asked me would he go—for I might be needin' it, he said; an' if—if he didn't come home, he said,—but shure he'd come home to me again!—then,—then what would I be doin'? But I wrote him I'd not be shtandin' in his way. The lad's heart's that set on it—an' all the other lads wid him goin'! It's never my boy 'ud shtay behind afraid like. For my father was a soldier away back beyond in Kilmarnock, an' his father was a soldier before that. So I wrote the lad not to be frettin'—me an' the bit pig 'ud pull through the winter shplendid, and I'd ways o' makin' money he knowed nothin' about.

"But I got to thinkin' maybe he'd be a bit lonesome, comin' down by wid niver a look at his ould mother. A good-bye ye write, black an' white an' cold on paper isn't like the good-bye ye say wid yer eyes an' yer lips. An' I—I got thinkin'—maybe he's not got warm flannens on him—or maybe they'd not get quite enough to eat down there in Val Cartyez. An' I got thinkin'—maybe he'd be sick or cold widout a nip o' me cordial to make him betther an'—me boy's no coward, he's always been a brave fine lad—but, oh, I got to thinkin' maybe some day he'd be frightened—just frightened like when he was a baby an' clung so tight to me an' hid his face in me shouldher—an'—an' I got to wishin' I could ask him to mind his prayers, an' tell him I was sayin' mine over every night for him—"

The old voice trailed off into uncertainty. McNaughton could not see the face she turned to the window; but he felt there were tears on her cheeks.

They were chance acquaintances. McNaughton, making his way northward to join his construction party at work on a northern branch line, wandering back from his sleeper in search of entertainment had come upon the little old lady sitting in nervous state on the very front seat of one of the first class coaches, her eyes keeping strict watch of a huge market-basket deposited at her feet. She was dressed in neat though rusty and old-fashioned black; her toil-stained hands, crossed in her lap, were guiltless of gloves, and the feet that showed beneath her plain short skirt were cased in the coarsest of shoes. Her face was brown and wrinkled and weather-beaten, and, save for two things, she was such a little insignificant old woman as one might have found on many a railway of the north land. And the first of these was that she had an air of courage and daring almost martial, a sort of premonitory victory which shone out from her old face and found its home in the steadfastness of the old eyes which, looking for the first time on so much that was strange, yet faced the accomplishment of her task without hesitation. The second, and what had drawn McNaughton's attention, was that in the very front of the old widow's bonnet which she had worn on state occasions now for twenty years, was pinned a brilliant little toy flag—the Union Jack. McNaughton hesitated in the aisle beside her. Then,

"May I sit here, mother?" he asked her gently.

She moved over to make room, a bit wonderingly, placing her basket away from his feet with grave care.

"I see you're on your way to Valcartier," he said with kindly banter. "May I ask if you're a Brigadier General or only a Colonel of Infantry?"

She looked back at him with quiet eyes, his humour undetected.

"Indade, I'm not that sor,—only the mother of a soldier goin' to say

him good-bye. He was always great for flags, was Jimmy. I thought he'd like to see his mother wearin' this one. An' I thought he'd ought to have something to remind him of me out there in them foreign parts he'll be fightin' in. But he wrote a soldier can't be carryin' trinkets an' such—an' I thought there's one thing he'll be always lookin' at—in battle times an'—an' even if he's wounded—an' that's the ould Union Jack—God bless it. An' I thought if I just wore this wee one in me bonnet when he said good-bye he'd be more heartened like; an' maybe when he saw it again shinin' through the smoke o' the battle he'd send a thought back to his ould mother by her lone in Keppel Corners. An' I'd be comforted a bit too mayhap, knowing I was wearing his flag.'

The laughter had died out of McNaughton's eyes.

"I'm sure there is no one who has a better right to wear it," he said gently.

After that he busied himself for her comfort. She had "brought a bit lunch" she told him, and eaten it before she left Toronto. She was "just goin' to sit there all night long." Maybe she'd "take wee cat naps after a bit." Did he think—anxiously—if she put her foot on the basket "this-like," suiting the action to the word, anybody'd be so mean as to "go and shteal it" from her if she happened to fall asleep. "For," she confessed, "I never shlept a wink o' me eyes last night, and I be that tired I'm afraid o' me life I'll be tumbling ashleep!"

McNaughton assured her. But what was in the basket?

"Well now, I'll tell ye," she whispered confidentially. "There's lots that many a one would be glad to get. There's two good shirts for Jimmy an' a good pair o' woollen mittens. Mrs. Merton (that's the doctor's wife at Keppel Village) showed me a pair o' wristlets—that's what she called 'em, stingy things; just about up to a man's knuckles an' shtoppin' there! She said they was what folks knit for the boys, but I couldn't bear to think of his poor red fingers out in the cold, an' I just went right ahead an' made him good ould-fashioned mittens. Do you think he'll like them?"

"I know he will," said McNaughton, "He'll love every stitch."

"An'," she added happily, "I've two pies an' a roasted chicken an' one o' those long muffler things for him to wear round his stomach—though," she added, with a little chuckling laugh, "I don't think Jimmy'll think much o' that. He was never great to be wrappin' up himself; he'd never be pershuaded to wear an overcoat forbye it was down to zero. I don't think he'll ever take to wearin' a muffler round his stomach! An' I've two bottles of good cordial I made meself—case he'd be cold or sick; an' a fine good loaf of home-made bread an' some butter. An' I walked all the way to Northbury just to buy me two little cakes o' maple sugar, for he used to like it best of all the sweeties when he was a wee lad. An' there's three fine warm pairs o' socks there. I sat up near all night to get 'em finished; but the last pair I'm worried 's a bit queer-like, for I'd no more yarn to finish 'em, an' I just bethought me an' unravelled the tops o' me shtockin's—shure they were too long be far, up to me knees! But," she added wistfully, "they were red. Will he be laughin', do you think, at red ends on his gray socks?"

"Indeed he'll not," said McNaughton. "Red is warmer than any other color, and it wears better. Didn't you see they were advising people who were knitting for the soldiers to put red feet in their socks?"

The relief on the old face paid him. "Is it so?" she breathed, "an' I *did* it for him, not knowin'. Shure the saints were good to me that time."

"I know just the place where you can sleep," he told her. "There's an empty berth next mine up in the sleeper. You could lie down there and have a real rest, just go to bed the same as if you were at home. I'll see that it's fixed up for you."

She thanked him profusely, calling down blessings on his head for this kindness to "an ould body all by her lone," but she was manifestly uneasy. She'd be "likely not near so well off, but betther contint like" to sit just where Misther Cole, "who was the master of the station down forbye," had put her. "An' I might loose me basket if I fell to shleep, or they'd be whiskin' me on beyond Sudbruy. As for undhressin'!—saints preserve me—I could niver do that at all at all! No, I'd bether bide where I be, thank ye kindly. I'm not used to thravellin' ways," she added apologetically, "an' I'd be more content to bide!"

McNaughton, seeing the anxiety in the old blue eyes, acquiesed.

"Of course," he said, but there were pillows for people who wanted them and blankets, too. He would get them for her at least. He came back with a grinning negro porter and stood by while he made the seat as comfortable as might be, its occupant meanwhile sitting very erect and alert, one surreptitious foot on the precious basket. He left her still bolt upright, with the determination not to sleep one wink plainly showing in her eager old face.

After he had gone and the few other occupants of the car settled down to noisy slumber, she sat patiently waiting. At first she peered out anxiously at every little station, fearful lest she pass her destination in the dark, though of course they had told her she could not reach it until morning. Hour after hour she watched the flitting procession of phantom lake and bluff and island, signal-lighted on occasion by the lamps of some little way-station which the great express roared by scornfully, passing out again into the night. It was like a

"MAY I SIT HERE, MOTHER?" HE ASKED HER GENTLY

dream, the strange motion through the pulsing darkness—its only reality that somewhere at its end, somewhere in this strange dark world or in another lighted one she was to find "Sudbruy" and the troop-train and her "wee lad" going out to fight. Somewhere out in that dark his train rocked eastward, and so many things may happen to a train! And to a soldier—oh, dear God!

Toward morning she must have slept for she did not hear the stopping of the train. It was the movement of the passengers which roused her, and with a vague sense that something was wrong she peered out through the smoke-grimed window. Her fellow-passengers were already on the platform and after a time of anxious uncertainty she summoned courage to follow their example, her precious basket tightly grasped in her hand.

They were at one of the smaller way-stations, "Kepanegan" it read. There was nothing in sight save the frame station house, coldly gray in the twilight of sunrise. On both sides stretched a forest of poplar and birch shutting out the rest of the world save where the narrow roadway of the track led off into the dimness of the woods on either side. A low light burned in the bare waiting-room, but nobody seemed about. Shivering passengers walked the long platform disconsolate. She caught broken scraps of conversation,—"wait here for hours," "track washed out," "a broken dam," "German incendiarism," "a narrow escape," "merciful providence," "strange thing to happen on a road like this!" "carelessness somewhere," "the heroism of a trackman," "nothing here to eat," "no diner of course on the midnight special."

From a door at the end of the station house McNaughton emerged, making his way toward her through the crowd. She hurried to meet him.

"An' where is't we are now?" she queried anxiously.

"Kepanegan. Drink this coffee, mother. We may be able to get something to eat later but there is no diner."

"Arre we on this side o' Sudbruy, sor?"

"Indeed we are, mother, — fifty miles."

"An' how long will we be waitin' here? an' why?"

"Nobody knows how long. There is a big wash-out up the track."

"An' it niver rained for weeks, sor! It can't be! They do be jokin' ye!"

"No, t'was a broken dam on the Apsinaga. But don't look like that, Mrs. Maloney. We'll get you across some way. I've telegraphed already to find the troop train. It is still four hours from Sudbury."

"An' how long will it be takin' *us* to get there?"

"About two if we had an open track."

She cast him a glance, despairing. "But the river," she hazarded, "there'll be a way o' gettin' acrost it?"

"Yes, a man four miles down the river owns a little boat. We have sent for him already. They will perhaps make a raft."

The passengers in little groups of threes and fours had begun to make their way to the scene of the disaster. The old woman's eyes followed them wistfully. "I think, sor," she said, "I'll just be goin' up after them, nearbye to the raft."

"But drink the coffee first, won't you?" McNaughton pleaded.

SHE STOOD UP UNCERTAINLY, TAKING A HESITATING STEP TOWARDS THE TRACK. DID SHE DARE TO GO?

She lifted the cup to trembling lips, then put it down again untasted. "It's no use, sor," she said, "I just can't take it, someway." Her old eyes were full of unshed tears. "I'm that worried I'll miss seein' him I just feel I must get as near as I can. An'—an' I think I'll go on to where the raft will be. Shure it don't take long makin' a raft—a few bit boards like."

McNaughton watched the bent eager figure hurrying away, the market basket still clutched tightly. He was sorry he had raised her hopes with the story of the raft. They would be too busy with the threatened track to spare time for anything but its safe-guarding for hours to come. In the station-house he waited long enough to send a message to his chief; then he followed the crowd toward the scene of disaster. At the end of the yard he overtook Mrs. Maloney. He was beginning to regard her as his especial charge and he slowed his pace to hers.

"Well, General," he said, "how's the march?"

The land on either side lay low and marshy, crowded with swamp-cedar and tamarack. It dipped slightly as they went on and a "fill" had been made to preserve the level of the track. Then the slope of the land increased, the trees dropped away, changing to dogwood, willow and water-reeds through which swept a current of muddy brown water which shoved against the yielding ballast and sucked and curled along the sides of the track. The sound of axes came plainly from the neighboring swamp. Men were already cutting trees to serve as a retaining wall. This had once been the main bed of the Apsinaga. When the road was built a huge concrete dam a mile or more up the stream had turned the main river into the north channel, thus saving the expense of a bridge here, where, on account of the low land and the treacherous spring freshets, it must have been at least a mile in length. The "fill" had been much cheaper even with the added expense of the dam above.

McNaughton and his companion entered and passed groups of excited passengers discussing the situation. A train man stopped them, saying it was dangerous to proceed but, recognizing McNaughton added, "Of course you know the place, Mr. McNaughton, you can go on through if

you wish." McNaughton had been resident engineer on this section at its building five years before. They moved forward a few yards almost to the edge of the rushing water. The Apsinaga was one of the largest rivers of the division. Now it was pouring its way down the wide reedy valley as if it rejoiced to be once more at home. The dam had been dynamited during the night—German incendiarism, it was supposed, since troops were expected to move over this line, though they knew nothing definite. It had been guarded since the moving of the troops but only one picket had been on duty as it was not supposed to be a likely point of attack since few people save an engineer would have under stood its value. Picket and dynamiter had both perished in the explosion which it was reported had torn away the banks and dug a great hole in the river bed into which its waters along with those of the north branch were pouring, only to be pushed out relentlessly by the force behind them and hurried down the old channel which, long before the C. P. R. had made a great river of the north branch, the Indians knew and followed as the Apsinaga.

Where the main force of their current struck the long "fill" on which the track crossed the Apsinaga valley it had swept out every vestige of ballast. For more than a hundred feet the track hung like some giant spider-web from crumbling edge to edge, and fifteen feet below, the tops of the piles driven to form a foundation for the lighter ballast of the fill showed clean and bare. For the main part the rails, bolted as they were to each other and to the ties, held these latter in their places. Occasionally one broke away and fell with an odd dull splash

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Card-Indexing the Babies

QUEENIE AND SAMMY AND 'LIZBETH FROM LIVERPOOL AS LOOKED AFTER BY THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF TORONTO

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by Marion Long

EMMELINE worked in a glove factory and she made $6 a week. She was nineteen. She was pretty. She had a father that the lamp posts hated to hold up, and a mother whose arms rarely came out of the washtub save for the purpose of seeking the unprotected portions of the six littler Emmelines and Johnnies who made life in three rooms a picture puzzle, even when one was sober. And Emmeline's mother wasn't, always.

Laundry work, even with a jag in parenthesis, doesn't tend to sweetness of character, and Emmeline stayed out of the atmosphere of suds and sulphur as many evenings as she could. A young expressman—he was a swell dancer—used to wait for her on the corner.

. . . . Of course. You knew it when you heard she was pretty.

Mother raged and cursed above the tubs. Dad took the swing-door road to temporary oblivion. But the baby came in due course, according to the placid, crushing inevitableness of almighty law. And Emmeline named her Queenie.

She was a wee, claw-fingered atom with huge brown eyes and a wail. Even when I saw the City of Toronto fighting for her life some five months later, she was scarcely bigger than some of the much-desired little ones that come into a world all pink ribbons and white lace, with an announcement card ready to send to the tip-toed Clan.

QUEENIE WAS PUT INTO THE CLEANEST CRIB HER GUARDIAN ANGEL HAD EVER KNOWN IN THE FAMILY

"Git rid of her, you—" roared Emmeline's father.

"Send her to the Sisters. They'll look after her," advised her mother, staring down at the skeleton of unwantedness. "She'll only be in your way."

Emmeline herself didn't want her. Where was the six a week to come from if she stayed with Queenie? And what would happen to Queenie if she went to work? That tragedy is as old as Desire, and Drink and Death and all the other forces that had gone to the calling of this brown-eyed scrap of soul-dust from the void. Once, she would have gone back, a hank of waste from the Life-loom, not even Emmeline caring.

But here comes the difference. Into the solemn, sordid little conclave about her there stepped a new actor, a great shadowy presence called the City of

Toronto, represented by the birth-registration man who green-cards all the Queenies, wanted and not wanted.

The baby in the dirty blue-and-white checked rags had been a soul before. Now she was a citizen. Wherefore in due time another emissary of the City called in the person of one of the thirty-six Child Welfare nurses who guard the coasts of life against the raking guns of disease and destruction in Toronto. Presently, Queenie vanished from the steamy three rooms and became part of the City's big, airy household.

"I never saw anybody with less mother love in all my life," the nurse said later to the reporter, as both stood over the big-eyed baby in her white iron crib. "Emmeline was crushed and sullen and defiant, just like an animal that has been kicked. To her way of thinking, Queenie had brought all this upon her, and so she hated Queenie. But I made up my mind that the only way to save Emmeline was to make her want to save Queenie. And she's doing it!" Queenie was transferred to a Creche, where, for ten cents a day, she swung in the cleanest crib her guardian angel had ever known in the family. In the morning she was called on by her friend the City nurse, who saw to the making up of the brand of modified milk the doctor ordered. All day long she was cared for by another nurse hired by the private philanthropists in co-operation with the Health Department, whose line of duty-appeal was Creche management. At night, Emmeline came in from the glove factory, paid her tiny dues and listened, apathetically at first, but gradually with more and more interest, to the nurse's helper's account of the cute ways of the crib-occupant. Queenie was a personage here, it seemed. Queenie had the prettiest eyes in the Creche. Queenie's weight-card showed a zig-zagging upward line. Queenie, despite her emaciation, was a good baby who didn't cry, 'least, not often, as you might say.

And she, Emmeline, was Queenie's mother.

Haltingly, surreptitiously at first, as though ashamed to be discovered practicing, Emmeline tried the dear-foolish baby words that came so easily to those other women who were not Queenie's mother. She put her hand on Queenie's, that hand that made the gloves so quickly, and couldn't afford to wear them. Queenie's tiny fingers closed around Emmeline's.

And even if she didn't have a wedding ring, and even if some folks did look at her under their eyelashes, Queenie didn't. Queenie loved her. And she loved Queenie.

WEARY WITH PUSHING A GO CART AS A NECESSARY ACCOMPANIMENT TO GETTING OUTDOORS, THESE MOTHERS ENJOY A NURSE-CONDUCTED SAIL

Of course to the Health Department, the baby without a name is the exception. We chose her to lead the line of those to whom the thirty-six White-Caps minister, because she was one of the tiniest and the most needy. There are many other little Torontonians however, rich in Yiddish mother-words, Italian smiles or just-out Cockney affection, who need the nurse about as much as Queenie did, since love alone can't always read the doctor-book.

For the purpose of saving all the babies for the City, Toronto is divided into three self-governing districts, the map of which you may see at the Head Office in the City Hall, if any one of the madly-typing, deftly-filing, or earnestly-phoning young ladies can take the time to show it to you.

North Toronto, the Junction, Parkdale and the main city down to College Street, west of Sherbourne, form the district known as Hillcrest, whose headquarters up in a northern police station carries a 'phone that we wished was self-answering when we tried to interview Miss Supervisor later on in the day. Here the cohorts gather, half in the morning, half at noon, to report, take counsel, and drink what tea the 'phone allows.

The western part of the city, known as Woodbine, has also its headquarters, supervisor and nurses, as has the red-marked plague-centre that makes up the third District and includes the historic Ward, and the still-worse-crowded section to the south.

Each District possesses two Neighborhood Workers' associations which meet in the headquarters once a fortnight. Here the churches, the charitable organizations good, bad and hit-or-miss, together with the settlements, meet with the nurses to discuss for example, 3765,—otherwise the Malby family whose misfortunes have put them on file. The first postulant here was Martha, now 3765 A, who came into the card catalogue through the Infant Welfare Department, what time she decided to enter the world. Patricia was Exhibit B, for the same reason. Linda, the mother, is now C, and soon a little wailing D will be added to the subjects denoted by the white individual cards that crowd in behind the big blue one that stands for the Malby family as a unit.

If there are no complications, and Concelto, the corporation-laborer-father doesn't drink or run out of coal, the Neighborhood Association will never hear of 3765, which will be of interest only to the Medical side. But in case of want, the charitable organizations are given a push forward or a pull back, as the case seems to warrant and if necessary Ugo, Francis and Dora, the school-age Malbyites are fresh-aired, childrens'-sheltered, or sent to the clinic.

That word clinic has confused but pleasant memories for me. The Health Department of the City of Toronto, in its fatherly interest in all who need assistance, prescribed a taxi to the reporter and her nurse-mentor so that they could see the clinics—not all of them, since there are twenty-one for well babies, not to mention those for the sick-in-general and those others

again where the little chalk-faced tuberculars go—but just enough of them so that CANADA MONTHLY readers should understand the what and the why, the whom-for and the how-much-gained of this great Battle for the Babies.

The next step planned in the brain that moves the Health Armies is that there shall be a nurse with an auto whose work shall consist solely in taking up the cases of the newly-arriveds so soon as they are registered. She will see the mother, leave literature, instruct verbally where necessary, and hand her a list of the times and places of the Well-Baby Clinics. The mother will then have the free advice of specially trained workers from the start and if the vulnerable spot in young Achilles isn't discovered and promptly dealt with, it won't be the City's fault.

At present, notification of this sort is in the hands of the overworked regular staff nurses, but despite that and despite the fact that some of the clinics are held in such unintended places as school annexes, playgrounds and public libraries, their number grows so fast that there's no use printing a list of them. Better still, the attendance at each grows daily. And young Achilles personally grows like a weed.

The University Settlement is in the very heart of the dirtiest, highest-rented, one-room-per-family district and here we went to see a clinic in progress. This one, though in charge of the Settlement, has a City nurse in attendance.

While the white-gowned doctor listens to Angelina's voluble, two-handed account of the internal disturbances of young Tony, the nurse weighs Angelina 2nd, a stirring five-months-old clothed in a gold ring and a smile. Big sister Teresina sits hard by with the weight card. The smiler has gained, it appears, and the whole family will rejoice to-night and crow over those Yiddishers next door whose Sammy ain't done near so well.

Out in the hall waits young Isabella in the arms of that other Isabella from Liverpool who worked ten years in an eleven-hours-a-day button factory before she got married and came to the Colonies. Isabella Junior-ette is entered away down at the City Hall as having first appeared as an out-patient at the Sick Children's Hospital. That was a digestive disturbance the nurse says. Then she attended the Hospital's Well-Baby Clinic but it was such a long car ride that she was transferred to the Settlement as being nearer home. She has attended here for six weeks, "reg'lar as the day come round, miss," her mother tells us. Despite that, she has just held her own. Indeed, her weight card looks like a ballroom floor compared to the fireman's ladder effect of Angelina's. If the Health Department hadn't been on its job, there wouldn't have been any Isabella to chew those blue bonnet strings and do her best to tip over the cup o' tea that the Settlement will give the big Isabella later on.

The mother-institution for all the clinics is of course the Hospital for Sick Children, whose 400 beds and out-patient department and milk-pasteurizing plant have saved so many Isabellas.

Here the City does the visiting. When a case is discharged, if it were not followed up, like as not the conditions that produced the first illness would issue in a second. So the city nurse walks her dainty little shoes up the alley-way between the stable and the Greek restaurant and when she finds the little rear house, backed up into the big manure pile, she also finds the cause of her patient's downfall. Of course it doesn't happen very often that there is a literal manure pile. The sanitary inspector sees to that. Probably it's a dirty milk bottle, or a damp floor, or perhaps it's just that Ontario didn't abolish the bar when she got the chance. Anyhow, the nurse pitches in and if the family has never appeared in the file before it comes in now and all the Health-Department-directed activities that centre in the clinics and the Neighborhood Associations, are turned loose on the new find.

But this is really ahead of the story, for the baby must be a patient investigated medically, before it becomes a Social Service case, investigated via the street car.

On the big airy verandahs and in the Wards of the Hospital for Sick Children we saw the little pinch-faced mites that were too much for the Well-Baby Clinics—Clara who looked like a pale little corpse, and Lily, too weak to cry, and Ernest, recovering, with his thumb in his mouth ("Oh, naughty!" said the nurse), and James who really wasn't sick at all. James had been looked after by another mother with nine children—his own having skipped—and when he wasn't just exactly well, his second parent-by-chance packed him off to the Hospital, where the tall nurses argued around his crib but let him stay, 'cause of his curls.

The milk department of the Hospital provides 500 bottles a day of specially prepared nourishment for depots in town. This milk is "modified" in different ways, mainly according to five formulae, though forty little customers have theirs individually prescribed, written on cards and pinned about the wall so that all can see that the Jones baby takes so many ounces of whatyoucallit, as against Frederico Gianelli who would look like a hat rack in no time unless he got his dope in inverse ratio as to ingredients.

The problem of cleaning the bottles is an extra-special italicized proposition since many of them go to and fro from homes where, if a bottle were clean it would feel positively stuck up! Which of course, introduces a still red-headeder problem, viz:—how to teach the mothers of the bottle users to

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TERESINA WILL CROW OVER THOSE YIDDISHERS NEXT DOOR WHOSE SAMMY AIN'T DONE NEAR SO WELL

"SAVIORS OF CIVILIZATION"

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait!

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Don't exaggerate," I said sharply. "I don't doubt anything that you have reported to me. I can't explain it, I'll agree. But there is an explanation. We may find it out some day, or we may never find it out. But the thing really happened. I'm going to stick to that and I want you to."

"I don't know," he said. "I haven't told you yet. I've been afraid to tell you. Because, when I tell you, you won't believe any more than I do. Listen to this: Dr. Crow comes around and arranges for me to paint a portrait for Miss Meredith from a photograph—a photograph of a girl who's dead, and he takes the photograph out of its paper wrapping and shows it to me. And what do you suppose I see there? Whose face, Drew? Guess—guess whose face that was."

I stared at him and my own dry throat could hardly utter the question—the wild, fantastic question his words suggested.

"Not— Not—" I whispered.

He nodded. "The same face. The very same face that I had seen on the bridge, that I'd found painted during my absence there in my studio—the face that had been reflected in my old mirror while the sitter herself painted it."

He stood up and thrust out his hands at me with a kind of feverish energy. "Do you believe me now? Haven't you any misgivings yourself? Haven't you got right now in the back of your head the idea that you'll run around and talk to Pritchard or Foster, or some other of those big nerve and insanity specialists?"

That shot of his came uncannily near the mark, but I thrust the misgiving out of my mind as soon as it showed itself there.

"Not a bit of it," said I. "But you will be a patient for one of those fellows if you let yourself go like this. Look here! You painted the portrait from that photograph, didn't you? You could see straight enough to put it on canvas and to satisfy Miss Meredith with the result."

"Oh, my eyes and hands are all right," said Jeffrey. "If there's a kink anywhere, it's farther inside than that."

"You say it was Miss Meredith's niece you painted a portrait of? How recent was the photograph?"

Jeffrey gave a laugh that was half a shiver. "Well, that's the last question," he said. "That brings out the whole tale. The photograph, Drew, was taken in Paris four years ago. It was three years ago that the girl died. She died in Paris of smallpox—during the epidemic three years ago. And, well—you can verify the other date yourself. It was two years ago that you and Madeline visited Paris, wasn't it? You're quite sure of that?"

There was a ring at the door just then and we heard Togo, the Jap, admitting some one into the anteroom.

CHAPTER V.

THE JADE EARRING.

When Togo opened the studio door, Jeffrey summoned him in with a nod and with a gesture told him to shut the door after him.

"I can't see anybody to-day," he said. "There's no telling what sort of a fool I'll make of myself." Then he turned to Togo. "Who is it, Togo?"

"He Dr. Crow," said Togo. "He come one time before this morning. You out. He wait. Go way. Come back. Here now."

"I won't see him," said Jeffrey "That's all there is about it."

"If he's already been here once," said I, "he's probably got something important to say, and if Togo sends him away he'll come back a little later."

"Look here," said Jeffrey; "you see him yourself. Find out what he wants. If he asks to see the picture, you can tell him you don't know where it is. Tell him I've been having trouble with the frame—anything you like, but get rid of him for two or three days. If you're right about it, if I'm not crazy, if the picture's just been stolen in an ordinary, human way and from ordinary human motives, we can probably get it back. Maybe we

sha'n't have to let the old lady know it ever was lost. Anyhow, tell him some cock-and-bull story that will keep him quiet for a while. While you're doing that I'll go down and see my friend Richards of police headquarters."

"I thought you hadn't much opinion of the police when it came to detective work," said I.

"No more I have," was Jeffrey's answer. "But an ordinary theft doesn't call for detective work. The police know who the thieves are; they know the fences and what particular sort of fence makes a specialty of a particular sort of stolen property. And if it's a case where they are really interested, they go and get it and bring it back. I've done Richards many a good turn before now, in my old newspaper days, and I've an idea he'll do what he can for me."

He was struggling into his overcoat before he had finished speaking, and at the end he moved toward the door that led out into the corridor. On reaching the door he stopped impulsively and came back to me.

"I don't know, old man," he said, "Whether you're the greatest liar in the world or not. But you're a Good Samaritan, anyway. If you'd taken my story the way anybody could have been expected to take it, and if you'd said any of the ordinary, so-called, comforting things about nerves and overwork and so on, I don't know what I'd have done."

"I haven't done much yet," said I. "But it's my affair now as much as it is yours. We'll see it out together."

He caught my hand in a grip that fairly hurt. "Stay here till I come back," he said, as he turned again toward the door. "I'll ring when I come and find out from Togo if the doctor's gone. If he hasn't I'll wait in the anteroom. You show him out this way."

"All right," said I, and the next moment I heard his footsteps echoing down the hall.

It wasn't until I'd directed Togo to show Dr. Crow into the study that I realized I had no excuse to give for being there, or for asking his business on Jeffrey's behalf. But a lawyer is always in need of explanations for things, and I have found an excellent expedient, when all others fail, in telling the simple truth. It's apt to be quite as misleading, provided you really want to mislead anybody, as the most ingenious fiction.

Dr. Crow entered in a quick, eager sort of way, looked around the room for Jeffrey, and then, seeing that I was the only person in the room, stopped, hesitated, and then spoke in a tone obviously puzzled.

"I—I want to speak to Mr. Jeffrey," he said. "I—understood his man to tell me he was here. Indeed, I thought I heard his voice."

"He was here," said I. "He only went out this moment."

"That's singular," said the doctor. "Didn't his man say I wanted to see him ?"

"Yes," said I. "But I'd noticed before that he seemed rather upset, and, on hearing that he had another visitor, said abruptly that he could see no one, asked me to stay and see you, and bolted. I suppose his parting injunction entitles me to ask if I can be of any service to you. I'll try to do anything you ask me to, except explain Mr. Jeffrey's departure. I'm afraid that's beyond me."

While I talked I was recalling to mind Jeffrey's description of the man that he had given us the night before, the rather charming young doctor who had arranged for the portrait between him and Miss Meredith. He fully justified's Jeffrey's adjective. A good-looking young chap—dark, slender, very bright-eyed. His smile came quickly, when he wanted it—almost too quickly, so that it reminded me a little of switching on the electric light.

"The advantage of being an artist," he said amiably, "is that one doesn't have to explain things like that. Temperament will cover anything—in the case of as gifted a man as Jeffrey, anything he could possibly take it into his head to do."

Illogically enough, I resented this a little and felt an inclination to justify my friend's action by taking my caller much more fully into our confidence than I had intended to do. What stopped me was the idea that perhaps this was exactly what the doctor had intended.

"I'm afraid I sha'n't be much good as a substitute," said I.

"Why," said the doctor, "it is possible that you'll do better than the man himself. You don't mind my asking a few questions ?"

"Not a bit," said I. "I'll answer anything I can. Sit down, won't you ?"

He didn't take the chair I indicated, but walked across the room and drew up another one. I took it that the manoeuver was executed to give him a better chance to look around the studio—possibly to see whether the portrait of the girl in the satin gown was in sight anywhere.

"I am a substitute myself," he said, when he was settled in the chair he had selected. "Jeffrey painted a portrait for a—client, or patient, or relative of mine, I don't know just which to say; she comes under all three categories—Miss Meredith."

"I didn't know you were related to her," I observed.

He shot a quick look at me. "I see you know about her already," said he. "All the better. I'm not a relative in any strict sense," he went on. "A sort of half-nephew by marriage, perhaps. We're all so mixed up that it is difficult to keep such matters straight. However, it's a close enough family connection to justify me in going rather outside of the strict duties of a medical practitioner."

"Justify ?" I questioned.

"Why, in the main," he said, "I hold that a doctor should be a doctor to his patients and nothing else. The

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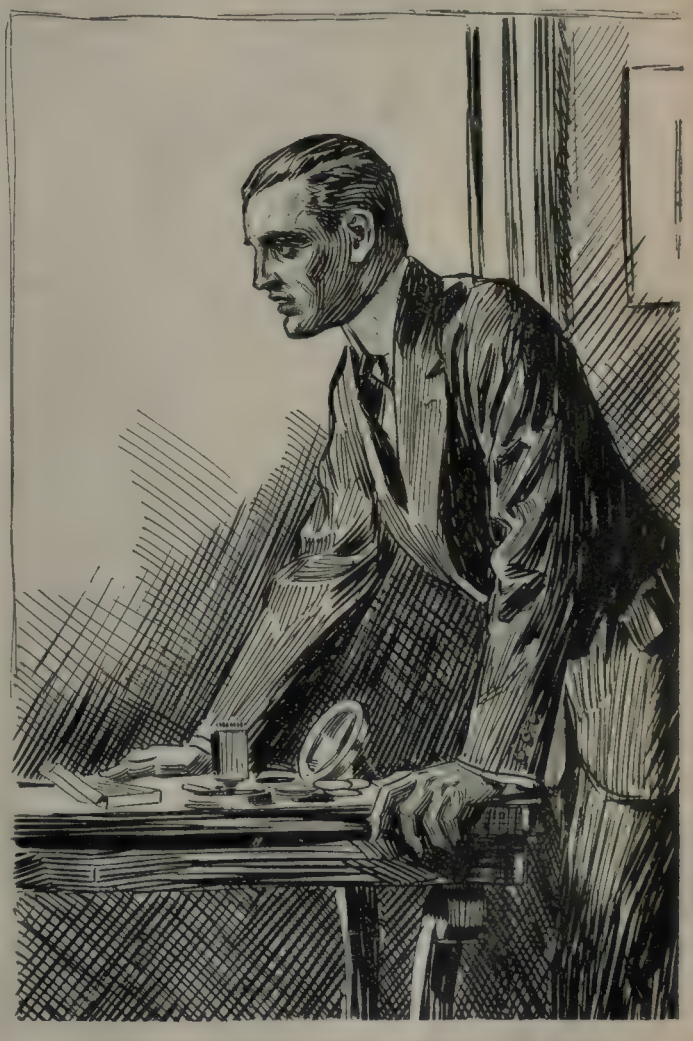

"MY EYES AND HANDS ARE ALL RIGHT," SAID JEFFREY. "IF THERE'S A KINK, IT'S FARTHER INSIDE"

In the Forefront

COLONEL SAM STEELE, THE UNAFRAID; MRS. ALBERT GOODERHAM, WHO WORKS FOR "OUR BOYS"; SIR ADAM BECK, WHO TAMED ROSEBERY AND HARNESSED NIAGARA FALLS; MISS AGNES SPROULE, CALLED "ST. AGNES OF THE CAMPS"

Colonel Steele

The genial D. O. C., who is not afraid of anything—not even of consequences

By Nan Moulton

GIVEN an appearance like a fortification, impregnable, protective, bulking four-square; given a name like the flash of a bright sword in the sun—Sam Steele; given a father a captain in the Royal Navy through the Napoleonic War; wouldn't such a man just naturally be born for battles? Colonel Steele says not; he did not inherit military instincts, did not cherish military ambitions, and his being a soldier is just the result of an accident. That accident was the Fenian Raid.

If Colonel Steele was not born a soldier, did not elect to be a soldier, then it remains a clear case of foreordination. He has looked upon the Indian when red, upon the Boer when "slim," upon the miner rushing into the Klondyke, gold-mad and lawless, eight hundred boats-load of him in full sight at once on eleven miles of Lake Bennett, upon the Chinaman outrageous along the Rand, and upon the publisher, copy-hungry. Colonel Steele is just not afraid of anything, not even of consequences.

So he has in his possession a Commander of the Bath and Member of the Victorian Order from the South African war, the general service medal, medal and clasps of the Red River Expedition and North-West Rebellion, Queen's medal and four clasps for the first phase of the South African war, King's medal and all the clasps for the second phase of the South African war. He was mentioned several times in dispatches. He is Honorary Lieutenant Colonel of the British Army. He has every military certificate—infantry, cavalry, artillery.

Besides dash and daring and fearlessness, Colonel Steele has the gift of organization and administration. The annals of the North West Mounted Police of Canada testify to this gift across the whole epic sweep of prairie for nearly four decades. After the rush of ninety-eight, Superintendent Steele organized and commanded the whole mounted force of the Yukon and was a Member of the Council for the government of the Territory. Again, in South Africa, he organized the South African Constabulary as he had done his own divisions in the West, and the green-and-gold of the S. A. C. stood throughout those troubled States for the same protection and efficiency and British justice as is set forth by the scarlet tunics of the R. N. W. M. P. Back in Canada, in 1907, he organized Military District No. 13, in Alberta, and since 1909 has been D. O. C. of M. D. No. 10, with headquarters at Fort Osborne, Winnipeg. Here he has increased the militia from ten units in 1908 to forty units at the present time.

No knowledge of fear, an organizing and executive genius, so far, so much. Add now, judgment, keen, dependable, human, cool, quick. When a man has to think, decide and act all in one flash, in a primitive life where restless Indians, whiskey-smugglers, rough railway camps and gold-drunk prospectors kaleidoscope, his judgment must needs be swift and illuminating as the cut of lightning.

There was a time along the Rand when the Boers were disarmed and the yellow men from the mines ran amuck doing pleasant little things like cutting throats. There is a story that Colonel Steele pointed out to Lord Milner and his Council, in one of his characteristic brief and unadorned notes—a stiff, straight word or two to a line, a few black, wide lines to a page—that the Boer farmers around Johannesburg were in want and that a few shot-guns, judiciously distributed, would help the larder of the vrow. Lord Milner read between the lines, (there's lots of space between the brusque lines of the Colonel's communications) smiled, and sent out the shot-guns. The Chinamen on their next visits did not cut any brown Boer throats. It was at Colonel Steele's suggestion that the natives in Natal and the Eastern Transvaal were disarmed after the Boer War. Lord Milner approved the suggestion and the S. A. C. accomplished the disarming, which left the Boer farmers safe from any future native uprisings or attack.

Then the Colonel has an irremediable taste for the truth, which makes for absolute reliability. It was during the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when the N. W. M. P. were policing the construction camps in the Rockies, that, at Golden City, a notorious contractor, drinking and truculent, was twice snatched from members of the Police by the turbulent mob. Inspector Steele was on a sick-bed at the barracks. Twice his men had posted back for instructions, and, a third time, on a narrow bridge, a sergeant and a couple of men were trying to hold their prisoner against a mad crowd brandishing knives and guns. Suddenly, down the road from the barracks, roused by the shots and the shouting, pounded the Inspector himself. Big and grim, sword in one hand, pistol in the other, he faced the mob at the bridge. "The first man who steps on this bridge dies," he said. That crowd knew Sam Steele. Sam Steele always kept his word. The mob sobered, melted away, the sergeant secured his prisoner, and the Inspector went back to his bed.

When a man goes about with all this for history, his reputation puts moral force behind his very name. Manitoba and Ontario were having a family disturbance once down at Rat Portage. Sir John MacDonald asked Inspector Steele to take a detail of men and settle the fuss. Troubles ceased quickly and matters were amicably adjusted the very minute the two governments heard who was coming.

One would not suspect Colonel Steele of being versatile; he looks bronze and impassive as Buddha himself. But these are a few of his Yukon phases. He went up with his men in ninety-seven to the head of White and

Chilcoot Pass. The duties of the Police were to generally superintend the movements of the miners—they had charge of everything in the upper Kootenay. At the end, Superintendent Steele was thanked by the Governor-General-in-Council and made a Member of the Council, as has been told. In between, he was Customs Officer, Magistrate, Health Officer and a walking Bureau of Information. Anything anybody did not know, ask the Police! All this, besides cleaning up the Yukon and making a decent living-place out of a hell on earth. That is how the Superintendent, in one of his reports, describes Skagway: murder and robbery, shell games, illicit whiskey, shooting frays in the very shadow of the barracks. But from headquarters at Dawson, the personality of a man and the standards of a force went out again and leavened with law a land of gold and snow.

Naturally, with all his unorthodox frontier experience, Colonel Steele's ideals do not march with those of the rigid, exclusive, military caste system. He may be a martinet as to discipline: everything done thoroughly, everybody on time, no loose ends, no sloppy work, no malingering, obedience and duty first. After that, the Colonel believes the Commanding Officer should be a parent to his men, that from the newest recruit up through the N. C. O.'s and the subs and the regimental O. C.'s to the staff and the D. O. C., there should be the connecting link of personal touch and interest.

He believes in hard work and lots of it. Why not, when, back in seventy-four, it was he of whom Colonel Jarvis wrote that, on that dreadful march to Edmonton, he did the manual labor of at least two men? He believes, of all things, in impartiality, in the barracks being a real home for the soldiers, and in maintaining a high standard of honor among his men. Colonel Steele has always been of a conspicuous personal honor himself, so his men have something to measure up to. He wants each man he accepts to be capable of becoming an instructor. "Get them good and keep them good," sums up his way with his men. The success of his methods is testified to in one of General Buller's despatches during the Boer War. "The Strathcona Horse," he said, "rode well, shot well, fought well, and were admirably commanded by an officer (Colonel Steele) who maintained strict discipline without severity."

Any "Who's Who" will give you dates and outlines and events of Colonel Steele's career. But it would take a book for the stories that cluster round every year of his life since the day he went, a boy of sixteen, from his home in the country in Simcoe County, Ontario, up to Toronto to train as a soldier. (His father was the first member for Simcoe County and sat in the first Canadian Parliament.) He has built forts along the north, patrolled the border, hunted buffalo with the braves of Sitting Bull, slept in the snow, suppressed formidable strikes during the construction of the railway, escorted Commissioners on Treaty Makings with the Sioux and Blackfoot Indians, and travelled from Gilbert Plains to Fort Walsh in the foot-hills the first time white men ever made that trip, taking observations of latitude and longitude. He was on that first historic, memorable, extraordinary march in seventy-four into the North-West, establishing posts. He has seen Indians gathered ominously even unto nine thousand lodges. He was on the pack-trail

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COLONEL STEELE WAS HAPPIEST WHEN IN SOUTH AFRICA. HE WAS MOST MISERABLE WHEN WRITING HIS BOOK

MRS. ALBERT GOODERHAM
The mistress of Deancroft, who comes of a family of fighters

The Chief Knitter

Mrs. Gooderham, of the I. O. D. E., who works for "Our Boys"

By Nellie L. Rea

THE Daughters of the Empire is an organization with a noble name—a name with the sound of trumpets in it, a stately-ceremonial, three-feathers- and-a-train sort of name.

In peace, it is a thing to be sought after to be daughter of so vast, so powerful a combine of nations. But it isn't until the bugles that used to herald the entrance of a Governor-General and the guns that fired a birthday salute, become the bugles and the guns of hideous, world-wasting, Empire-smashing WAR that the daughters as well as the khaki-clad sons, have the chance to the full, to live up to their name.

Foremost among them is Mrs. Albert E. Gooderham, President of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, who has been a wonderful example and inspiration to Canadian women, who has given so generously of her energy to public charities and whose broadness of mind and forgetfulness of self in the national crisis, have endeared her to everyone who has been privileged to work with her.

That Mrs. Gooderham should come to the height of her usefulness in Wartime is quite according to her descent and upbringing.

Her girlhood days were spent in Amherstburg, and Windsor, Ontario, her father being Captain Duncanson, a Highland Scotchman, who came to Canada when quite a boy. In the town of his adoption he met and married Miss DeLisle, of French origin, and thus in the veins of Mrs. Gooderham, flows the blood of both great branches of the Canadian people.

Later the family moved to Windsor, but it was not until Miss Duncanson visited Toronto that she met the gallant soldier who is now Colonel of the Royal Grenadiers, having been gazetted into the regiment twenty nine years ago, the day the eldest son (now Captain Gooderham) was born. From the beginning Mrs. Gooderham took a keen interest in her husband's regiment and is highly reverenced by the officers and men in it.

There are five children of the Gooderham family now living, the two sons being military men and the daughters all members of the I. O. D. E. In Windsor, Ontario, there is a chapter of the organization bearing Mrs. Gooderham's name. This chapter consists largely of young girls whose mothers are friends of Mrs. Gooderham and as a matter of sentiment they named this chapter in honor of her.

It was fitting that Mrs. Gooderham's public work should begin in connection with the Red Cross Society when the first contingent went to South Africa at the time of the Boer War, and she has been on the Council ever since. At the present time almost every Chapter of the I. O. D. E., is engaged in visiting and caring for the wives and children of the men at the front. Some of them need help financially while others perhaps are strangers and in need of a woman's sympathy and interest in their loneliness. And who shall say whether the homesick little Englishwoman or her comforting Canadian sister will receive the greater benefit from the intercourse.

All Canada has read of how Miss Plummer suggested a movement to raise money for a Hospital Ship to be given from the women of the Dominion; how these women all worked for the sheer patriotism of the thing and how within a week every Chapter of the I. O. D. E., responded, even as far north as Dawson City, west to

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"The Lamplighter"

Sir Adam Beck, who tamed Rosebery and harnessed Niagara Falls

By John F. Charteris

A DIPLOMATIST averts war as long as possible. After that, a soldier steps in and conducts it. The two are as temperamentally dissimilar as water and fire. The diplomatist works by erosion, slowly: the soldier, by eruption, and woe betide Pompeii!

In politics, diplomatists are the rule, suave Machiavellis who stroke the country with one hand while with the other they work the vacuum cleaner on the country's pocket book. When a political Cromwell heaves up out of the mists, however, he scraps the stroker as well as the cleaner. He is like Moses with the Tables of Stone. You carry the Law in your heart, his law, or you get it broken over your head. You can take your choice. If you won't obey him, he turns to something that will—land values or railroads or the secrets of nature.

Adam Beck was born near Berlin, Ontario, of German stock. Twenty-five or thirty years ago he drifted into the lumber business, bought a box factory in London and settled down to find out all there was to be ascertained about wood. He sharpened his own saws, did this serious-minded, quiet-eyed young man whose only capital was his energy and his ability to bring that energy to a diamond-drill objective; he bought second hand machinery and fixed it up after hours; he kept his own books; he prospered.

SIR ADAM BECK
The political Moses, whose law you carry in your heart, or get it broken over your head

Then, because of his very concentration, he faced a threatened breakdown.

"What you need is horseback riding," the doctor remarked one night.

The future turfman and representative of Canada at the largest Horse Shows of England, knew nothing about horses, had never owned a single specimen. But he sought out a livery stable on Dundas Street and picked up a hack that was tired conveying folks to the station or the graveyard. First, he hired the animal. Then, after he had studied the subject in his usual methodical manner, he bought him.

"That horse was the famous high

jumper Rosebery, never beaten except by Mrs. Langtry's Filemaker," said a man who had watched the doctor's prescription emerge from his hackhood; "he was shown all over Canada, won prizes enough to fill a room, was sold for a large sum, and, when he finally met with an accident, was a dead loss to somebody else, rather than to his discoverer."

After that, Mr. Beck bought horses right and left, picking each with the care with which he did everything. The prescription, however, entailed something still better than fame in jockey land, for it was due to their mutual interest in racing that Rosebery's owner and the lovely Miss Ottaway met in Hamilton and decided that, although they still preferred to keep two stables, they wouldn't mind combining homes.

All this time, the Sir-Adam-to-be hadn't emerged in Mr. Beck. Politics didn't interest him then. It doesn't now. The mere pleasure of persuading an electorate that they wanted him to run favorite would never have drawn the turf enthusiast into the votes-arena.

But in London-the-less there was a problem to be solved, one January day. Victoria Hospital hadn't been well managed. It had been run for the medical fraternity rather than for the patients, it was averred. The situation needed a strong man as Hospital Trustee, to apply those business methods which are so hard to obtain in public-owned utilities.

Would Mr. Beck stand for the office ?

He would and did. And his election-cry, "The Hospital for the People!" not only brought him a majority of 2,600 on polling day when men depended on his mere promise; it brought him the Mayoralty when in 1902 he consented to accept it.

"His regime was characterized by his determination to have the business of the city conducted without favor or possible suspicion of graft," said a man who was associated with him throughout his term of office.

"Why does So and So want the chairmanship of No. 2 Committee ?" asked an also-wanting alderman, "he's rich !"

Under Mr. Beck's management the coveted plum reduced itself to the size and sweetness of a gooseberry. Peter, who desired to serve his country, was doubtless satisfied, but Judas, the collection-plater, had crepe on his arm.

Not only must the alderman keep to the strict letter of the law that said no man of his ilk could take a city contract. He must even forswear the chance of bedevilling the Fair Board or the Hospital Trustees or any other body receiving money from the city. One such incident did occur, anent a public building to be shingled. Whereupon Moses the Mayor calmly selected the stone bearing the Eighth Commandment and put a tin roof on the alderman.

But one city was too small a field for Mr. Beck. After providing the town of his adoption with a Public Health Institute and an up to date water system, for whose financial burden he assumed all risk until the

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SOMETIMES THE CAMPS ARE BIG AND CLEAN AND SOMETIMES THEY'RE LITTLE AND, WELL, —— NOT SO

St. Agnes of the Camps

Who travels 8,000 miles a year to visit her 100,000 boys

By Mabel Hillier

TO be unscarable, unfreezable, untirable; to be canny and sonsy; to have a good memory and a better forgettery—when needed; to possess a heart that doesn't know its own goldenness and a head that denies its personal halo—these things and a few more along the same line constitute the preliminary requirements for the man or woman who would step into Agnes Sproule's shoes, what time she leaves them vacant, which, says North Ontario, may the Good Lord long forbid.

Miss Sproule has a parish of some 100,000 souls. That she isn't the only incumbent goes without saying; that for eighteen years she has been one of the best-loved, most-respected, hardest-worked missionaries to the lumbermen, is a fact that no man in the North land will dispute.

Men have come and gone—lumberjacks, cooks, foremen, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, student preachers. The one permanent figure in all the changing battle-line where civilization fights

EVEN WHEN ST. AGNES DOESN'T SEE A WOMAN FROM MONDAY TILL SATURDAY SHE NEVER LACKS ANYTHING

the forest and religion fights rum, is the dauntless, tireless W. C. T. U. Scotchwoman who tells you quite casually that last year she travelled 8,000 miles, 400 of them by sleigh, one hundred and fifteen on foot.

Twenty-one years ago Miss Sproule lived in Fort William and churchworked in every spare minute. To her practical mind, the scribe and the pharisee might well be left alone to attend Saint Doasyoulike's or not, just as they chose. She wanted to hunt up the publican and the sinner who didn't belong anywhere for the good and sufficient reason—ten chances to one—that nobody'd asked them.

The foreigner, in particular, interested her. He had no church. He had no Bible. And, scattered along the main line of the C. P. R., he had no chance of acquiring either. Miss Sproule saved, sent to the Bible Society and bought him a Scripture portion in his own tongue.

Gradually the missionary-to-be began to visit the timid little mothers. Smiling and crying are the same in all languages, and a handgrip will translate itself as meaning sympathy wherever you go.

The men worked in the Camps and they too needed evangelization. They needed in addition a few of the little handinesses that only a woman could supply. The Comfort Bag was the result—a wonderful mine whence the perplexed male could dig scissors and needles and pins and buttons and tape, to say nothing of healing ointment when he was injured and a marked Testament with a motherly letter inside to read when he was homesick. The foreigner, of course, couldn't take advantage of this last item but the Canadian boy could and did. And not only was he benefitted, but the women down in Lower Ontario felt their hearts warmed and their patriotism stimulated as they met to sew. For by this time Miss Sproule was the official representative of the Provincial W. C. T. U. whose ten thousand members still support her.

You can't work and pray very long without desire to go and see, St Agnes tells you. Hence, one clear zero day in February eighteen years ago, Miss Sproule left Fort William for Silver Mountain, thirty-seven miles to the southwest, to follow the trail of the Comfort Bags she had despatched.

"Camp Two of the Pigeon River Lumber Company is off the track, oh, about eight miles," she was informed in the wide-swinging, none-too-accurate language of the North.

Five o'clock and a setting sun found her at the unknown little station where she was met by a huge giant in furs, stuffed into a sleigh and jingled off.

"How far is it? Oh, about thirty miles, lady," said the giant, comfortably.

"I'll never forget that ride," said Miss Sproule; "when we started, there was a new moon between the trees. When we got there it was pretty late the next morning—I'd slept at an intervening camp—but at night we had a hundred and fourteen men out at the little service, and that was every single soul who could understand English."

The favorite hymn in the woods is Nearer My God to Thee. When you get a hundred men singing it under the Christmas trees with the stars atop, the guardian angel of the North puts his harp against the pearly gate and leans over to listen.

The next day drew in with a cold so intense that the mercury curled up in the bottom of the thermometer and the men staid in camp to prevent the steel of their tools from splitting.

Saint Agnes, however, had a sister in Fort William who would be waiting for her, so, at the first sign of a rise in temperature, she started out, walked eight miles and then caught a tote sleigh going to Silver Mountain. It was just runners and a board across, this charity-chariot. It didn't seem very secure and there were pitch holes without number, but there was no choice of vehicles, so the passenger climbed on. Twenty-seven miles from the nearest doctor, the sleigh came to pieces, the missionary was dumped off and nearly killed, but pulled herself together in time to hold service in a hospitable Catholic home that night. To be sure it was so cold that your back froze when you were sitting in front of the fire, but a good conscience and a Scotch ancestry will win against the mercury any time.

"At last they got me out to the train," Miss Sproule said, smiling at the recollection. "There were half a dozen lumberjacks on board. One of them had a picture of his girl in a locket, I remember, and he showed it to me."

It was eight o'clock when the train started to start. It was noon when it finally unfroze itself sufficiently to get off the siding. The conductor ordered his Special split, and himself and the train crew ran into Stanley Junction for a leisurely dinner before getting underway about two o'clock.

Five miles west of Fort William they stuck again and were dug out in time to reach town at six, having gone thirty-seven miles in ten hours, carrying a breakfastless, din-

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MISS AGNES SPROULE
The one permanent figure in the northern battle line where civilization fights the forest and religion fights rum

Soldiering at Salisbury

PRIVATE JOHNNY CANUCK HAS GREAT FUN ON THE ATLANTIC, GREAT WELCOME AT PLYMOUTH, GREAT FAITH IN KITCHENER, GREAT HOPES FOR HIS ARMY

By Pte. H. R. Gordon

THE Canadian Contingent is under canvas again. But Salisbury Plains isn't Valcartier. In place of pine-covered hills, we see bare rolling downs of close-cropped turf. In place of sandy tracks we march over hard stone roads. Instead of gum and pop we eke out our rations with 'alf and 'alf and choc'lit, and we buy it by the tuppennyworth. We are now a part of "Kitchener's Army," not "Sam Hughes' Militia," and some time before Christmas we hope to be part of "The Allied Forces."

We have not had a spectacular reception. Most of us were smuggled off the transports, a battalion at a time, at night, hurried through the streets to the railway station and taken straight to the one place in England where civilians are scarcely ever seen, Salisbury Plains. We are here for work. Pomp and parade will be reserved for the time when the War is over and those of us who are left are on our way home.

At seven o'clock on the evening of Monday, October the nineteenth, twenty-five days after we had gone on shipboard, buglers invaded every deck and we heard the call for which we had been waiting anxiously for a fortnight: the "Fall In" for the entire battalion to land.

Everybody cheered; on the way to the upper deck everybody was singing and whistling.

Ten minutes later we were on solid ground again, drawn up beside the drydock where a Dreadnought was being refitted. We marched for half a mile through the navy dockyard, passed clanging workshops and brilliantly light drydocks. The workmen were too busy even to notice us. Outside the sentry-guarded gates, we had our first glimpse of civilian England, a densely-packed crowd of women and children with only a few men scattered among them. As we passed, they cheered and handed us packets of cigarettes and apples. One or two handsome fellows on the outside of the column received embarrassing attentions from the ladies.

At the station we were packed into the compartments of the funny little trains drawn by incredibly tiny engines. Some one blew a whistle and the platform suddenly seemed to glide back.

"Why, we've started!" exclaimed one of our chaps who had never been in an English train before.

We got out on the stone platform of a little place called Amesbury, in the clammy dawn of an English autumn morning. The ground around was piled high with baggage and stores of all sorts. Two companies of us were told off to lead a couple of hundred remount horses to our camp ground, somewhere off over the misty hills to the northwest.

We led the beasts through the sort of village that most of us had read about but never seen. The village church, the winding stone-paved street, the cyclist's rest, the village inn made us realize that we were in an exquisitely neat, a totally different sort of country. Past the village, the road led over a stone bridge near a walled-in country house, to a bare, rolling, bleak stretch of county—Salisbury Plains.

Half a mile to the north on the left side we saw a circle of rough slabs of stone set up on end.

"That's Stone Henge," remarked the Englishman in our section.

We halted just outside the very modern barb wire fence which protects this relic of the Druids. The remount squad took advantage of the halt to get on their steeds and the shades of the early Britons enjoyed the spectacle of Canadian infantry men with full kit and rifles slung across their backs, sitting astride bare-backed, rawboned farm horses, trying to guide them with kicks in the ribs and tugs at frayed hemp halters. A good many of the would-be riders went for short aeroplane flights as their mounts jibed and bucked.

A mile further on a woman stood at the gate of one of the few farms on Salisbury Plains with a pitcher of cold water and gave us all a drink and a kindly word of welcome.

After eight miles of marching, we reached our brigade camp, a very similar camp to the one we had left at Valcartier. Here, however, we have wooden floors for our tents and ticks

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OUR BOYS RECEIVED A HEARTY OVATION FROM ENGLISH COUSINS UPON LANDING AT PLYMOUTH

filled with straw to sleep on, instead of moss covered ground. Wooden shacks are being built for us and we shall probably move into them as soon as the cold weather sets in.

We made the acquaintance of the Commander of the Canadian Contingent this afternoon, Brigadier-General Alderson, a stocky, weatherbeaten looking man with a heavy moustache and a twinkle in the corner of his eye. He made a favorable impression the moment we saw him and a little speech he gave us confirmed that opinion.

"Men," he said, "I put myself in your hands. I am going to treat you like men and I expect you to behave like men. I feel perfectly safe in doing so."

We cheered, and there was real feeling behind the cheers. We feel sure that with a man of that stamp in charge, we'll be ready to go to the Front as soon as is humanly possible.

In the meantime we're making an unprecedended impression on Salisbury Plains. When a Wiltshire county carrier from the Wyly valley tells a quarrelsome carter to cut out the "rough stuff" and a Shrewton civilian receiving much copper in exchange at the booking office objects to "another handful of chickenfeed," you may be reasonably sure that something is happening which will for all time change the face of England and of the world. Twenty years ago a philologist stated that the vocabulary of Salisbury Plains consisted of about 400 words, and some of those were low German. The camps of Regulars have swelled the vocabulary a good deal, but the arrival of the Canadians has suddenly expanded the dialect of Shrewton and Amesbury and Winterbourne Stoke into the interoceanic lingo which is current of the Empire from Calgary to Calcutta.

But to return for a glance at all the long days that bridged the time between Valcartier and Salisbury Plains.

Our arrival in England was rather a gradual process. We were in England—that is, in Plymouth Harbor—five days before setting foot on English soil. The welcome the people gave us was none the less hearty and none the less appreciated, for coming in instalments.

It began in the Channel, five miles south of Plymouth Sound, while we were crawling into harbor through the swarm of black, untidy little hornets of destroyers which patrol the Channel. A Great Western Railway tug passed us and their crew responded lustily to their captain's request for "Three cheers for the bloomin' Canaidians!"

As we drew in past the breakwater and its checkerboard-painted turret fort, at sunset, we got another cheer from some seamen. And our progress up the harbor after dark to our anchorage far inside the searchlight-guarded entrance was a triumphal progress. Plymouth seemed to have turned out en masse to the waterfront, and it was "'Ooray for the Canaidians!" all the way in.

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CANADIAN CONTINGENT UNDER CANVAS AGAIN—BUT SALISBURY PLAINS ISN'T VALCARTIER

We woke in the morning to see the upper end of Plymouth Harbor. On one side was a Dreadnought cruiser taking on stores from Devonport dockyard; on the other bank a cow grazing in a miraculously green field with a church spire rising out of a clump of brown oaks in the background. We spent most of the morning watching that cow, the first animal we'd seen for a month.

In the afternoon little excursion boats, packed with sightseers, came up the harbor, and there was much waving of handkerchiefs from their decks and much cheering from ours. On every one of them half a dozen small boys would cry shrilly; "Ah we daown'ahted?" And we would thunder back, "NO!"

Newspapers came aboard that afternoon and we were all so glad to get something to read that we even devoured a column editorial of the Times, which referred to the coming of the Canadians as the "arrival of dwellers in the wilderness, men used to the hard life of the settler and masters of all the arts with which he carries on his daily struggle against nature."

Had we been the actual savages of the paragrapher's vision, however, we couldn't have been gladder than we were to get to England.

The trip from Quebec to Plymouth was a mixture of a holiday, a convalescence, and a term in prison, all in one. We had a three weeks' respite from the long hours and the hard work of a camp. We had good food, and comfortable bunks. The only trouble was that we didn't have enough to do.

To half the contingent, probably, an ocean voyage was an entirely new experience. But in a day or two all the mysteries of the ship's equipment had been investigated. The "Scouts" made haste to mark down in their mental maps the various bases of supply, three kitchens, a bakery, and a barber's shop were chocolate was sold. For three days we enjoyed the luxury of comfortable beds, hot water to wash in, and meals that did not always consist of skilly or roast beef. During this time the ships of the convoy were loafing down the St. Lawrence. We were a day at Rimouski, and two days at Father Point and we filled in the time wondering when we'd reach our destination. One rumor had us bound for South Africa, another for Egypt, another for India. Some fellows believed the Egyptian rumor to such an extent that they tried to dispose of their heavy wool sweaters.

At Gaspe Bay we first realized what a big undertaking it was to transport the whole contingent, 33,000 of us, across the water. We had come early on Thursday and we had watched the transports arriving every hour or two, Thursday and Friday. Saturday morning the fleet was complete.

A brisk easterly breeze made the water of the bay dance and glitter in brilliant sunlight. On the north side against a back-ground of pine-covered mountain, and brown stubble-field,

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This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

NOTHING could be easier than to croak out an article on Christmas like a gloomy raven, but of all the dear, the merry Christmases that have ever gladdened the old world this is not the time to do that. It is, above all other Christmases, the one in which to think of others, to help others, to sing the uplifting songs of Noel, to pray for peace and good will. We have to think of the children, especially the children of the men who are for Canada—her homes, her women and her little ones. A letter from a chap in the trenches voices poignantly a hope that the kiddies we leave behind won't be without a visit from Santa Claus. "We'll not be 'ome before Christmas," he says. "Perhaps we'll never be 'ome again, but for Gawd's sake don't let the kiddies miss us at Christmas. I've seven of 'em—"

Among all our various funds might it not be a good thing to set one—a Santa Claus Fund—aside exclusively for the "Kiddies of the men at the front?"

THERE WAS THE MAN WHO GOT USED TO HANGING

ONE of the saddest things about the war is that we get used to its horrors, so that they do not affect us as they did in the first dreadful days. The reason is, I suppose, that by a merciful provision of human nature we are unable to keep at high pressure all the time. It it were not so we should go mad. Each one of us has what may be called a "mean temperature," that is, a general level of equanimity. If there were an instrument that would measure personal temperament and indicate it on a dial, we should discover that while we have some high times and some low ones, our variations above or below normal are not for the most part very extensive. A piece of horrifying news depresses us at first to a frightful depth, but the tendency is towards recovery of ourselves. In like manner there are things that will send us up into the seventh heaven. We tread on air; for the moment we are lifted above all mundane considerations. But the healthy tendency is, again, towards our permanent normal. We need not blame ourselves, or think that our sympathies are less keen, or that we are growing callous, if we can read that ten thousand men have been killed, and almost immediately turn to the question as to whether we shall have liver and bacon, or steak and onions for dinner. As I said before, if we had not this power of recovery we should go mad. The agonizing sweat of the surgeon over his first critical operation is not usually repeated. And they do say that when a woman has been a widow three times she buries her fourth with far fewer tears than accompanied her first to the tomb.

HOW WE VARY

UNDER these circumstances it is interesting to enquire whether what I have called the normal every-day reading of the personal barometer varies with different persons. The answer is that it varies very much. Some people's normal is much higher than that of others, while, of course, the converse holds good, and with some it is a thing of continuous low averages. There are those who, partly from natural gift and partly from the discipline and nurture of their original personalities by various influences, whether of society, literature and in some cases religion, have developed a capacity for living at a high level, and that seem to have in them a vitality that is not of this world. It is the presence of such persons here and there—alas! they are too few—that makes us reluctant to accept the teachings of those philosophers who would tell us that the thing we have been accustomed to call the soul is merely a production of protoplasm. For my part I have never been able to believe that mind and soul were merely the result of the action of the digestive organs so much beef and vegetables and beer going to produce flesh and bones and so much to be resolved by the processes of nature into intellect and spirit.

BLYTHE AND BRITAIN

"KITCHENER must provide more army, Kitchener must supply an army that will hold England's place in battle, and be of sufficient consequence to give England her part of the spoils when the time comes for the peace settlement—that is, England must put up her full quota—she must have her share of chips in the game if she would partake of the pot."

This long sentence is from the pen of Mr. Samuel G. Blythe who writes the "Who's Who and Why" in that amazingly successful publication the "Saturday Evening Post," which has such a circulation in Canada because apparently we cannot turn out a weekly that will come up to it in general interest or approach it in price. In the issue of September 26, this rather brilliant writer attempted a "Who's Who and Why" of the great soldier on whom in these days all eyes are turned, and he would not be Mr. Blythe if he did not produce something very readable and "snappy." His article has the merits and the defects of the slapdash style, but in the sentence quoted he surely shows himself quite unable to take the British point of view.

Mr. Blythe writes for American business people and he naturally falls into the error of supposing that we also are thinking of the war in a strictly and purely business way. Our men who are leaving their kindred and going to the front are going because forsooth "England must have her share of chips in the game?" In the midst of our sacrifices and our heartbreak we have a keen eye for business, have we? Now some of us had been thinking that one of the compensations of this war is that it has raised us above the petty considerations of personal profit into a nobler atmosphere, in which the chief things to be striven for are truth, justice and liberty. As a whole, the American press has not failed to grasp this aspect of the case. It has recognized that the wonderful and epochal response of the whole Empire at this heart-searching time has been because of a passionate appreciation of ideal considerations that have nothing to do with "chips in the game."

THAT TORONTO GLOBE

"'TIS a fine time the Toronto Globe-man does be having praising the Sassenachs and the Highlanders and lavin' th' Irish out of it," said the Man at the Crossroads as he sat with the Pedlar eating a modest bite by the side of a little road out of sight of the soldiers. "What wid thryin to prove the English and Scots are the 'Best o' the Breed,' and boasting about what they did in all the wars that ever were, he lost sight of the fact that the biggest part of the British army is made up of Irishmen. Shure the Scots are fine, and the Highlanders move me to tears when I see how careless they are before the wimmen whether they're straight or knock-kneed, and thé pipes set all the blood in me galloping especially when I remember that the Highland pipes is me ould friend the war pipes of Ireland that marched before Brian Borhoimbe a hundred strong into Clontarf that day he licked the boots off the Danes."

"I heard they were a thousand strong," said the Pedlar.

"Pedlar, me boy," said the Crossroads Man, "'tis my belief you've been drinking something a thrifle sthronger than tay to be talking foolish talk like that. What army, what army, I ask ye, could spare a thousand men to be squeezin' a march out of the pipes! You're worse for boastin' than that Toronto Globe-man with his 'Best o' the Breed.' It makes me laff," continued the Man at the Crossroads (and the shells and shrapnel screeching all round us), "to see the way th' English and Canadian papers are anxious to claim Kitchener as an Englishman bekase his people were English, and in the same breath claim Adam Beck—the Lamplighter—as a Canadian bekase his people were German. French, too, they call an Englishman bekase his people were all Irish since ever Adam founded the race. Little Bobs they lave us, an' Charley Beresford bekase they couldn't disroot them from Ireland if they tried. They can have Kitchener—great as he is—for I never liked the steel eye of him, but—"

"Faith," said the Pedlar, rising and shaking the crumbs from his Pack, "I never heard an ould fool talking like ye, and I've met many an omadhaun in my time."

Silently the two sour old friends proceeded on their way.

AWAY FROM WAR FOR A MOMENT

IT was one of those lovely days we get in October and November, and often indeed in late December, a day in Canada's loveliest season when

"Although the sun shines bright and fair,
The autumn tang is in the air;
And age remembers with a sigh
That winter's nipping cold is nigh."

As I walked along the street, almost regretting in the bright sunshine that in consequence of the cold of the past few nights one had put on some warm things, the approach of winter was flashed upon me in a rather prosaic fashion. Yes, positively flashed. For the bright sunshine that had in it a whole battery of late summer rays, shone on a wagon-load of stove pipe elbows that was going to some hardware emporium. And thereafter as I walked I seemed to be constantly reminded of the cold that is steadily walking towards us from the icy north. The furniture brokers had trotted out the second-hand stoves that had lain in shadowy retirement all the summer. The hardware stores were full of new ones. The drygoods men were setting out their windows with warm clothing, and tempting overcoats were displayed in the men's emporiums. (N.B.) I dote on that good word emporium—I like to see it exhibited on the facade of a general store in the

"What we have we'll hold
What we haven't we'll make"
(Our New Slogan for Canada)
We have just made the New
Gillette
BULLDOG
Safety Razor-
THE stocky "Bulldog" handle gives a good, firm grip that most men like. Its extra weight seems to "carry through" the keen edge blade in a stroke that's particularly smooth and easy.
With its natty case of gray antique leather, the Gillette "Bulldog" makes a particularly attractive Christmas gift, and one that will be appreciated every day in the year.
Or perhaps he'd prefer the Gillette "Aristocrat" in its white French Ivory, or a Pocket Edition or Combination Set. Look them all over at your dealer's—there is a splendid selection. Price from $5.00 up.
Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.
Still $5. Per Set
Made in Canada

No gift is finer than a fine watch to express a high regard

Waltham "Colonial" Thin Watches

The spirit of giving is symbolized in these watches. Their message of good-will is direct and sure.

The man who is fortunate enough to receive one of these "Colonials" for Christmas will be impressed immediately by its thinness and its grace. And his "first impressions" will be justified by the splendid service which the watch will give him.

Refinement and strength are united in these watches. They are both safe and thin—qualities not too often found in combination in a watch. In their thinness combined with accurate time-keeping, they respond exactly to the latest demand in gentlemen's watches.

Waltham "Colonials" are high in their quality but never high in the price which you pay for that quality. An excellent "Colonial" may be had for $29 and the prices range up to $155 according to the kind of movement and case which you select. Your jeweler will be glad to show you the different styles.

Write us for booklet and general information.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James Street, Montreal

country. Emporiums is not the true plural of the word? I beg your pardon. When we take a word into use we make it fit our ways. Say "emporia," if you like.

OLD TIMES

BUT those stove-pipe elbows! What pictures they bring up. They are not intended for your furnace-heated houses with the latest improvements: hot water boilers, radiators, expansion-tanks and all the rest of it. They are for the houses where, at best, the heating is done by a "self-feeder," and you run the stove-pipes through as many rooms as you can before they reach the chimney. Those stove-pipe elbows will be used by the master of the house himself when he gets home from work and his "missus" reminds him that the stove had better be fixed up. Perhaps she says that the roomers will be complaining, if they keep roomers, as very likely they do, to eke out the slender income. Advertisements relating to "warm rooms" will soon begin to appear in the papers. I remember one in a Toronto paper. "Wanted a comfortable bedroom by a young man with a stove-pipe opening." The compositors ought to have put in that missing comma—let alone the proof reader.

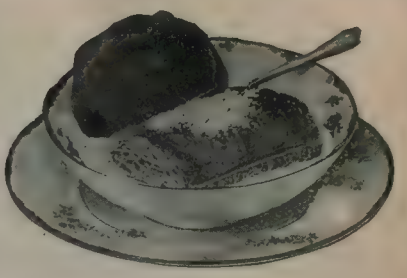
PRAYER OR PROFANITY

IF the householder be a pious man he should kneel down and say his prayers before he begins to put up stove-pipes. It does not matter how careful people may be, there is sure to be some of last year's soot in the old pipes. And they have been lying in the cellar or somewhere all through the summer days. Some of them have got bashed in at the ends, and even if you have new elbows you are never certain. There is more temptation to profanity and impatience in putting up stove-pipes than in any other part of the household economy. These are likely to develop when the operator asks his wife to hold one piece of pipe for him while he fits another on to it. "I wish you would hold it steady—can't you rest it on something? Careful now—I've nearly got it on—oh my goodness me, why don't you hold it steady—here it's all off again, confound it." Or, "why, this isn't the piece at all—I thought you said you'd got 'em all in order." "Well," says the wife, "you told me you'd marked 'em all. If you did, all I can say is the marks must have worn off. The children must have been playing with them." "Well, why do you let the children play with 'em? Oh, dash these pipes, I shall never get the blessed thing up this night," etc., etc.

. . . . . .

But when at last the "blessed thing" does go up, what joy, what pleasure! "I'll just see how it burns," says the delighted operator. Paper and chips are brought, a match is struck and they are lighted. How they flame! How they roar! "Are there some o' those bits of hardwood left in the shed?" asks the man. There are just a few, it appears. They are brought in. The children have gone to bed. The first fire of the fall begins to diffuse its benign warmth.

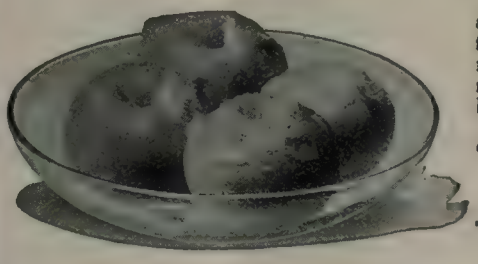
The Cost of High Living



is not in dollars and cents alone, but in the breaking down of those functions of the human body that bring health and happiness and in the depletion of those vital forces that contribute to long life. Health and high efficiency come from eating a simple, natural food like

Shredded Wheat

combined with regular habits and proper outdoor exercise. In this food you have all the body-building elements of the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. "War prices" need not affect the cost of living in the home where Shredded Wheat is known. Always the same in price and quality.



Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with hot milk and a little cream furnish natural warmth for a cold day and supply all the nutriment needed for work or play. Delicious for any meal in combination with baked apples, sliced bananas, canned peaches, pears or any fruit.

"It's All in the Shreds"

Made only by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.

Niagarr Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Staeet, East

IN THE MATTER OF CHRISTMAS

WE will return to the trenches, the boys who are fighting to keep their women decent and the children fed—in a moment. But a momentary look at modern Christmas may not be irrelevant. The great Feast has of late years become extraordinarily commercial in spirit, and in the matter of present giving. Advertising has made of good old fairy-man Santa Claus, a commercial traveller. Very grand,

LUX

Won't Shrink Woollens

BESIDES being a wonderful cleanser. LUX adds to the life of woollen and flannel garments. Keeps all loosely woven fabrics from shrinking or thickening in the wash.

LUX dissolves readily in hot water, makes a smooth, cream-like lather which cannot injure the filmiest fabrics or the daintiest hands.

LUX—pure essence of soap in flakes—is the favourite washing preparation in homes of refinement.

9

Sold at 10 cents

Made in Canada by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

Do YOU Need Money?

TO educate your children, support a family, pay off a mortgage, buy a home, or live better. Then do as thousands of others are doing. We require intelligent local representatives—not "canvassers." We need men and women of reliability and good address to look after our new subscriptions and renewals. no previous experience is necessary, no money needed. You can work during spare time when you choose, and as much or little as you choose. Write to-day for full particulars. Address Agency Dept.

Canada Monthly, Toronto, Ont.

but shallow writing has encompassed the darling of the children—the Giver of the Feast. Staid, prosaic, and, I am not afraid to say, women with narrow views, have decried, from time to time, "filling the children's minds with nonsense." Now, unless imagination and the beautiful poetry of life is introduced early into the life of the child, the little human creature cannot help growing into a staid, self-centred, prosaic person. Have we not enough—for God's sake!—of that kind of dingy bringing-up in Canada to authorize a protest against it. Life here need not all be made up of making one penny sit on the other. We are backward in most of the nice things that make this world a foretaste of Heaven. We women are keen on putting down (or up) fruit, or putting down (or up) pickles, yet when I asked a man of supposed intellectuality what he thought of this war—this world-war, mind you, and when one mentioned it as preparatory to Armageddon, he replied: "I don't know just what you mean by Armageddon, but I've no interest in European events. Fact, is I never read the war stuff!"

Good night, dear Lady!

A KIND, A HOLY CHRISTMAS

BUT it is Christmas time. What will the grand old Feast bring to a troubled world? Not to-day must we linger on the atrocities of the Barbarians, but rather on the misery and necessity of the survivors. I should not call this Christmas a time for the rich to give presents to the rich. I do not believe there is a woman in Canada who would not forego her annual gift in order to give its value where it will be most wanted. We would not care to clothe ourselves in beautiful furs, or wear glittering jewels, while the families of our soldiers needed for Christmas comforts. This should be a great year of giving. Perhaps our Lord sent our tribulation in order to show us how selfish of late years we have grown.

To be sure, every year there have been large Christmas funds and charities, but may I tell you what one "charitable" lady asked a soldier's wife whose name she had put on her Christmas list: "Are all your children legitimate? Have you been a prudent person before as well as after marriage?" And the wonder to a Pedlar who has tramped the highroads and byways of the world is—that the soldier's wife did not knock the lady down.

There is a "charity" that is degrading. It is the Devil's "charity"—not the dear, hidden, shy charity of the gentle Christ. Dear God! When you think of it, of the cruelty of these sanctimonious women to the little children—the small wayside, sweet flowers along life's roadway, you want to be in yourself one gigantic Santa Claus who has not reindeer enough to pull his wagons and wagons of gifts, or love-words enough to comfort the little hearts whose grown up heritage is grief and sorrow.

A Merry Christmas, lovers all—from a Pedlar who waxeth hot—and a kind Christmas—and a prayer for God's peace to descend on us all—on all the poor troubled world.

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!

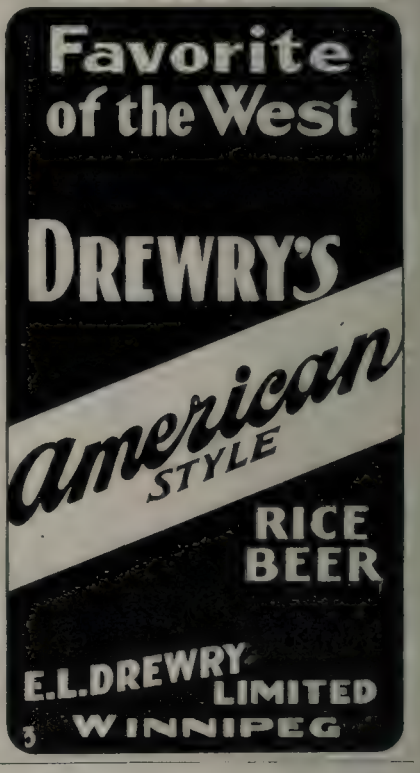
Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound — whispers even do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay—**Write today** for our **FREE** 168 page **BOOK** on **DEAFNESS** — giving full particulars and plenty of testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
346 Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.



Colonel Steele

Continued from page 103.

journey two hundred miles into the mountains in the early eighties, restoring order among the Indians, on which occasion he was thanked by the Premier in General Orders. The present Fort Steele is reminiscent of the days at the mouth of White Horse Creek.

He was in the Rebellion of eighty-five, at Frenchman's Butte and Loon Lake, where he and his Scouts broke up Big Bear's band, he and sixty of his men pursuing five hundred Indians into the great northern forest. He has known every phase of prairie work and every vicissitude of prairie life. He has been everything in the Force from Troop Sergeant Major and riding instructor at Lower Fort Garry to Adjutant, District Officer, Inspector and Superintendent. At the Military Institute one evening, some question of privilege came up. "I'll go ask 'The Great North West'," said one of his officers affectionately. No other one man has so touched and moulded every aspect of the history and life of the Canadian West—swarthy, hard as nails, quiet, strong, the straight outlines of the simple, vital things of a new country grown his own—Samuel Benfield Steele is the West incarnate "The Great North West," of a truth!

In South Africa he commanded the Strathconas, whom he had raised in Canada at the wish of the late High Commissioner, commanded them in every portion of the theatre of war, Natal, Transvaal, Zululand, Orange River Colony, Cape Colony, with what conspicuous brilliancy has already been noted. He was then loaned by the Canadian Premier to South Africa for five years, during which time he commanded "B" Division of the S. A. C. (after having raised it) directly under Lord Kitchener for six months during the latter part of the Boer War. Then he organized the S. A. C. further for times of peace, being associated in this with Baden-Powell, and he settled up Uganda, and made the African veldt generally as safe as the prairie at home. Followed nine months in England with the Inspector General of Cavalry and back to Canada in 1907.

Colonel Steele was happiest in South Africa. He was most miserable when writing his book. "Forty Years in Canada," his publishers are calling it, but it will cover all his other experiences as well. The publication is now regrettably postponed until after the war. "It was desperate work," the Colonel confided to a friend, mopping his brow at the memory. The pen was evidently heavier than the sword. His greatest object of distaste is "the advertising soldier," of whom he has a holy horror.

When he is grim, the Colonel is very grim indeed. But when he isn't grim, he is exceedingly pleasant, as when his sense of humor stirs and a very black, very military moustache curls up from white teeth and his stiff, stern, bronze, impassive face breaks up into slow crinkles of amusement until his eyes are nearly closed. When he is gruff, he is very gruff indeed, but when his intimates gather at his hearth-fire for a pipe and a yarn, they often find themselves at some early morning hour deep in reminiscence and comment, as a Scotch officer tells it, "speakin' away."

He has walked with crowds—pentecostal crowds, too—and not lost his virtues of dignity and command. He has talked with kings and generals, been feted in a kingdom's banqueting-halls and high homes and prominent on three continents, and he has kept the common touch of all humanity.

Is "little-bit" helping you to save?

IN losses as well as savings, "Every-little-bit" counts! Little bits *lost* at home discourage men who earn.

Little bits *saved* help to furnish a home; make a man cheerful and confident; make a wife feel she *counts*.

Save through your cleaner! It costs little but you use such lots! And, if each time you use it, you shake on more than you want, or spill some down the hungry old sink, mightn't you just as well fling money down it too?

Get a cleaner that won't waste or shake—a cleaner which doesn't spill and can't put an atom where it doesn't change into shine. Get Sapolio—solid, suds-y, wasteless, easy-working Sapolio! *That* won't choke the waste pipe with particles or get into careless, wasteful ways.

Watch how Sapolio lasts. See how slowly it wears compared with the kind of cleaners whose application you cannot regulate. See what whole tablefuls of kitchen things it will put the twinkle into—knives and forks, kettles and spoons, aluminum and enamel-ware and lots of things beside.

And see! Your cake of Sapolio doesn't seem to have decreased in size for all the work it has done at cleaning and shining and brightening your kitchen—*your* Spotless Town.

Yes, you'll make home *happy* home—as millions of women have done—with the economies you start by Sapolio savings!

SAPOLIO

NO TROUBLE TO MAKE

Delicious Home-made Syrup with

MAPLEINE

Simply dissolve cane sugar in boiling water and add Mapleine to flavor.

It saves half the cost of high priced syrup and tastes fine.

2 OZ. BOTTLE
50 CENTS

Get it from your grocer, or write

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
Dept. G, SEATTLE, WASH.
Send 2c. stamp for Recipe Book.

Children Teething

Mothers should give only the well-known

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS
TRADE GUM LANCET MARK

The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor, they are guaranteed by the proprietor to be absolutely free from opium.
See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

Small Packets, 9 Powders
Large Packets, 30 Powders

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES.
MANUFACTORY: 126 NEW NORTH ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

11,572-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 11,572-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 173 big, broad, brainy business men, may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free book deals with
—How to manage a business
—How to sell goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at rock-bottom
—How to collect money
—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
—How to advertise a business
—How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation; yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say, "Send on your 11,572-word Booklet". Send to
A. W. Shaw Co., Dept. C1 2 Wabash Ave. & Madison St., Chicago

He is a big, simple-hearted man, accessible, kind. "He talked to Jack and me for two hours," a breathless boy said, flushed with pride, "just as if we were Somebody instead of two boys." That boy is now a Captain in one of his regiments. Another night at a social function he told a young girl proud tales of her uncle he had known long ago in the West. "I'm mighty glad to have met you," he said to her as he went away. That slip of a girl was very humble and very shining at that "mighty glad."

Colonel Steele is quite keen on the universal military training of boys at school. He is at the bottom of the School Cadet movement. His ideal is a combination of the military training of the School Cadets and the moral training of the Boy Scouts. He is an enthusiastic advocate of sports, not professional sport with rooters on the benches, but every man his own cricketer and foot-baller.

In the last six years Colonel Steele has grown to be a familiar figure in Winnipeg. We have seen him at parades in the blazing ceremonial of full dress, at quiet lectures introducing ing a war-correspondent, presenting a regimental cup, speaking good words of his men at a Paardeburg anniversary, reminiscent at the Canadian Club over the expedition under Wolseley. And just lately we have seen him at the hosting of his forty units for war, speaking simple, soldierly words to the regiments as they trooped away to Valcartier, expecting them to be orderly, sober, well-behaved, obedient to orders, whether in action or defeat always bearing themselves as true British soldiers. And the soldiers, the accent of their Head upon them, cheered and cheered as they marched out—the big D. O. C. is greatly beloved by his men. And the citizens, stirred and proud, cheered and cheered to the echo, for Colonel Steele is equally beloved by the rest of us who walk in mufti. And the big man, for whom flags have been flung and bells pealed, stood in the swaying mass and looked upon the eager faces, the plain, simple, upstanding epitome of his words to his men, bearing himself as a true British soldier. And it somehow seemed then as though life must be simpler for the soldier than for other men. Perhaps it is that the soldier-life claims the straight, simple, soldier-type.

St. Agnes

Continued from page 107.

nerless, supperless but still enthusiastic, missionary.

Since then the legend of St. Agnes has grown in the Northland.

"I never go into a camp now but there's someone who comes up and asks me if I remember the winter of such-and-such a year, and sometimes I know scores of the fellows by sight," she said. "The boys are kinder to me than you can imagine and often take up collections to be forwarded to the W. C. T. U. societies that send me. I never ask for such a thing—it's purely a thank-offering to the other-boys' mothers.

"Sometimes the camps are big and clean and sometimes they're little and—well, not so—but the men are always kindhearted and even when I don't see a woman from Monday till Saturday I never lack anything."

To be sure the accommodation isn't always up to metropolitan standards. The missionary has often slept on the office-floor—or on one-third of the floor with a curtain round it. She has had her nose frozen during the night. She has felt an enquiring rat walk over her face. But never, never has she had any inconvenience that the camp could prevent.

Sometimes indeed the kindnesses are almost overwhelming.

Once there was a Scotch foreman who marshalled seventy men in to listen to the missionary, willy nilly. Calvinistically considered, some of them might be foreordained to be damned and were therefore useless as billets for a text. But the foreman couldn't sort the sheep from the goats, hence the whole flock was sent to church. The preacher was far too much of a good fellow to believe in religion by conscription, but she

FREE HANDSOME MUFF

GIRLS—This beautiful stylish muff will keep you lovely and warm this winter and it is so handsome and dressy that you will be the envy of all your friends. It is the very newest pillow shape—and extra large in size, measuring more than 15 inches wide by 10 inches deep. It is lined throughout with fine quality black satin with the new ruffle edge and finished with a silk wrist cord. This lovely muff is warm and dressy, will give you years of wear and satisfaction and is surely just what you most want.

We are prepared to give away, **absolutely free** 1,000 of these handsome muffs to quickly introduce our delightful new Royal Japanese Perfume. Simply send your name and address today and we will send you 35 handsome bottles in 6 different delicious odors—Lily of the Valley, Carnation, Wood Violet, White Rose, etc. Help us advertise this delightful perfume by selling these among your friends at our special introduction price of only 10c each. It is very easy as many ladies buy 5 and 6 bottles of this fine perfume on sight. Return our $3.50 when the perfume is sold and we promptly forward the muff just as represented, all charges paid right to your door. We guarantee satisfaction. Write today to

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. 5
Dept. M. 356 Toronto, Canada

couldn't un-Scotch a Scotchman.

"I didn't just feel in trim to be inspiring," she said afterward, "but you can imagine my dismay when I found that the place was infested with rats who also seemed sent to church! It would never have done to let the boys see I was afraid so I just stood there and talked. Later on, a little cat came in and caught three rats one after the other, driving them to cover around my feet. She presented each of them to me for inspection and then ate them up. But the foreman never smiled!"

It was last winter that Miss Sproule and a Comfort Bag played Cupid in the Northland. This particular sly Bag hadn't a motherly letter in it, but a big-sisterly one.

It was the camp clerk who read it, one cold and lonesome day. He also answered.

"And now—but maybe I shouldn't tell you," said St. Agnes laughing, "they're to be married this fall!

"There was a little wife I met last winter. She lived in the sweetest, cleanest, most comfortable home, that she's made herself—just like a little nest. She and her husband had watched the camp all alone for the whole summer. In the fall she was to go into Blind River and you can imagine how she looked forward to the streets and the shops.

"They were just four days out. Then they crawled back again with their money all gone. Yes, whiskey. Do you wonder we fight it? Do you wonder, too, that the poor little lonesome woman who fears the woods, hates the town even more?"

For it's whiskey that is the curse of the Northland, just as it is a curse to the elemental non-reasoning man everywhere. Months of hard work, simple fare and no excitement lay the requisite foundation for a letting go in town that empties the flask and the pocket book at the same time and sends the lumberjack back to camp with nothing but a bad taste in his conscience. It was a British Columbia construction man who this summer told a friend that three times he had saved enough to take him home to visit his little sister in England, and three times his trip had ended west of Winnipeg, and three times he could write the cause as whiskey.

The only way to drive out a big army is to let loose a bigger one, or in any case a closer-shooting, harder-marching, longer-enduring force. So far, Ontario White Ribboners haven't succeeded in lining up in this way against Ontario whiskey dealers. But in the individual case, as Miss Sproule will tell you, the almost-gone will of the poor, lovable lumberjack has been reinforced by Something—Someone, she would say—that has enabled him to take his paycheck to the money order stand at the Post Office instead of cashing it at the bar. And to save one man—and that nearly always means one woman too—is worth more than millions of feet of timber floated to the Lake. It's worth standing long cold days and bitter twinkling nights to achieve, it's worth putting up with hunger and thirst and deadtiredness, and hair white like St. Agnes' before its time.

And now, last of all, when the camp work is slack and the big kind-hearted boys have poured from the woods through Valcartier and away into Europe, the mothers of men who sent St. Agnes northward are despatching another helper to the east. He is a Y. M. C. A. secretary who served in the big Quebec camp, now deserted, and the women are pledged to support him as long as the War lasts, so that, becoming the fourth missionary of the society, he can carry the memory of St. Agnes and the Testament clear up to the German guns.

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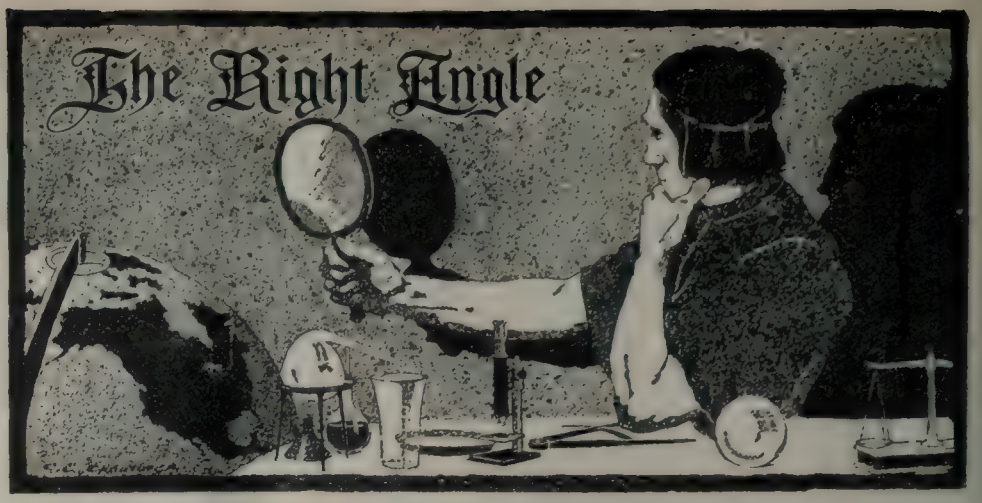

PATRIOTISM

WHEN Mrs. Housekeeper, who doesn't even hire a maid, gets her much-crinkled five dollar bill out of the left hand corner of the top bureau drawer and goes down town to the notion counter, it never occurs to her that she's an employer of labor. Consequently when a misguided but perfectly sincere patriot assures her that it's Wartime, and that she ought not to buy even a new backcomb if she doesn't honest-to-Eatons *need* it, she hasn't the faintest notion that her rebanking of the bill in the bureau is crippling trade.

There is no use in denying that Canada has suffered great loss in her biggest import—foreign capital. Leaving to the financial experts the question of whether the Dominion ever should have depended to the extent she did on the English sovereigns that were so willing to harness themselves for earning Canadian dimes, we can state without fear of contradiction that none of this ought to affect the backcomb industry, nor the cheese trade nor the boot and shoe business—that is, not so far as inter-Canada buying is concerned. There are still in the neighborhood of eighteen million feet walking around between Halifax and Vancouver, and they all need shoes.

What can and will cripple trade, is to have Mrs. Housekeeper turn back from the street car and wad her little five back home where it came from. If she won't buy the backcomb or the new pumps, the store will decrease its selling force, the wholesale house will call in its travellers, the factory will throw off its hands. And Mrs. Housekeeper will find a tramp at the back door who is wearing out the soles on his own old shoes just precisely because he isn't allowed to put the soles on Mrs. Housekeeper's ought-to-be new ones. And she'll also have the Y. W. C. A. Secretary or the head of the Patriotic Relief Bureau ringing her up in an attempt to place as maid, Miss Saizie Stenographer, late of the office at the same shoe factory.

"But I'm not hanging on to my five dollars—at least not all of it," says Mrs. Housekeeper; "I mean to give some of it away in charity. This will be a hard winter."

Charity? And who wants charity? Not John at the back door nor Saizie on the wire, even though both of them may be forced to ask for it. What they really want is their everlasting same-old jobs back. That's all.

And Mrs. Housekeeper — who doesn't know it, wouldn't dream of it, couldn't believe it for worlds—Mrs. Housekeeper who is so sorry for John and Saizie and so ready to give them handouts — *Mrs. Housekeeper has hooked their jobs*!

Conversely stated and in shorter words, what we want is what Great Britain wants, what she has preached and pulpiteered and pamphleted to obtain — BUSINESS AS USUAL— and this means that, unless your receipts have diminished, your expenditure must be kept at par, if the vast fabric of producing and handling trade that Canada has built to satisfy normal Canadian need, is not to be scrapped in favor of financial chaos or Utopian and in any case undesirable, charity.

ATTENTION, YOU ANGLERS

"DAYS in the Open," by Lathan A. Crandall (Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto), is a book of fish stories by a minister, who therefore must be believed when he tells you that he caught a seventeen-pound muskie and is the proprietor of an unselfishly-piscatorial Judge who totes him everywhere he wants to fish and, though a perfect Izaak Walton himself, always insists that the Preacher take the first chance. From the opening chapter of the book where the boy says, "Ma, may I go fishing?" clear through to the last of the 270 pages, you hear the whirr of the cast and the bicker of the stream and you feel the sunshine on

the back of your neck. Dr. Crandall knows fish and poles and scales (both Government-inspected and privately-adjusted) as some men know the ups and downs of C. P. R. and the echoes of Hansard. He knows the fish-spots too—from Prince Edward Island to Kootenay and from Nipigon to Florida. He has tales to tell of catch and catcher in each section touched upon.

"The best trout stream in North America," the doctor says, "lies between Chicago and Hudson's Bay. . . . Behold us on a sunny morning fairly embarked and headed up the noble Nipigon. A little geography and guide-book eloquence might be appropriate just here. The Nipigon River is the largest tributary to Lake Superior. It is about forty miles in length, and the outlet of Lake Nipigon, a body of water seventy miles long by fifty miles wide, with a shore line of five hundred and eighty miles. There is a fall of one hundred and thirty feet in its course of forty miles, and that means numerous cascades and rapids. But the fact of prime importance is that this river is the home of big trout; not only large, but pugnacious. They are the Sullivans—beg pardon, I mean the Johnsons—of the Salmo Fontinalis family."

And so on through one lively leisurely out-o'-doors page after another, the doctor takes you, making you recall all your own days in the open and, if I'm not mistaken, causing you to start planning your days to come a whole year ahead.

"THE BAIL JUMPER"

"THE Bail Jumper," by Robert J. C. Stead (William Briggs, Toronto), is a virile, gripping story of life in Western Canada. A young Easterner stops off in a small prairie town to work in a general store; becomes involved in a charge of theft; supposedly "jumps" his bail, but the trial shows that his case has been one of persecution instigated by a rival in love who sought his disgrace. The author knows his characters and the West. The plot is well-knit and plausible, and the interest is well sustained. In fact, if you start this story at night your eyes will likely be red the next morning—but not from weeping.

Speaking of dry weather the other day, some one asked an old farmer out in an arid western state:

"How would you like to see it rain, Hiram ?"

"Don't care anything about it myself," he answered, "but I've got a boy six years old that would like to see it rain."

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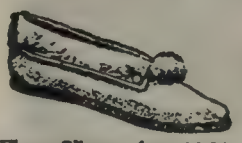
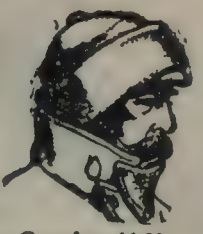
(Fine Pure Wool)



Fleece Slippers, from $1.50



The illustrations show a few Jaeger Christmas Specialties

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TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

Incorporated in England in 1883 with British Capital for the British Empire.

The Chief Knitter

Continued from page 104.

Victoria and east to Halifax. In connection with this, Mrs. Gooderham was commanded to go to Government House where she was asked to give an account of the movement. It was a largely attended meeting, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught presiding, while Princess Patricia and Lady Borden were also present. Some time after this meeting was held, the following telegram, which will show to what use the money was apportioned, was sent from London to the Duchess who forwarded it to Mrs. Gooderham: "London, Oct. 7th, 1914,

With reference to your despatch No. 561 of 24th of September, please inform Duchess of Connaught that Army Council most gratefully accept generous gift of $20,000 from women of Canada and ask that warm thanks may be conveyed to donors. Army Council propose to spend whole sum in purchase of motor ambulance cars, half to be used in France and half in this country, and they would arrange that each car should be inscribed "Canadian Women's Motor Ambulance." It is estimated that forty cars could be purchased out of gift.

(Signed) Harcourt."

Perhaps Mrs. Gooderham is best known in connection with her untiring work in the Preventorium, where, through the nursing and attention provided for them, many of God's little ones who are the unfortunate offspring of tubercular parents are given a new lease of life. Much has been written on this work before, suffice it to say, that her efforts have been so appreciated that King George in recognition has conferred the title of "Lady of Grace" upon her. She was also commanded to attend at the Coronation.

In addition to her labors with the Daughters of the Empire, Mrs. Gooderham is interested in a number of Women's Clubs including the Women's Art Association, the Women's Musical Club, the Rosedale Golf Club and the National Council of Women of Canada.

But it is perhaps as the perfect, because the simple and unassuming hostess, that the mistress of "Deancroft" is most of all her real self, looking for the best in everyone, giving to everyone of her own best, and therefore receiving from others that mead of admiration and true love which is her due.

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 101.

relation, if extended beyond that, is liable to abuse. But Miss Meredith's case is peculiar. She is an old lady—frail, nervous—quite alone in the world, for all her relatives have been numerous. She's entirely unable to meet the various business and social demands that are made on a person of her wealth and position. I am able to get on with her better than most people, and so it has happened that I have given up my practice and devoted myself exclusively to her affairs."

He said it all in a very straightforward fashion. His frankness seemed almost to admit the existence of a mercenary motive in what he had done, for certainly he was speaking of her with no pretense of affection.

But after all one was inclined to say: "Why not ?" The only thing that I didn't like was his telling it to me. He

Victrola XVI. $250 Mahogany or Oak

Get that Victrola for Christmas

Your whole family will be pleased on Christmas morning to find a Victola in the home.

The Victrola is a worthy addition to any home. Its music and entertainment are always welcome, and there's surely no better time to get a Victrola than right now.

Go to-day to any "His Master's Voice" dealer in any city or town in Canada and see about your Victrola and he will arrange to deliver it any time before Christmas.

There are victrolas in all Styles and Sizes from $20 to $300. Sold on easy terms, if desired.

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Here is an opportunity to get money needed easily and quickly without any of the usual fuss and bother of the old-fashioned, unprofitable ice cream festival, chicken fry, etc.

Write us at once for particulars of our $100 Cash Offer to Churches, or bring this ad. to the attention of an officer of your Ladies' Aid Society or Sunday School. Act quickly. Address, CHURCH AID DEPT.

CANADA MONTHLY ∴ TORONTO, ONT.

made such a parade of candor that I distrusted a little.

He laughed. If I could have spoken my thoughts aloud he couldn't have read them more accurately.

"You're wondering why I should tell you all this," he said. "Well, it's a necessary preliminary to some questions I'm going to ask. You know who it was that Mr. Jeffrey painted the portrait of ?"

"Miss Meredith's niece, I think he said."

He nodded. "And did Mr. Jeffrey inform you also that he accepted Miss Meredith's commission without seeing her—that he has never seen her ?"

"Yes," said I. "He told me that, too."

"It must have struck him as a very curious arrangement," the doctor went on. "Really, it was by my advice that the thing was done that way. As I said, Miss Meredith is a very nervous woman, and the death of her niece seems to have caused her a serious shock. They were in Paris together three years ago when the girl died."

"That would accentuate the shock, of course," said I, "being alone with her in a foreign country. They were traveling about together, I suppose ?"

"No, as a matter of fact," said the doctor, "they were living in Paris. Miss Meredith prefers the Continent to this country, and Claire was, I believe, studying art."

I couldn't help the catch in my breath that came just then. I was quick enough to choke the exclamation of astonishment that was on my lips. I experienced for a moment the same sensation that must have been Jeffrey's constant companion during the past two months, and I didn't wonder at the look of panic that sometimes came into his eyes. The doctor wasn't looking at me, and I was glad of it.

"That was three years ago, you say ?" I tried to make the question sound casual enough, but I don't know how well I succeeded.

He nodded. "She died of smallpox during the epidemic of that year," he said. "Miss Meredith never got over the shock of it. The girl is very constantly in her thoughts, and she wanted a portrait that should be a more living memorial than the one photograph which she possessed. But you will understand, I think, that it was impossible, in her condition, to talk calmly about the girl to a stranger—to tell him in detail, facts about her appearance such as Mr. Jeffrey wanted. So I had to undertake to convey them to him at second-hand. It is really marvelous that, under such a handicap, he succeeded so well."

"He told me that Miss Meredith had

Continued on page 143.

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley.

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley.

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on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

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LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says: "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

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I wish to get a farm of .....acres for .....

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One of the really sweet stories that maidens of to-day like so well.

Let your bookseller solve your Christmas problem

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The Dream of Prussianism

Continued from page 92.

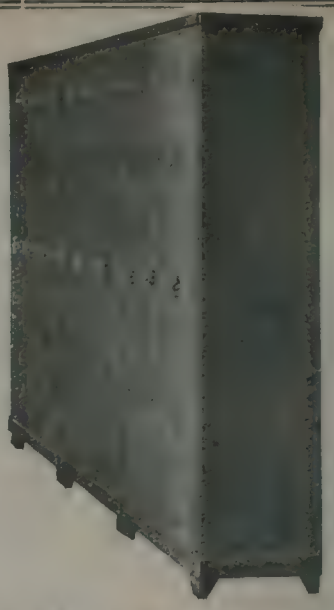
in cold blood. I well remember the horror felt in the pension where I was staying when the news arrived that at Carlsruhe a German officer had stabbed a civilian to death for some alleged insult in a restaurant. The officer, whose name if I remember rightly was von Brüsewitz, was afterwards killed fighting for the Boers in the South African War.

In Heidelberg I once accompanied an American student to the custom house to fetch a parcel. The building, an unpretentious one on the river bank, had its bare floor littered with packages and parcels. We entered, as we thought unobserved, but immediately a sharp voice ordered us to remove our hats. My American friend, whose father by the way was born in Germany, was foolish enough to protest and argue.

At the German post-offices, where the officials at the wickets are almost invariably middle-aged, ambitionless Germans, one has to obey the regulations to the very last letter or suffer unpleasant consequences. It is the same on the railways. Everything is done with precision. Everything is rigid.

With regard to the newspapers it is certainly true that, outside of the Socialist organs, the military autocracy has never received any effective challenge. And while the Socialists elect nearly one-third of the members of the Reichstag and poll over one-third of the votes cast, it is very easy to exaggerate the importance of their movement. In essence it is not a national democratic movement, but an international and academic one. It has failed to attract to itself the nation's influential men of affairs, although it receives a large silent vote from people who by no means share Socialist doctrine. Such people vote for the Socialist candidates in order to record a general protest against existing conditions. What has been lacking in Germany and what is to-day lacking is a strong and virile political party imbued with practical democratic ideals and commanding the support of a wide circle of influential business and professional men.

During a considerable part of my stay in Germany I subscribed to and read closely the "Berliner Tageblatt," one of the chief dailies of the country and one which may be described as liberal in its views. Yet I can recall in the columns of the "Berliner Tageblatt" no criticism whatever of Germany's constitutional limitations, that is to say of the structure upon which the whole nationalist, militarist propaganda rested. At least ninety per cent. of the political articles in what might be called the liberal press of Germany dealt with some phase of the struggle between the industrial population and the landed aristocracy in regard to the duties on foodstuffs. Of any direct attempt to force representative and responsible government upon an unwilling military autocracy, I remember nothing.



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'Oxydonor has never failed me. Have had a double and a single Oxydonor for about seven years."
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OVER SIX YEARS' USE
After having an Oxydonor in my house for over six years, I would not part with it for any money if I could not get another." MRS. E. S. GIBSON,
Jan 26th, 1913. Toronto, Ont.

Thousands of such letters have been received by Dr. Sanche.

Beware of fraudulent imitations. The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the originator and inventor, Dr. H. Sanche.

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Oxydonor
TRADE MARK

I might proceed to illustrate my contention by the position of women in Germany. Outside of a relatively small class, composed chiefly of university women, I think I am safe in saying that German women have been less touched by the feminist movement than the women of any other of the larger countries of the world.

One could very easily trace the militarist ideal in the student life of Germany. The German "*Kommers*" is a famous institution. It is the name given to gatherings in which students and professors foregather to sing patriotic songs, make patriotic speeches and drink the national beer. In the alcoholic atmosphere of the "*Kommers*," hundreds of thousands of German students during the past quarter of a century have sung, "Germany, Germany Above Everything, Above Everything in the World" and this, it seems to me, does not tend to lay the foundations of a peaceful, sober democracy.

Whilst it is now some years since I was in Germany I find on every hand evidence that there has been no weakening of the militarist spirit there. Indeed it would seem as if the war lords had gained steadily in popularity. I note that a writer in The London Times, relating his experiences in Germany during the few days immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities, writes of the prevailing atmosphere very much as I have written of it in the foregoing. I offer the following extract from his letter for what it is worth:

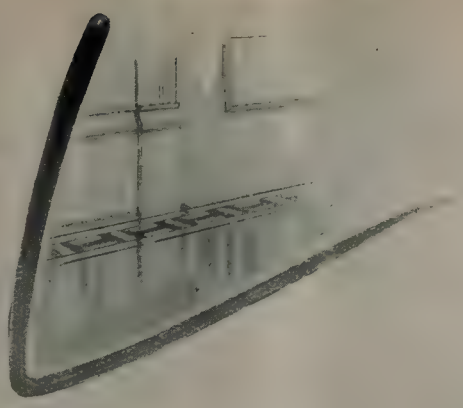
"Thus I found commercial Frankfurt, scholastic Heidelberg, fashionable Wiesbaden, and military Coblenz all of the same mind. To paraphrase an old adage, 'Let me hear a people's songs, and I will tell you their minds.' It should be borne in mind that, except Austria (and Servia), no nation was then at war, yet the whole German people had the war-fever. It was most obvious, the Press bulletins, which take the place of the newspaper poster in Germany, being eagerly read; always there was a crowd round them as soon as they were displayed.

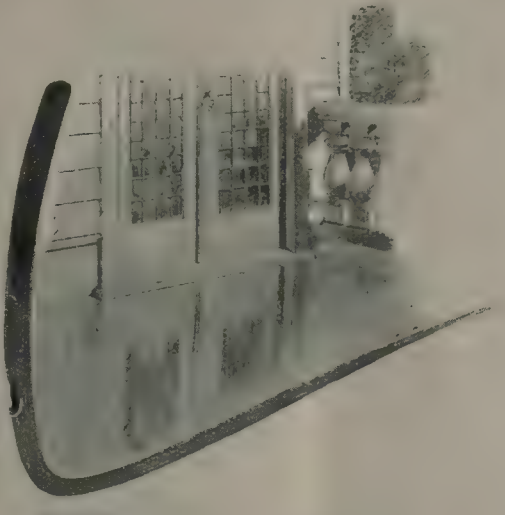
"The hotel *Portier* at Coblenz congratulated me on being there that night, 'because of the excitement about this war,' and he told me that they were mobilizing. Asked who they were going to fight, he replied with vigour that they had stood enough from France and Russia; and asked what they expected to get out of a war, he smiled and reminded me that 'Germany had never lost a war and always got something out of it.' "

No doubt the position of Germany to-day is capable of explanation. No doubt fully to appreciate this position one must know something of the Holy Roman Empire, something of the Napoleonic Wars, the revolutionary period of 1848, the Austrian and Franco-Prussian Wars, and much more. But, after all, explanation is not justification. And it boots little to point to the oligarchic electoral system of Prussia, to the slumbering jealousies of the individual German states, to the limited powers of the Reichstag, or to the domination of Prussia in the Bundesrat or federal council.

The responsibility for these things lies in the last resort with the German people. Nothing, it seems to me, can alter that. The notion that the Kaiser and his immediate colleagues could over-ride the determined will of sixty-five million people has never seemed to me to be valid. My conclusion is then that the German people as a nation are behind the Kaiser and his war lords, or at least that they have been up to the present. The significance of this difference will doubtless be noted. It seems to me that the German people have deliberately reared in their midst the monster of militarism and that this monster is now, in the fullness of time, scattering its poisonous brood abroad in the land.

Before closing I wish emphatically





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Whether you intend to finish your new home throughout or simply refinish a floor—here are some important facts you should know.

Liquid Granite

is a lasting waterproof varnish that resists hard wear to an unusual degree. It will not crack, mar nor wear white. And for white interior finishing there is nothing superior to

Luxeberry White Enamel

—a hard, tough, non-porous finish—whitest white in tone. It will not crack, peel, fade, nor turn yellow. Another high quality Berry Brothers finish is that celebrated varnish extensively used for exterior finishing of natural woods—

Luxeberry Spar

it does equally good work on a front door or the deck of a boat. It is waterproof, weatherproof and extremely durable.

Further facts can be had at any time by writing direct to our factory or from our nearest dealer.

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World's Largest Varnish Makers
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"Business as Usual"—Better, in Fact!

DURING eleven days ending November 6th, 1914, we sold the splendid total of **53 Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Pianos,** while others were complaining of slack business and lack of sales.

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Style 70—Colonial.

Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

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When you buy a Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano, you get every standard quality feature found in the few first-class instruments made—a piano that will stand comparison with any—a piano with a ten-year guarantee—for a full hundred dollars less.

The Ideal Christmas Present

is one that remains in the possession of the recipient year by year, constantly reminding of the kindly thought of the giver. A Sherlock-Manning will bring life and cheer into the home for years to come. Let us co-operate with you to make your piano gift one of highest quality, and at the same time save you $100. Write to Dept. 11 for our handsome art catalogue "D." Do it to-day.

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The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

The one with the popular reputation. Your dentist will tell why.

to disclaim any animus against the German people. The four years I spent in Germany were very happy ones and, with practically no exceptions, I was treated by the German people in a kindly and friendly way. Even what I have written at the beginning with regard to Herr Professor was not written in any spirit of antagonism. To me the old autocrat was always friendly and he had generous impulses. When I left the pension for England to attend my father's funeral, Herr Professor insisted upon kissing me. Heaven grant both him and Frau Professor a few years of quiet breathing after the present nightmare is over. I fear they will have suffered greatly by the war.

It is clear to me that the German people, with the spirit of militarism and the dream of Prussianism exorcised and blood-sweated out of their system, will again serve the world through fruitful and beneficent industry. The innate ability and the many sterling qualities of the German people will again have free play to profit and enrich the earth. According to one historian, the German people had opportunities to put their house in order in 1848, in 1859 and again in 1862. All these chances were let ship. However, it is not likely that the military autocracy will survive the present shock.

The Lamplighter

Continued from page 106.

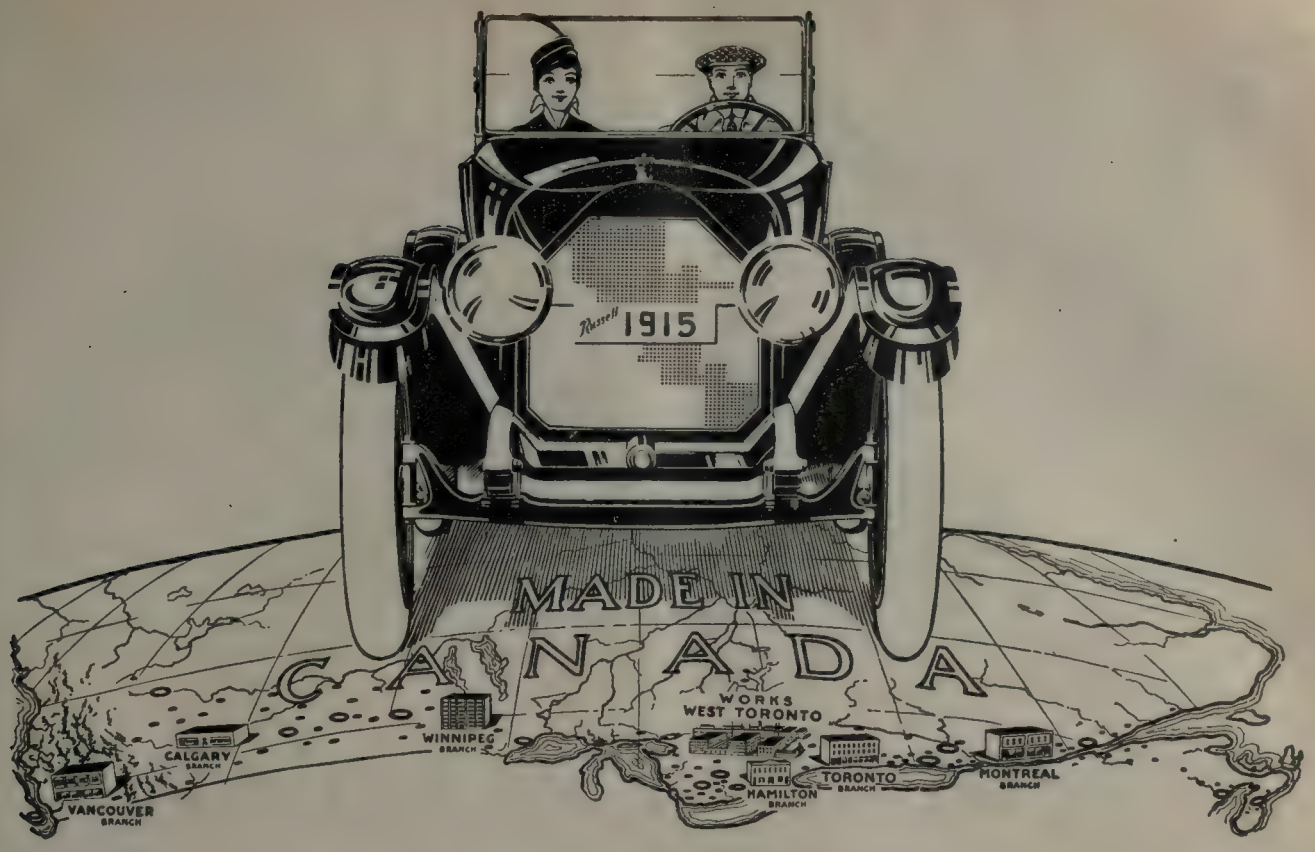
practicability of the scheme had been demonstrated, the future Power Minister moved out into the Province.

Here he found a giant Rosebery who wasn't even pulling a Canadian cab. With the amazing thoroughness that characterized his every new endeavor, Mr. Beck set about harnessing Niagara.

To-day the Hydro Electric Power Commission controls a transmission line that stretches clear across the two hundred and fifty two miles to Windsor. One hundred and six municipalities have contracted for power. And this of course is only a beginning compared to the hurdles of distance that Niagara's new master plans to make him jump when Canada is good and ready to pay for it.

Turning once more to London, Mr. Beck conceived the idea that the town should buy and electrify the Port Stanley railroad. Half the people didn't understand the pros and cons, but, "Adam says it's o. k.," so they voted for it despite the bitter attacks of his political opponents.

His latest achievement has been the Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Byron, for the success of which Lady Beck has done as much as her husband. Some-



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For every dollar you *invest* in a RUSSELL, you get a dollar of *tangible* value. ($1000 duty cannot add one cent of worth.) You get *more*. You *pay less*. You help develop a Canadian industry. You increase Canada's prosperity. The production of Russell Cars gives employment to 1,500 men. Requires $2,000,000 worth of material yearly. Distributes over $1,000,000 in wages to Canadian mechanics.

More Beautiful

Latest European stream-line bodies. New domed fenders. Concealed door-hinges. Clean running-boards. Double head-lights. Lasting lustrous finish. Spare tires at rear. **Full Equipment.**—Highest quality top. Built-in, rain vision, ventilating windshield. Demountable rims. Spare rim. Warner speedometer. Clock. Electric horn, etc.

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Perfectly balanced chasses. Long three-quarter-elliptic rear springs. Ample wheel-base. Big wheels. New proven two-unit electric starting and lighting system. New instrument board (complete control at finger tips). Left side drive. Center control. Quick acting Collins side-curtains, opening with doors, and adjustable from seats.

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Latest-type, long-stroke, smooth-running, high-efficiency engines. More power—less weight. Saving of fuel, oil and tires. Newest type ignition. Chrome nickel-steel gears and shafts. Cleverly designed chasses. Light, strong, heat-treated steels. Full-floating rear axle. Worm bevel gears. Double dust-proof brakes. Very low operative cost per mile.

Five reasons why YOU should drive a Russell "Made in Canada" Car:

1st: The highest-quality car—at the lowest price. 2nd: Most comfortable—easiest-riding—smoothest-running car built.
3rd: Built of finest materials—by expert workmanship. Fully guaranteed and backed by service stations from coast to coast.
4th: Made in Canada—by Canadian workmen—in a Canadian-owned-and-operated plant.
5th: A vital unit in Canadian industry—whose success helps to build up Canadian prosperity—which in turn helps YOU.

Ride in a RUSSELL to-day. Performance proves its worth.

Agency applications invited in open territory *"6-30"--$1750 "4-32"--$2650 "6-48"--$4500* *Catalogue and full descriptive matter on request*

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THIS announces the widely discussed and keenly anticipated Overland Six—the Six that we predicted would upset all previous and present six cylinder value standards.

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$1975

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All prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

times the Power Minister had to be in his car by eight o'clock in order to slip in a run to Byron, but he was never too busy to spend half an hour over the plan of a new pig-pen, or fifteen minutes to argue with the electrician as to the placing of a switch in the barn.

Perhaps no conquest of Mr. Beck's has been more surprising to his fellow-townsmen than has his victory over his own disabilities as a speaker. Cromwell doubtless talked with his sword, and Moses we read was a man of a halting tongue. But the Power Minister determined to harness the English language as effectively as he had bridled Rosebery and put a bit into Niagara's mouth. To-day he is one of the finest orators we have in Canada — not the silver-tongued, wooden-headed kind, but the sort who build with steel-reënforced concrete logic, and drive the audience in bodily with sheer moral earnestness.

Finally to the King, sitting in Buckingham Palace with his advisers, came word of this loyal subject.

"Rise, Sir Adam," said the King.

It mayn't mean much to an American, but we British like to honor our finest even when we speak to them and surely no knighthood was ever better and more lastingly earned.

Then came the days of the Empire's trouble, pouring white hot from the converter of Time, glaring across half a world plunged in night.

"Sir Adam," said the King to this man of German lineage who had offered himself to serve in any capacity, "you know horses. Buy for my Army as well as for your own Overseas contingent. Add yet this one thing more to the burdens you have taken up for the State."

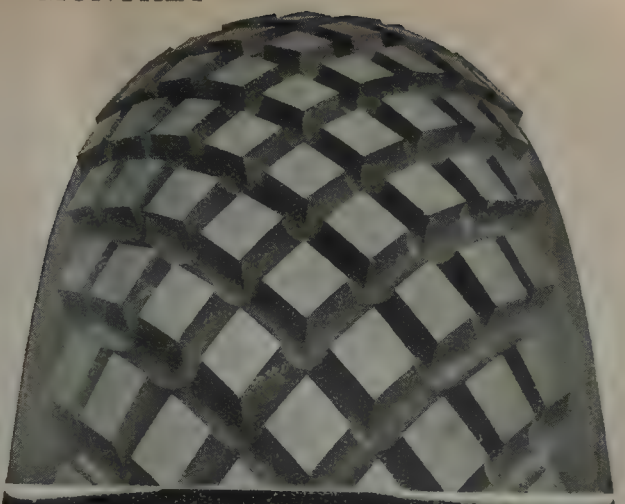
So Sir Adam bought, 1,400 of them so far, brave beasts for the Germans to shoot at.

Last of all, so rumor says, the party he had served—if one may use such a word of such a man—came to him leaderless, and offered him the Provincial Premiership.

It would have dazzled a smaller man.

"I am no politician and I never will be," he replied. "I will buy horses because I understand horses and I will run the Hydro because I understand that too. But the Premiership is not for me."

It's a hard thing to write of a living man who moves so fast. Next year will doubtless find Sir Adam questing off to tame some new leviathan. The present writer, though not of the Power Minister's political faith, ventures to assert that however big and however rampageous the beast may be, six months at most will suffice to teach it to know its master's voice.



The Tire that Endured

Service alone has kept one tire to the fore. Tires have come and gone, but Goodyears continue to lead because of their master features—their correct construction that makes for super-service in all seasons, on all roads.

Some refer to Goodyears as "the well-balanced tires." That is because of Goodyear uniform construction from carcass to tread. Each part is designed to last as long as every other part. Such balance is essential to tire economy.

Others call Goodyears "the consistent tires." That is because their scientific construction and uniform service do not demand drastic changes from time to time. Consistent quality and design have meant maintained economy. Users are not asked to pay for unknown value.

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

Other Features

And Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires offer safety, sturdiness, less trouble, more mileage.

No rim-cuts. A way we control prevents them.

Fewer blow-outs, because the "On-Air" cure, used by us alone, removes a major cause.

Loose tread risk reduced by 60 per cent. by a patent method we alone employ.

Fewer punctures, because of our double-thick, extra tough, All-Weather tread.

Canada Made

Goodyear Tires are made in Canada—at the Goodyear factory at Bowmanville, Ont. That means two things: It means you get a genuine home product and at the same time secure the utmost in tire efficiency.

At the Goodyear factory master methods, equipment and men unite in developing the quality by which Goodyears have won the leadership. Goodyear construction marks to-day's finality in tire perfection Better tires are not made.

The Winter Tire

For winter use get All-Weather treads. They are tough and double thick. They have a resistless grip, yet run like plain treads. Knowing them you will use them the year round.

And Goodyears cost less than 18 other Canadian and American makes that do not have their exclusive features. Price for price you get a bigger Goodyear. Size for size Goodyears cost you less. And you get the four big service features by which Goodyears have endured and won.

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Head Office, Toronto, Ont. Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

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Get Real Tire Economy!
Motoring is two things---a pleasure and a business. One might say it was used sixty per cent. for entertainment and forty per cent. for commercial purposes. Yet no matter whether you use your car to get orders or ozone, your greatest economy will be the reduced cost of mishaps.
No accident ever befel an automobile but what the tires were forced to play a part in it. And no accident ever was averted but what the tires had a say in that, too.
If you will drive fast,
If you will make those sudden stops,
If the city will water asphalt,
If rain will make muddy roads;
Why then---the possibility of skidding will always be with you, unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires. When you think of how to avert danger in motoring you immediately think of . . . . . .
DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD.
T. 113
DUNLOP
SEAL OF QUALITY
TREAD
TRACTION

As Keissheitai

Continued from page 83.

ing his dismissal. But once more his senior seemed to have forgotten him. Finally: "You have added your disaster to the heaviest our arms have suffered. We have sent to His Majesty, our Emperor, the saddest news we have dispatched since we took to war. You did not see the Yashima and the Hatsuse with the fleet this morning because you shall never again see them with the fleet!"

The confirmation of his fears tore the cry from the sub-lieutenant. "Our Yashima! Our Hatsuse!"

"At noon, yesterday, the Hatsuse while steaming with the Yashima, Shikishima and cruisers Kasagi and Tatsuta, before Port Arthur, ran upon a field of the enemy's submerged mines. The Hatsuse, striking one mine and starting to sink, struck another mine before aid arrived and immediately sank, carrying down the captain and more than half the crew!"

"Our Hatsuse lost!"

His senior continued. "In coming to aid the Hatsuse, the Yashima also struck a mine; and soon sank also!"

Adachi's breath seemed to fail him, as if from pressure upon him. The cold, pitiless words of his Commodore seemed physically to crush sense of the double disaster upon him, and it seemed that the senior intended to wring from the boy his cry:

"The Hatsuse and Yashima lost to Japan!"

"The Hatsuse lost to our country, yes, Lieutenant Yasui! It sank in plain sight of all the Russians on their hills. That cannot be concealed. So the admiral has telegraphed to Japan the loss of the Hatsuse. To-day it is being mourned in our country, and the men who died upon it, honored.

"But the Yashima, having the aid of the Shikishima, and the cruisers, kept afloat six hours after it struck the mine—till it was beyond sight of the Russians. So the Yashima sank; yet —if only the foreign news-boat, Caesar, might also now strike a floating mine before it reaches Chi-Fu—our Yashima, though sunk, need not be lost to Japan!"

"If the foreign news-boat strike a mine!"

"The Admiral has reported to the Navy Department only that the Yashima is lost. He forbade it to be told even to our people; for he requires that our enemies must still believe the Yashima is in our battle line! They must not know that to-day we have but three battleships where yesterday we had five! Their ships must not dare to come out! They cannot defeat us; but—if they learn we have lost the Yashima besides the Hatsuse—

Sing-a-song-a-Sixpence, a Pocket full of Rye,
Four and Twenty Black Birds Baked in a Pie.
When the Pie was opened the King began to sing:
"That's the way I want my chef to sweeten everything."

Crown Brand Corn Syrup

So many kinds of delicacies can be made with Crown Brand Corn Syrup—Delicious Candies that are simple to make! Good to eat, too, because Crown Brand Syrup is absolutely pure. Think of the fun of making them, and how little the cost. ¶ Kiddies love Crown Brand Syrup on bread. It is an excellent sweetener and lends a delicious flavor to cakes, puddings and pastry

¶ Our Free Recipe Book tells how to use it in a host of dainty dishes. Send for it. Address Montreal Office.

The Canada Starch Co. Limited

Manufacturers of The Edwardsburg Brands 6

MONTREAL CARDINAL TORONTO BRANTFORD VANCOUVER

MINCE PIES

1 Pound of Lean Boiled Beef.
1 Cup of Crown Brand Syrup.
1 Pound of Tart Apples
One Half-pound Chopped Suet.
One Half-pound cleaned Currants.
1 Pound of Seeded Raisins.
One-quarter Pound of Citron, cut up fine.
One-half Pound of Brown Sugar
One-half Pint of Cider.
1 Teaspoon each of Salt, Pepper, Mace, Allspice, Cloves and Nutmeg.
1 Tablespoon Cinnamon
1 Cup of Brandy and one of Wine.

Mix all thoroughly, and warm on stove until heated through. Remove from fire, and when nearly cool add brandy and wine. Put in a crock, cover it tightly. Keep perfectly cool but do not let it freeze. Will keep good all winter.

A STANDARD OF PURITY
reached regardless of cost in the making, is maintained in
Blue Ribbon Coffee
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Jelly Powders, Spices or Extracts
for they come from the same house as the famous Blue Ribbon Tea. Your money back if Blue Ribbon fails to satisfy
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BLUE RIBBON
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25

"And the Groom's Gift to the Bride Was a Twenty-year Endowment Policy in the London Life Insurance Company"

Of course it caused a good deal of comment. Some people said it wasn't in good taste. The parents of marriageable daughters thought differently — they characterized the gift as "Eminently appropriate and highly practical." While a notable business man expressed the opinion of most shrewd men by saying:— "That young fellow's career will be worth watching, not because he took out an insurance policy in favor of his wife—the law should compel every man to do that— but because he invested in a London Life Policy. Mere bigness didn't get his money. The stability of the Company and guaranteed returns on his investment influenced him. Oh, he'll get along alright."

The London Life
Insurance Company
LONDON - CANADA

POLICIES "GOOD AS GOLD"

56

BLACK KNIGHT
NON INFLAMMABLE
BRILLIANT DURABLE
STOVE POLISH
FOR COAL WOOD AND GAS STOVES
No Dust No Rust
10¢
THE F. F. DALLEY Co LIMITED
HAMILTON. ONT. BUFFALO, N.Y.

they will dare to attack so as to cripple us, perhaps too seriously. If we keep them from knowing, we can hold them as we have held them in their harbour and destroy them, at last, without loss to our fleet when our siege guns strike over their hills! And our fleet, intact, will meet whatever other fleet our enemies may send!

"This the Admiral believed still could be, when he sailed this morning. We believed that we alone knew that our Yashima was sunk! But now has come word that the news-man upon the Caesar—at this moment but a few miles off," he pointed the direction, "has learned the news and will pass for Chi-Fu with it! And so are our hands held from this news-boat, that, unless we can be sure it goes upon a mine—a mine, Lieutenant Yasui—and so sink with all on board, we dare not prevent that news from being sent and becoming soon known to the Russians!"

"But a mine!" Adachi sucked his breath, as he ventured to let himself hope. "A mine!" he cried.

"A mine still may save us the Yashima, Lieutenant Yasui! But a mine only! If one word were whispered even in our ranks, now or later, that one of our ships struck that news boat—neutral, representing those who are our friends—the money we must have from the foreigners would be gone! Our victorious army on the Yalu must retreat on the ground they have drenched with their blood—retreat for lack of supplies! And our soldiers must starve and freeze this winter in their trenches before Port Arthur! So it is better—far better—word that the Yashima is lost be sent at once from Chi-Fu and reach our enemies and send them out to cripple our fleet, than that ever a rumor could rise that our ships have acted against the Caesar!"

The joy of his incredible realization choked Adachi's words and the pressure, relaxed from his lungs, held him gasping.

"But if the Caesar sink from a mine —a mine?" he pleaded.

"That will be a different matter—if it be, without fail, a mine! So goodbye, Lieutenant Yasui! Take your ship at once, with reduced crew, for Sasebo, as ordered,—envying no longer your brother at the head of his *keissheitai*!" The Commodore motioned to the box in Adachi's hand. "How brilliantly his death-flower blossomed!"

The boy, lifted in one instant from the lowest degradation to the highest opportunity to efface it, returned swiftly to his ship. He bore under his coat the little wooden box of his brother's ashes. His fingers again and again tenderly touched the cover inscribed with the new name by which

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We will ship your parcel within one day of the time we receive your order.

WE PAY DELIVERY CHARGES

on every article catalogued, to your nearest Post Office. A post card will bring our big catalogue to you free.

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You may be puzzled to know what is new and desirable in

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for this season. A letter of enquiry will bring the information you require.

We are experts in remodelling old jewellery and special pieces. Sketches and estimates can be promptly supplied.

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"Used while you sleep."

for Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup; Asthma; Sore Throat; Coughs; Bronchitis; Colds; Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the spasmodic Croop at once. It is a BOON to sufferers from asthma

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

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his brother's honored spirit was now known in the Temple of Kudan.

Finding the hasty patching and calking of the Sansanami almost completed, he directed Majuka to reduce the crew to the minimum for "certain-death" service—to explain to the men it was to be, not merely a "resolved-to-die" detachment, but as a "*keis-sheitai*!" Accordingly to take only the necessary ones of those that offered themselves.

Hurriedly he himself saw that additional coal had been brought, that his torpedo tubes and machine-guns were in order.

Yet, as he stepped to his station and swiftly guided the Sansanami back through the fleet to sea, was there a chance for him again to fail? Were those upon the other ships in reality observing him taking his ship to Sasebo in disgrace, or, as *keissheitai*, going out upon certain-death service for his country?

Suppose he should fail to find the Caesar—suppose, in fact, the news-boat had gone upon a floating mine! He could hear old Majuka crooning to himself as he stood by the forward torpedo-tube, caressing it lovingly with his wrinkled hand. It was a snatch of an old Samurai song.

"My sword, you never tasted blood.
Wait yet awhile, only a little longer!"

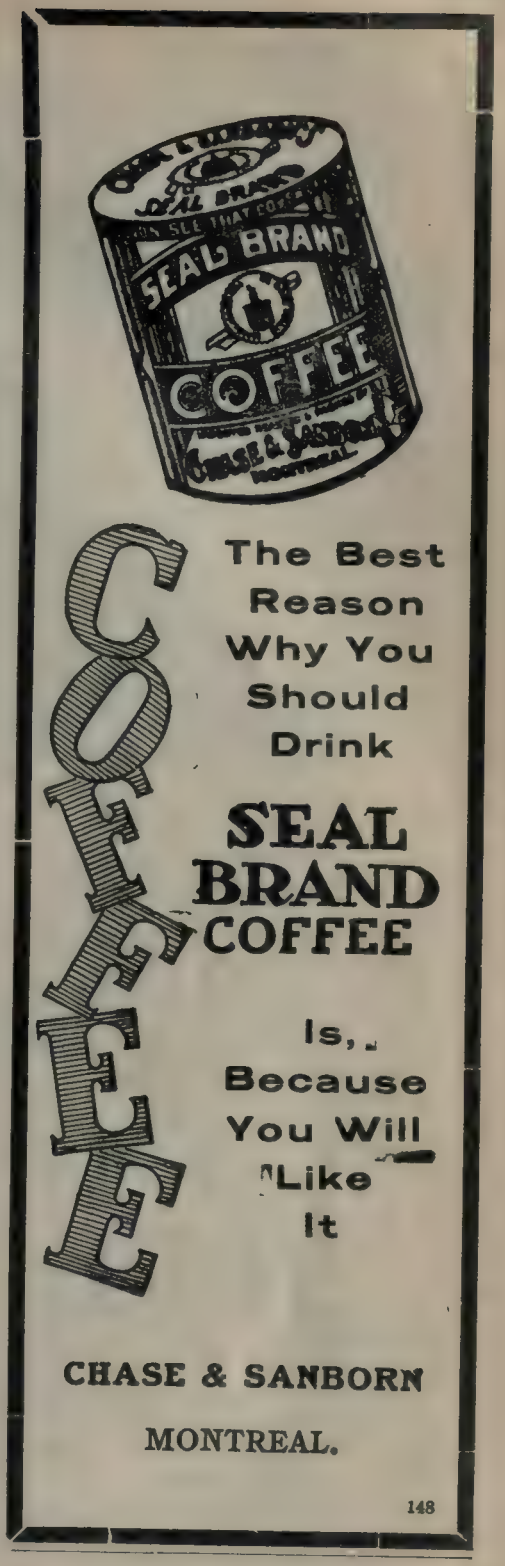
The same confidence inspired the others to whom their commander had promised glorious death. Stepping a moment below, after he had brought the Sansanami safely to sea, how the sure-death devotion shone even in the stoke-hold! How it glowed on the face of even stupid, clumsy Takesaburo as he opened the firedoors and he bent in the red light of the flaming coals.

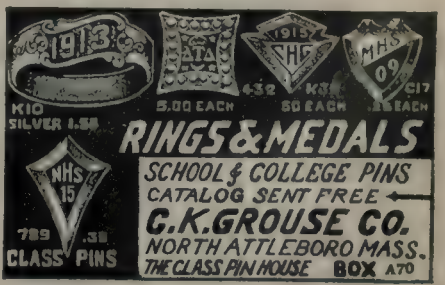
Adachi's fears returned, as he again took the bridge. No smoke yet was in sight where he should find the Caesar; ahead he saw one, on the beam another, and now ahead still another floating mine. Was their work already done by one of these? It could not be so! No! Ahead, now smoke!

Softly, unceasingly, he prayed to his brother's spirit, as the distance diminished. He made out, through his glasses, that the ship might well be the Caesar.

Half an hour more and there remained no doubt of it. Seeing the swift pursuit of the torpedo boat, the news-boat raised its identification pennant, dispelling all question.

Adachi Yasui, on his bridge, swung his glass swiftly about the horizon. No other ship was anywhere in sight. So he and his men are *keissheitai*! He bent over the bridge rail and shouted the order exultantly, first forward to Majuka, and then to the after torpedo tube.





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An INDISPENSABLE CONVENIENCE

Kindel De Luxe Davenport Design Colonial

THE hospitality that extends sleeping accommodations to guests over one night and possibly more, will be taxed to capacity in many homes during the Holidays

Such circumstances prove how absolutely indispensable a **Kindel** convertible Davenport or Divanette may become as an essential part of the furnishings.

In a moment the good-looking Davenport or Divanette that has been serving, except in emergencies—perhaps for a long time—as one of the most favored pieces of furniture in the house, is converted into a bed that, in point of comfort, could leave nothing to be desired In the morning it will be as instantly returned to the other service as it was converted into a bed. All the bedding will be left upon it ready for another consecutive night of use as a bed.

In either of these services, the three styles of the **Kindel** Kind find unusual favor. These three styles are the Somersaultic, the De Luxe and the Divanette. All accomplish the same purpose equally well—it is simply a question of your own preference.

DAY & NIGHT SERVICE

Ask for a copy of the Kindel booklet, "The House That Grew"

The Kindel Bed Company, Limited

14 Clifford Street

New York Toronto Grand Rapids

Readers of Canada Monthly!!

If you know of any men who are serving our King in the present war who are old Students of Trinity College School, will you please send their names to

The Headmaster
Trinity College School
Port Hope, Ont.

"Tubes clear for action to port. Goal moving at about nine knots. We pass at two hundred yards!"

Again he touched the bell-signal to the engine room.

"Full speed ahead!"

With engines humming, the whole iron shell—the bridge, funnel, the entire super-structure—vibrating, and spray flying on all sides, the Sansanami leaped still faster forward.

"Fire!" The order loosed both torpedoes together. Shooting into the water, splashing, their whirling propellers caught and they furrowed side by side straight to the beam of their goal. Adachi called quickly a warning to the men at the machine guns to be ready. But together the torpedoes had gone home; and, as the waters subsided where the moment before had been the Caesar, Adachi commanded the machine guns unloaded. For he saw that instantaneously all was over.

Mechanically he ordered the engineer, through the speaking-tube to slow down; and he gave his direction to the helmsman.

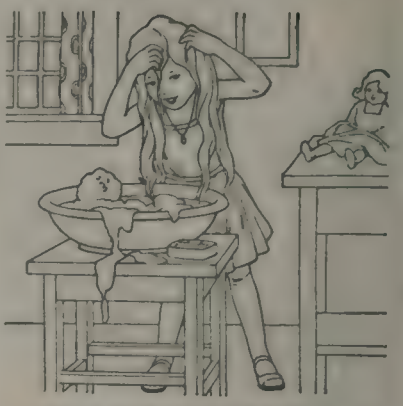
He had not failed! He and his men, as *keissheitai*, had done their duty. But, instead of the greater exultation he had expected, sadness surprised him. It was not for the certainty of his own death, he knew. It was grief, honorable regret and sympathy, for the fate of the men whose death he had just ordered.

They were very few upon the news-boat—not so many as his own men upon the Sansanami. Therefore more than full satisfaction for them would be rendered. Yet how sad and unjust that what he had done was the only thing that could have been done! The unfortunate foreign-news-man had intended no hostility to Japan. Yet inevitably he must have done irreparable injury. And there was no other way to have argued the difficulty. The news-man knew what must not be known; therefore, he was silenced, together with those who knew it with him. For that unjustifiable act, having no other right than their necessity, those that killed the foreigners would offer themselves as compensation.

Yasui felt sympathy for his men, too. It was clear that they had expected such certain-death service as they had heard of—a wild, intoxicated, life-reckless dash and attack at full speed through a half-blocked channel, over mines and between obstructions, and under deadly fire from all sides. Thus torpedo-boats had attacked before, and the former certain-death detachments of the Navy had taken in the fire-boats and the hulks to sink in the harbour.

They believed that their duty still was to be done; for the Sansanami's bow had been turned to Port Arthur.

CHILDREN WILL HAVE



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It was late in the afternoon. For an hour no ship, except that which had been destroyed, had showed within the green horizon rim. But now, far to the west, black objects rose from time to time—the watching Japanese battleships and cruisers, turning back and forth at their guard stations off Port Arthur. They were barely in sight, and Yasui ordered the helmsman to avoid them.

However, they had told him that to-day the blockade was as usual; that the Russians had not dared to come out; that, not having heard, now they could not hear of the Yashima!

The slow sun of late May sank over the Laoteshan mountains. Its long, fiery rays glowed over the steep cliffs below Port Arthur; their magnificent red radiance spread over the water. And now, straight ahead, lay a shoal, sown thick with the Russian mines.

The Sansanami, steering for this, was seen by the light cruisers and destroyers which had relieved the armoured vessels before the harbour's mouth. The nearest signaled a warning.

But Adachi Yasui only requested Majuka to hold to the course. Having ordered that generous rations, with a cup of *sake*, be given to each man, he went below to see that all had drunk.

From the tiny cages of bamboo, where the sailors kept little green and black crickets as pets, a cheerful chirping assailed him. Glancing about, he saw that the bits of rind upon which the crickets fed, recently had been pressed into each little cage.

Suddenly, in his transport of glorious expectation, came to him the recollection of the line spoken by the poet, Basho, upon parting with a friend, hearing the crickets.

"Nothing in the cicada's voice
Gives token of a speedy death."

How beautiful! But—an uncontrollable shout from above! Already the Sansanami was upon the mines!

Adachi leaped for the ladder; but too late to see it. His fingers felt under his coat for the little box of his brother's ashes. . . . . .

Sub-lieutenant Yasui, late in command of torpedo boat of the third class, No. 108, slowly recognized that the man bathing his face was strong Takesaburo, the stoker. Still more slowly he realized that he and Takesaburo were in a little boat half full of water, and that blood stained the water in it—that he and the stoker alone lived of those that had been upon the Sansanami, and that nothing remained of the torpedo boat but a few floating splinters, and the little leaking dinghy to which Takesaburo must have swum with him.

Yet the red glow of the sun behind the Russian forts seemed no less. To his men death must have come as swiftly as to those upon the Caesar.

Blood covered Takesaburo's big body; he was surely hurt badly; yet he had thought only of his commander; and his thick fingers had been bathing and bandaging so tenderly. He had stripped himself entirely to thrust strips of his clothes into the leaking seams of the boat; and he had labored, so smilingly, to keep it afloat till the Japanese destroyer, which had signalled the Sansanami the moment before, could come to them.

How sad to tell Takesaburo that he had done only wrong.

"Takesaburo, for our country's safety, we without warrant took the lives of foreigners neutral upon the vessel Caesar, which we destroyed. Wherefore—in order that no harm may come upon our comrades for this—we, with our lives, must satisfy the crime. To us who have left Japan fully determined to turn into dust under the hoofs of His Majesty's steed, declaring, 'Here I stand ready to die,' has come

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the cherished opportunity to perish for our country's safety."

He thought, for an instant, and, finding in a pocket two chestnuts, he offered one to the stoker.

"This was offered to the gods by my mother, and she told me to eat this without fail before offering myself to die. I will eat one, and do you also eat one. This must be our last farewell. Remember me as your true elder brother to eternity!"

Takesaburo, the stoker, understanding, reached for his knife. His features were composed and his hand steady; only, being of low birth, his clumsiness and lack of confidence in the presence of his superior abashed him.

"Lieutenant, if you really think of me as your younger brother," he requested, respectfully pointing to the officer's pistol, "do you please——"

. . . . . .

Sub-lieutenant Yasui, alone remaining of those that had forfeited their lives, saw that he had still a moment to prepare himself calmly and with dignified exultation.

He took from his coat the ashes of his brother and strewed them reverently before him.

Tearing Takesaburo's rude calking from the side of the boat so that it must rapidly sink, he took the stoker's sharp knife in his hand.

Baring his abdomen, he bowed twice, firmly repeating his consecration so that, for the unjustifiable wrong he had done, he and those already dead might bear the retribution and take it from his superiors in the service of his country.

So he spoke to the spirits of the dead.

"I, and I alone, was responsible for the order given to fire upon the neutral boat-of the-foreigners, Caesar, and for the unwarrantable death of those which I caused. For this crime I disembowel myself, and I beg you who are present to do me the honor of witnessing the act."

. . . . . .

So, as the little boat sank, the rescuing torpedo boat found upon the water only a spot of blood—still red, for the instant, red as the last glow of the sun over the Russian hills. Accordingly those upon the torpedo-boat believed that they had witnessed merely the useless self-destruction of a too proud, foolish boy who had lost his ship. But their superiors, to whom they reported, knew that it was because of that blood upon the water that the Russians, as they watched from their hills for the Japanese ships, still saw always the mighty battleship Yashima under the smoke on the horizon; and that from that blood the belief that the Yashima was with the fleet still fed the fears of the Russians as Rojestvensky steered his ships for Tsushima!

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St. Nicholas and the Lovers

Continued from page 89.

"*Fanny*! What the—what is it? Are you ill? Merry Christmas."

"Come out here, *quick*!"

In a moment the astounded Allen emerged, his head tousled and over his pajamas a bathrobe. "What on earth——"

"Don't *talk*. Cecelia's discovered that the picture is gone. She's made an awful scene. She nearly tore me limb from limb. I was so frightened I nearly died. She's sitting there now moaning and going on like a maniac. I never saw such a fool. We've got to *do* something."

"Do something," weakly repeated Fritz. "Do——"

"Right now. *Do* something, If you could *hear* her! My heavens, I never had such a time in my life."

"But wh—wh—what are you going to do?" he asked helplessly.

"I've thought it all out. There's just one chance to save our lives. You've got to go and get Lucius and tell him Cecelia wants to see him."

Allen gasped. "Lucy. But—O, my good Lord! But suppose——"

"You needn't suppose *anything*. There's just one chance! They're both silly about each other, and if he gets there and sees her, he'll try to comfort her and—go—*now*. Tell him to bring the picture, too."

The thoroughly confused Allen departed, rubbing his eyes. He found Lucius still sitting in a daze before his little table, the portrait in his hand.

"Say," Fritz began awkwardly, "Cecelia has sent for you. She wants to see you to-night—now. Don't wait. She's in a hurry!"

"Wants to see *me?*" asked Prettyman. "What——"

"Now—right off—in the studio. I don't know what for. Come on. Bring the miniature."

"But—but——"

"O, say, Lucy, the girl *wants* you. Come on." And he half dragged, half pushed the older man from his room, feebly protesting. Fanny stole behind them on tiptoe.

"Don't mind what she says," encouraged Allen at Cecelia's door. "You go in and *make it all right with her*!"

Without listening to Prettyman's vague ramblings and distressed protests, Fritz opened the door and shoved him in.

"Reach in and get the key and lock the door—on the outside," commanded Fanny at his elbow.

The key turned in the lock.

"Now, we'll have to stand here and wait and——" began Fanny.

"And pray," finished Fritz.

From within came low murmurs—then long silences—then again the murmurs. With long silences—then again the murmurs. With chattering teeth and shivering limbs Fanny and Fritz waited—waited, it seemed to them, for hours. A few dwellers in the top-story passed them and stared curiously, but Fanny and Fritz were oblivious. After a long time they heard some one rattling at the door. Fanny drew a long breath.

"Open it," she directed. "For better or for worse."

Lucius Prettyman emerged. On his face was a sentimental smile of utter blissfulness.

"Merry Christmas, Lucy," ventured Fritz.

"I—I've had a—a beautiful Christmas present—it's Cecelia. We—we're engaged," he grinned bashfully.

"Thank heaven, I can go to bed," remarked Fanny.

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Card Indexing the Babies

Continued from page 98.

keep not only these utensils, but all others, as clean as the milk.

Even here, the staff reported progress. After which the white-clad ladies got talking among themselves and speedily soared into regions too rarefied for the lay mind, while a blue-dressed, black-lace-shawled gypsy waited for her offspring's bottle outside the enclosure and the reporter investigated the oven where the bottles were baked overnight in a temperature of 250 degrees in order to ensure the absolute cleanliness that even washing soda and the laws of Moses couldn't guarantee.

After a drink of sixteen per cent. cream as a reward for not talking, the reporter was led back to the taxi and whirled off down town to where the Island Queen was about to cast off her hawser for an all-afternoon sail out on the Lake. Mr. Solman, the boat's owner, donates her for three afternoons a week, a daily newspaper provides an equipment and the ever-watchful, cheerfully-cooperating Health Board comes through with two nurses and an assistant. The cargo provides itself to the tune of some 200 as an average, babies not sick but ailing, and mothers, just smoky-lunged from the city and din-tired and weary with pushing a go-cart as a necessary accompaniment to getting outdoors.

The two nurses sat at a table while the mothers passed in a long line.

"Breastfed or bottlefed?" asked the little nurse.

"Bottlefed, please Miss."

"What formula?" was the next query, as the assistant made out a tea-and-biscuits card for the mother herself, said card good for later on in the afternoon.

"And will you believe it," the reporter was told, "we've never found a woman yet who didn't know her baby's formula! Doesn't that speak pretty well for the instruction our nurses give in the homes?"

Then, while the tired housekeepers go up on deck, and the little whimperers slumber in the hammocks provided, or watch the gulls over the blue water, or just lie still and think, babywise, the nurses and their assistant make up the feedings, and by the time the mothers come with their tea-tickets, the bottles are ready for the kiddies.

Last of all we went back to the Creche where Queenie lies in her white crib and here we talked a little of the wonderful scheme whereby the Health Department enlists the charitable lady and the crusty old doctor and the boat-magnate and the clergy-

man and the little tenement motherkins with her pigtail down her back. The Central Office at the City Hall deals only with the three supervisors of districts and the nurse and her assistant who are in charge of all clinics. For the rest, the army runs itself, over the 'phone, through the mail, by taxi and bicycle messengers.

The Malby Family and Isabella-from-Liverpool and Queenie-without-a-name never see the coral sweet peas on the green blotting pad in the Superintendent's office. But the Superintendent sees them, just as she sees Monty and Francesca doing folk dances in the Creche kintergarten and Mrs. Millions taking the Jones baby out in her motor, and the Tomkins boy having his tonsils bloodily removed down at the General Hospital, and the Girls' Club that provides ice for nothing to those who'll build an ice-box.

"Teamwork, teamwork," says the Superintendent, "march apart and fight together. That's it."

Lord, what a fight!

Soldiering at Salisbury

Continued from page 109.

four cruisers lay at anchor, close to the shore. Up and down the bay, from the misty horizon between the two headlands to the quiet water by the marsh and railway bridge, the transports stood in three long lines. There were liners and freighters of all shapes and sizes from the towering "Lapland" and the "Andania" to horse transports like the "Monmouth" and the "Lakonia." Some like the "Royal George" and the "Royal Edward," were in their steelgray warpaint. Others, like the "Laurentic," were having the glittering white of their upper works painted over. Signals were winking from the bridges of the warships and being answered by the "flag flappers" of each battalion on the different ships. We stared up and down the bay, assuring each other that "this was the biggest lot of ships that ever crossed the Atlantic together," when a hail from below drew our attention to one of the rough motor dories which the Gaspe fishermen seem to like. We forgot all about the Armada at once. There was a chance to get off some letters.

For five minutes they fluttered around the boat like snowflakes. Some floated away on the tide. The majority were captured. We cheered the three fishing lasses as they started the engine and drew away.

Five hours later we saw the last of Canada, mountains deep blue on the horizon against a flaming sunset. Perhaps half of us stayed up on deck for a last look at our native land. The rest went below to play bridge.

For three days after we passed Cape Race and got fairly out into the long Atlantic swells, the transports did more or less corkscrewing. Packages of seasick remedy were served out to all hands. The experienced and hardy members of the force with an eye to extra meals, did their best to drive others away from the dinner table by intimate discussions of all the details of seasickness. They were disappointed. The hard work at Valcartier and the week on board ship in quiet water had given us all our sea legs, and probably not more than ten per cent. of the contingent missed even a single meal.

Getting enough to eat became a serious problem before the voyage was far under way. Stores apparently had been laid in on calculations based on the appetites of ordinary passengers. Muscular young fellows in first class physical condition are not ordinary

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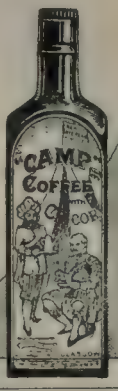

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passengers, and the salt air made us all feel that we could eat the regular meals three or four times over.

The barber shop canteen was bought out in two days. We advanced on the other positions previously reconnoitred, the kitchens and the bakery. Pies intended for the officers went for thirty-five cents to fifty cents; buns at six for a quarter. The chief steward tried to stop traffic by threatening to send the cooks down to the stokehold, and by counting pastry as soon as it was baked. But all to no purpose. The "scouts" used to slip down the passage near the bakery door late at night after "Lights Out," pop through a side entrance behind the ovens and presently emerge with slight bulges under their great coats.

Another chance for "scouting" came when fatigue parties were sent down to the hold to bring up supplies. The hold is dark and much useful loot was stored there. One private in our company on fatigue, twice got halt a dozen cakes of chocolate and two bottles of claret.

The routine of drill was not heavy. We only had enough to prevent our getting out of condition and forgetting what we'd learned at Valcartier.

There was a morning tramp of two miles round and round the deck with full packs on. The march was followed by stiff physical drill. Afternoon parade consisted of a run around the deck and instruction in semaphore signalling. In the evening we had lectures on outpost duty, on attack and defence and on measures to avoid disease.

Drills and lectures occupied at most four hours a day. In the offtime, singing, writing, cards and sky-larking were the order of the day. Soldiers are like overgrown boys in many ways, especially when they are passing out of the recruit stage. Accordingly there were lockstep processions to the tune of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and impromptu dances in the moonlight in the first week or so of the voyage. Later on, these antics were reserved for the nightly concerts, along with recitations of "Gunga Din" and minstrel sextets.

In the evenings, everybody, more or less, played cards or wrote letters. A favorite plan was a day by day letter to the family or the one and only. It was a curious scene—the smoking room which the men in the ranks had as their den—in one corner a dozen men lined up waiting to get ginger ale; at half the tables, groups betting loudly over games of euchre and five hundred; and at the rest of the tables, fellows with paper in front of them and pens in their hands, staring abstractedly at the ceiling through a fog of pipe smoke.

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4 cups granulated sugar
1½ cups boiling water
1 cup cold water

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one-half teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavor, found in separate envelope, dissolved in one tablespoonful water and one tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add one tablespoonful brandy, if desired, one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystalize.

Vary this recipe by using different flavors and colors, and if desired, add chopped nuts, figs, dates, raisins or peanuts to the lemon mixture.

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MADE IN CANADA.

In spite of the fact that the whole contingent was hived in thirty-two transports and that the transports kept close together, the men on each ship were as ignorant of what was happening on the others as if they had been on the farther side of the ocean. We did not even know what regiments were on which ships.

We were in three lines close together with a war ship at the head of each line, a war ship on each flank and a war ship out in front and another in the rear. We showed no lights at night. No boat was permitted to use its wireless except the Admiral's and he only used it to overhear anything that was being said. All communication was done by signalling from boat to boat.

One morning I was sitting in the smoking cabin on A deck (the top one) when we heard the siren of our boat give a number of short blasts. This was the signal for man overboard. Naturally we all rushed out and sure enough there was a man's head bobbing in the water alongside us. The engines were reversed and a number of life preservers thrown.

Of course when we stopped the whole fleet stopped and there was a certain amount of danger that some of the boats would pile up on one another, as they very nearly did and you may be sure we weren't at all free from nervousness when we saw the Monmouth bearing down on us. I understand our captain didn't use altogether printable language either. We lowered a boat, but just before doing so the man in charge found he was one short, so called for another. Capt. Hargraft, of the 90th Regt., Winnipeg, was standing near and jumped in. They picked up their man and he had to sit in the bottom and hold his hand over a hole (the bung for which had been lost) while we all were deriving great amusement under the belief that he was seasick.

It turned out that he was a sailor from the Royal Edward, immediately ahead of us. The only news of the outside world that filtered in was an occasional short Marconi bulletin, two or three hundred words long. And they contained nothing but very brief summaries of War news, and such items of British interest as that "Lord So-and-So, for sixty years keeper of the Royal Shoehorn, died suddenly today." At the date of writing we are still in ignorance of the winner of the World's Series.

Twice the monotony of ordinary drill was relieved by an order that all hands take a bath.

"Parade with a towel and a smile," said the sergeants. So we marched up on deck in that garb, left the towels hanging on the rail and marched under a stream of icy sea water from a hose manipulated by one of the crew. It was refreshing, if not particularly cleansing,

For three days near the end of the journey, sports took the place of drill. There were three-legged races and wheelbarrow races and rope climbing contests and a score of similar events. Best of all was the obstacle race. Each competitor, stripped to a shirt, had to crawl through a canvas chute filled with coal dust and flour, climbed under or over several other impediments and finally negotiate a tangle of ropes while a hose was played on him at the range of three yards.

The officers' pillow fighting astride of spars was another event that

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This new system which is called the Numeral Method, is sold in Canada by the Numeral Method Music Co., of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the following special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.

You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numeral Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or post card to the Numeral Method Music Co., of Canada, 250R Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying "Please send me the Numeral -Method on seven days' free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only $5, although the regular price of these is $10. You should not delay writing, as the Numeral Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.

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FREE TRIAL OFFER

Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that, I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see, I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about me and my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might

So said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a MONTH'S FREE TRIAL. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new **Aladdin** in every way (details of offer given in our circular). Would we dare make such a challenge if there were the slightest doubt as to the merits of the **Aladdin? GET ONE FREE.** We want **one user in each locality** to whom we can refer customers. To that person we have a special introductory offer to make, under which one lamp is **given free.** Write quick for our 10-Day Absolutely Free Trial Proposition and learn how to get **one free.**

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the ranks applauded loudly. When one stern captain received a pillow full on his rather prominent nose, and swung headlong off the spar, the cheers of the men in his company could be heard for miles.

The evening of the last sports day, we had an impressive demonstration of naval power. H. M. S. Queen Mary, one of the newest and largest ships in the navy, passed through the convoy. Stripped of all lumber and in steel-grey warpaint, the big dreadnought cruiser was awesomely business-like. Above her abnormally long lean hull, one could see four turrets, each carrying slim black guns, three huge funnels, and a high bridge. She slipped through the swells with scarcely a movement. The big liners, towering in the air, looked slow and unwieldy beside this swift sea snake. And about all that any of us could say was, "God, what a ship!" With craft like this to keep the seas, one could understand why the North Atlantic is a British pond, and why our trip across the ocean was without disturbing incident.

To Say Him Good-bye

Continued from page 96.

into the current below. On both sides of the run-a-way river gangs of men worked feverishly, building breakwaters to keep the current from eating further into the roadbed. A huge tree fell into place as they stood, its bushy top reaching far out from the bank like a miniature forest. A gang of trackmen passed them having left their lorry at the edge of the danger area, and fell into work. Across the gap another lorry approached, was stopped and lifted from the track, and the men came forward carrying axes and poles. McNaughton noticed that they were supplemented by lumbermen from the camp up the river.

At the very end of the long steel-ribboned track a puff of smoke showed dimly in the haze of sunrise. Mrs. Maloney watched it for a moment, then turned toward her companions with a question.

"An' what would that be over there, sor?"

"Probably a work train, from Swan River coming down with ballast," he said. "She's made a record trip all right."

"An' will she be goin' back?"

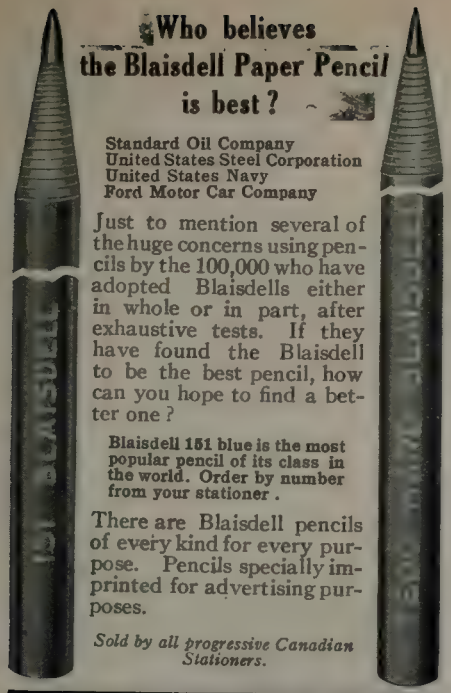
"When the cars are unloaded, yes."

"An' is it Subdruy it do be goin' to?"

"No, Mrs. Maloney, only back as far as Swan River."

"An' where would that be?"

"About twenty miles further on."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"Twenty miles nearer Sudbruy thin," she said wistfully. "If we were only acrost we'd be goin' on her that far."

"You couldn't ride on a work-train, mother."

"I think they'd be takin' me if I told them about Jimmy, if only I could get acrost."

"That's a very great 'if' at present, Mrs. Maloney."

"This thrack, now," she glanced across the shining line of steel which bridged the chasm, "I'm that light—shure Jimmy could carry me undher his arm."

McNaughton whirled on her in amazement.

"Mrs. Maloney," he cried, "don't think of such a thing! There are gaps out there you could never jump across; and even your weight might loosen any one of those ties and send it down into the river—you with it. Besides, it would give and sway with your weight and motion. It would take a very quick and level-headed man for a thing like that. It would be absolutely impossible for—for you."

"I suppose so, an ould body like me," she answered, "but I feel that certain I could do it!"

McNaughton found her a seat near some other of the passengers. A moment later he was called away to give advice regarding the placing of the impromptu retaining wall.

"I will come back again in a little while, Mrs. Maloney," he promised. "You'll be comfortable, won't you?"

"Shure an' I will that. I'll just bide here till you come back, forbye the raft goes before then."

A man near turned toward her curiously. "They won't make a raft," he said, "not till the line's protected, and probably not then. Most people'll go back with our train to Lancelot, and they'll get a track across here by night."

"There'll be a boat to take *me* across," she insisted anxiously, "I'm Jimmy Maloney's mother, an' I've got to get seein' him when the throop-train gets into Sudbruy. Don't ye think there will, sor?"

"Maybe so, maybe so," the man answered, "but if I were you I'd go back with this train and go to Valcartier."

Mrs. Maloney said nothing. She sat with wistful eyes on the puffing work-train just across that stretch of muddy water, and on the shining rails that glinted and beckoned to her to follow their luring path. Perhaps the man was right about the raft. Perhaps Jimmy's train would come, and go, and so she would not see him. Perhaps, oh, perhaps, she would never see him again. And he would go without all the precious things in the basket, without ever knowing how she had loved and worked for him.

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Against Climate, Weather and Ill Health
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It is then carefully manufactured on expensive and exclusive machinery, very different from the ordinary style of underwear machinery—fashioning each garment to fit the human form. It is all selvage edges, therefore cannot come unravelled; every join is knitted together, not sewn, as with ordinary underwear.
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In All Sizes For Men, Women and Children
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Worn by the Best People
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LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT
GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
CEETEE
PURE WOOL

And she would go back to the miserable little cottage at Keppel Corners, where there was not even the "bit pig" to squeal a welcome,—go back and unpack the things that were Jimmy's, and he'd never know—perhaps he'd *never* know!

She stood up uncertainly, taking a hesitating step toward the track. The watchman set to guard it had disappeared; there were few people about now; most of them had gone back to Kepanegan in the hope of break-

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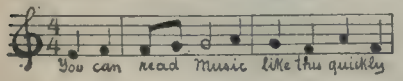

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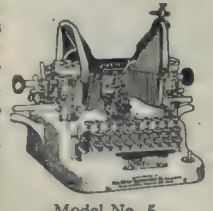

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fast. She moved slowly to the crumbling edge. Did she dare to go? The work-train was still standing in its place. Car after car had been unloaded. It might pull out any minute—now, while she watched—and her last chance to see Jimmy would go out with it. She must go quickly. Dared she go? Her heart beat, choking, in her throat and the hand that clutched the basket trembled. Her knees shook under her so that she could hardly stand.

"Shure I'm that wake," she whispered, "I'll be fallin'."

"The work-train gave a warning whistle and she started desperately forward. Before her the morning sunshine fell white and dazzling on the shining steel. She saw the little glittering shimmer of light on the poplar leaves and the stir of workmen across the gap. Then everything went into a misty golden blur that was like the smoke of battle, and in it she saw—not the big, strong son whom she was going to meet—but a little blue-eyed, curly-headed lad that twelve years before had been "the widow Maloney's Jimmy."

She was out four or five steps (four or five ties) from the edge of the chasm. Under her weight a tie went down. She stumbled, saved herself, panic-stricken, but still clutching the precious basket.

"Dear God," she prayed, "help a poor ould body like me. Help poor ould Annie Maloney all by her lone."

She said it over and over; its repetition someway helped her. The mist cleared from before her eyes. She recognized that the ties, bolted as they were to the rails and sleepers, were bearing her weight. She had a strange elate confidence. They were shouting to her now from the bank, but she did not listen. Her eyes never left the ties, watching for safe footing. More than once a tie had dropped. In one place two, but she had ceased to be afraid.

"They shall bear thee up in their hands."—"They shall bear thee up in their hands."—"Dear God, help an ould body. Help poor ould Annie Maloney."—"Bear thee up in their hands."—"Bear thee up in their hands."

Once she stumbled and fell, but was up and on again while the crowd gathered at either end still held their breath. How far it was! What miles and miles!—"Bear thee up in their hands."—The end must be near, but she dared not look.—"Oh God, help poor ould Annie Maloney."—What! Sand! Ballast! The land again! Breaking in on the music of her promise, "Bear thee up —" came the ringing 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! of the men. She grew suddenly faint and sick, and a man put his arms around her and laid her gently down on the track.

She woke because they were trying to take her basket.

"Lave it be," she said sternly, "'tis for Jimmy." Then, struggling to a sitting posture, "The thrain, its niver gone?"

"Here yet. Just getting ready to back away."

She rose unsteadily to her feet.

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"Shure I'm goin' *on* it," she said. "That's why I come. I've just *got* to see Jimmy at Sudbruy. He's goin' for a soldier," she explained, "I must say him good-bye."

Ten minutes later she was sitting in the caboose of the work-train. She leaned out toward the group of workmen who stood below the little window.

"When yez get acrost to the other side," she said, "will yez be good enough to say to Misther McNaughton —he's a big up-standin' man an' looks a bit like my Jimmy—say til him I was that ashamed, comin' off without so much as a thank ye, an' tell him they say there's a thrain goin' up to Sudbruy from Swan River, as 'll get there forninst the throop-train comes. Good-bye."

The engine puffed warningly. From both banks men swung their hats and shouted and the train was off.

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 120.

apparently found it satisfactory," said I.

The doctor laughed. "Satisfactory isn't precisely the word I should use," said he. "It doesn't cover the ground at all. In fact, the portrait was so vivid and poignant a reminder of Claire herself that the sight of it, the day when she came here to the studio, upset her dreadfully. She looks forward to getting final possession of it with a mixture of anxiety and dread. In fact, the memory of it has possessed her imagination ever since in a way that I, as her physician, am forced to regret."

"The portrait, then," said I, "is more like the original than the photograph from which it was painted ?"

The doctor nodded. "Strikingly so," said he.

Again I had to draw in a long, slow breath to steady myself. But when I had done that I managed to say, indifferently enough: "Oh, well, the ways of genius are past finding out. Mr. Jeffrey's genius as a portrait-painter seems to lie in getting beneath the surfaces of things and presenting the living reality.

"If he can do that with a living face, which is often inexpressive enough to the ordinary eye of the character beneath it, it is not so wonderful that he should do it, to a less extent, of course, with a momentary record of a face as it appears in a photograph. It's a great test of his powers, though, and a wonderful compliment to them."

The doctor nodded thoughtfully, and there was a little silence before he spoke again.

"Mr. Jeffrey lived in Paris for some time, didn't he ?"

"Oh, years ago," said I. "Long before I knew him. Of course, like every painter, he goes back occasionally for visits."

"I suppose he's been back there within the last four or five years ?"

"Oh, yes," said I.

The doctor let another moment go by in silence.

"I am going to be frank with you," he said at last, "and I hope you will be frank with me. I hope what I have already told you of my relation with Miss Meredith is enough to clear me of the charge of idle curiosity. Miss Meredith is far from a well woman. She has had the idea, ever since she came here to look at Mr. Jeffrey's portrait of her niece, that that portrait wasn't painted exclusively from the photograph. Mr. Jeffrey must have seen and remembered the girl herself. And nothing would satisfy her short of my coming to ask Mr. Jeffrey if that had been the case."

"I'm sure," said I, "that Jeffrey will be glad to go to see her and set her mind at rest in the matter."

The greatest enemy of your skin

In the care of your skin have you reckoned with the most powerful, the most persistent enemy it has—the *outside* enemy?

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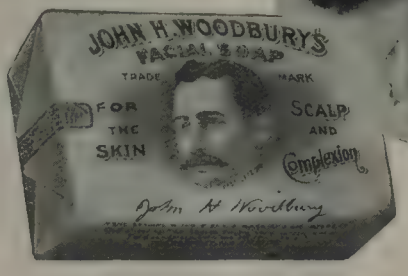

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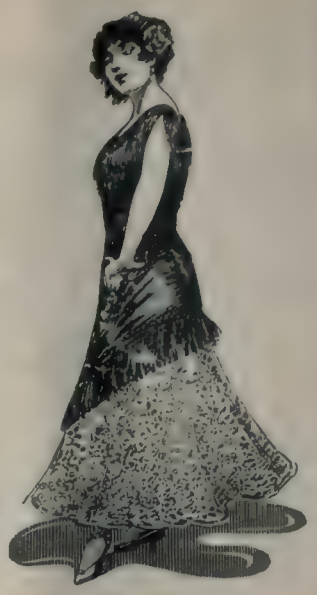

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With all the man's easy frankness—his almost unnecessary frankness—I could not be rid of the feeling that there was something wary about him, watchful, alert. I had had that feeling through the whole of our interview. And with his reception of these last words of mine, it grew tenfold stronger.

"That won't be necessary," said he. "I'm afraid it wouldn't be advisable. She receives no visitors at all. In her present condition she is not able to receive them. But, if you know anything about it, one way or another, I wish you'd tell me. If you don't you can ask Jeffrey, when you see him, and drop me a line."

"I could say this much," said I, "that I am quite sure if Jeffrey had been painting from the memory of any living face he had ever seen, he would have told me so. He hasn't told me so, and therefore I conclude that Miss Meredith is mistaken. Surely the mistake is natural enough to one in her condition."

"Oh, yes. Of course. Of course," he said without much conviction in his voice. "It strikes me as possible though," he went on, "that he might have met her on one of his visits to Paris, while she was living there, or have seen her and been struck by her appearance without learning her name. I haven't seen her since she was a little girl, but I am told she grew into a very beautiful woman. So that a memory of her might have been evoked by the photograph, and could easily have had an effect on the portrait without his knowing it."

"That's ingenious at any rate," said I, "and almost plausible. How long had Miss Claire Meredith been living in Paris when she died of smallpox?"

"Not quite two years," said the doctor.

"Then I'm afraid that disposes of the theory. Jeffrey was living with me in an apartment on Madison Square all that time, and I know he didn't leave the country."

There was a little pause.

"He did go to Paris two years ago, didn't he?" The doctor said it very indifferently, so that it hardly sounded like a question at all. But all the same, he waited for an answer—waited, I'd almost have sworn, a little breathlessly.

"Oh, yes," said I. "My wife and I visited him there. But that, if my dates are right, was a year after the young lady died."

"Oh, yes," he said quickly. "I wasn't thinking of that."

But he had been thinking of just that, I felt sure. And unless my imagination was working overtime, he was paler than he had been when he came in.

To be continued.

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What Does Uncle Sam Say?

By Zenas E. Black

THE elevator shuddered, slowed up and stopped at the fourteenth floor. My friend and I stepped out and walked down the hall of one of Chicago's great sky-scrapers. Just as we turned the corner a door, on which was lettered "LAW OFFICE," opened and a strong-faced, grey-mustached man started hurriedly toward the elevator shaft. In passing us he recognized my friend with a wave of the hand, a smile, and this:

"Great news we had this morning, wasn't it?"

"You bet!" my companion responded.

After we were ensconced in comfortable chairs in his office a few minutes later, he took his cigar from his mouth, viewed the smoke meditatively for a moment, then said:

"Did you get what that man meant just now?"

"I suppose he was speaking of the news that the German advance on Paris has been stopped," was my response.

"But you don't get the full weight of it. I never spoke a dozen words to him in my life. How should he know that I, a casual acquaintance, would consider it *good* news? This set me to thinking. He continued:

"Here's another angle. You took his pro-Ally statement as a matter of course. Yet he is a typical American citizen, and you're a Canadian down here making explorations in the American heart to see whether it is beating for the King or the Kaiser. Don't you see? *He* took it for granted that *I* was for the Allies just as *you* took it for granted that *he* would be for the Allies. *Do you get that?*"

I GOT it. I saw that what my friend was trying to tell me was that *every normal citizen of North America assumes that his neighbor is normal, and naturally, therefore, on the side of the Allies.* It was a big thought.

Then I set out to see if this premise, furnished by Mr. Average-American-Citizen-at-Random, was sound. I knew it applied at home. Would it hold true throughout the land of our neighbors, nationally declared "Neutral?"

After a comprehensive and conscientious investigation, taking it "by and large," as the writers put it, and laying one's hand flat on the map of the United States, I may truthfully say: "When England joined France and Russia in the war against Germany and Austria, the sentiment of the people of the United States went strongly for the Triple Entente, and that sentiment is becoming more pronounced every day that the war continues."

The Kaiser is unhappy over the position Uncle Sam has taken. The German press is frankly disgusted. Says the Berlin *Deutsche Tages Zeitung:* "It seems to be beneath our dignity to go on appearing before the United States in the attitude of one who thinks that he must justify himself. . . We ask ourselves what is the sense of it all, and whether there is not a point to which we, in our position, attacked on all sides, should regard it as a duty of self-esteem to adopt an attitude that if a people do not believe our words and deeds we will refrain from perpetual repetition of our words."

An American paragrapher, commenting on the above, was surprised that Germany had any "self-esteem" left.

BUT Germany continues to work with might and main that Uncle Sam may yet "see the light." Hardly a day passes that the editors of every influential newspaper and magazine in the United States are not besieged by Germans who would sway their opinions. Not long ago the German Government, influenced by reports of the anti-German attitude of the American press, sent a statesman of the first rank to present to America "the truth as it appears to German eyes."

A German professor, Dr. Ernst Daenell, in an article translated for the New York *Sun*, feels that "the heroic war Germany has been forced to wage will appeal strongly to the kindly instincts inherent in the American character, for in many ways the two countries are very much alike."

The American press, remembering Louvain, did not feel flattered by the comparison.

And don't forget this:—*The American press is the American people.*

My investigations throughout the United States to determine editorial sentiment have brought me to the conclusion that the Eastern and Southern parts of the United States are almost solidly pro-Ally; that the West contains a scattering of pro-German editors but is mainly pro-Ally or neutral; and that in the Central states, while there are more pro-Ally than pro-German papers, the majority of the publications are neutral.

One familiar with the United States will perceive that pro-German sympathy follows pretty closely the geographical distribution of the German-American population. The Central-West prairie states contain the bulk of Uncle Sam's ten million kraut-eating children. In one decade the "Fatherland" sent a million emigrants to the United States. But do not get the opinion that one person in every ten in this country is pro-German, because he is of Teutonic lineage. Just as it is here in Canada, only those who were born and educated in Germany are rabidly and unalterably anti-Ally—and not quite all of them.

The Boston *Transcript*, however, says that "Anyone who has traveled in the Central-West must have been struck by the less thorough and often baldly inadequate statement of the war's issues and causes, particularly by the newspapers in the smaller cities. Their readers have not demanded the elaborate discussion and full statement

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of all possible original sources which the East has craved. The East has done a great deal of thinking, and this accounts for the preponderant weight of sentiment against the German cause in our section."

The above would seem to be true in a measure, since Central-Western editors are rapidly deserting the ranks of the neutrals for the pro-Allies. Their readers have been aroused by the treatment of Belgium. They are writing letters to the "People's Column" of their favorite papers, and this work is bearing fruit. Rest assured that the newspapers of the United States never hold out strongly against the wishes of their constituents. The circulation department managers see to that.

A paper in Denver says: "We are all striving to live up to the President's neutrality proclamation." The word "striving" is well chosen. The natural sentiment of the unprejudiced American editor is to come out strongly and emphatically for the Allies' cause, and to refrain from this requires palpable effort.

In feeling the pulse of the American press, one should consider the *Saturday Evening Post* first of all. One person out of every ten reads it, and even here in Canada it has a circulation of perhaps 100,000. For a long time Samuel G. Blythe was the *Post's* leading humorist. Along came Irvin S. Cobb, and *Post* readers began to laugh in parts of their anatomy that Blythe had never discovered. When Blythe was commissioned to write war stuff he saw a chance to re-attract attention by such statements as: "Kitchener must supply an army that will be of sufficient consequence to give England her part of the spoils when the time comes for the peace settlement—that is, England must have her share of chips in the game if she would partake of the pot;" and that the war was caused by the "trade rivalry of Germany and Great Britain," and insinuating that one was just as bad as the other.

You know how kindly we took to those statements. One of our papers said: "It may be necessary for the *Post* to explain that Blythe, the writer who has offended Canadian readers, is a humorist. Then it would be necessary to prove it."

I found that many Americans did not like Mr. Blythe's war vaporizings. One well-known New York editor said to me; "If your readers in Canada would understand Blythe, let them turn to G. Bernard Shaw, of whom Mr. Blythe is a tenth, or perhaps a hundredth carbon copy. Such persons fill their proper niche in times of peace, I suppose, but when war's seriousness comes—let us pass on to the next paragraph !"

That the *Post*, editorially, does not endorse Blythe's *written* opinion may be gathered from this paragraph in the issue of October thirty-first: "That the Kaiser could have prevented this war if he had been whole-heartedly devoted to peace seems to us quite clear from the published diplomatic correspondence; but we have never stated that view to a citizen of German descent without being accused of English bias."

Then here is another of their editorials, under the caption, "THE WAR CULT": "Nietzsche wrote: 'You have been taught that a good cause justifies even war; but I teach that a good war justifies any cause.' To a world that is Christian in feeling—wherever theological speculation may lead its thought—that was an amusing paradox, which would have provoked a laugh if spoken by a character in a Shaw play; but Prussianism has produced a type of mind that takes it in deadly earnest. No doubt search of other contemporaneous literature would reveal some incidental and unrepresentative glorification of war for its own sake; but in contemporaneous Prussian literature such glorification has been expressed with much emphasis and the beastly notion that fighting is mankind's highest interest is essentially a Prussian militarist cult. To suppose that it broadly represents German thought is, of course, absurd; but the sanction this war cult has received in military circles there undoubtedly counted with many in determining American sympathies in the present war. *Our pantheon has no niche for Krupp.*"

The italics are mine. Don't you think that America's strongest weekly publication has voiced our sentiments, as well as its own ? Doesn't this bear out what Mr. Average-American-Citizen-at-Random said ?

"*Life*" shows its serious side in this editorial: "A man who returned a book by Nietzsche to the Public Library remarked as he passed it in: 'This doesn't get under my skin.' The remark applies to the efforts of the German apologists in this country. Some of these gentlemen have done better than others, but none of them has got under the American skin. . . . A good many of us think with sympathy of Germany's yearning for good colonial possessions, where Germans may develop as Germans and the German language will not have to yield to English, but while we sympathize with it, in a way, we are not ready to help break up and make over the various continents in order to further it. . . . No doubt we understand and like the English civilization better than the German because it is based in democracy and is more like our own. . . . Nobody seems able to endure German rule but Germans. They can stand the German method when they have to. Other peoples hate it, and even Germans, once they have escaped it, stay away."

One guess as to how this famous editor stands—Norman Hapgood of *Harper's Weekly:*—"This war will be won as much by the business soundness of Great Britain as by any other cause. . . . Why did the British Empire not fall to pieces, as Germany hoped, when the war broke out ? *Because it was not based primarily on force.* The idea of individual liberty and local autonomy had been nourished throughout it as in no other great empire that ever existed. Canada and Australia are as free as the United States. Even in South Africa, close to German territory, related in blood and language to Germany, easily remembering a bitter war with England, apparently not many were found to rebel. . . . Bernhardi's motto is 'World power or downfall.' England's power was gained through long centuries of trade and exploration, and kept because, more at least than other empires, she stood not for domination but for self-government."

In the same issue Mr. Hapgood remarks: "Frederick the Great said 'Any war is a good war undertaken to increase the power of the state.' The world is now paying a bitter price to prove that Frederick and von Treitzsche and von Moltke were expressing a doctrine that must die. It was an even greater than von Moltke—Gustavus Adolphus—who said: 'The devil is very near at hand for those who are accountable to none but God for their actions.' "

Further down on the page these pithy paragraphs stand alone:

"*According to St. James:* Ye desire to have and cannot obtain; therefore ye fight and war and kill."

"*According to the Psalms:* God will scatter the peoples that delight in war."

Americans understood the sermon and its application from simply seeing the text.

But it is impossible to quote from all, or even from many of the leading magazines and newspapers. Suffice to say, America is now studying Germany, and the more she learns the less she likes her. From Plainview, Texas, to Portland, Maine, the press is dissecting Prussianism for its readers. But Americans don't do their thinking altogether vicariously. M. stands for Militarism. A number of librarians told me that their patrons kept the

M shelf empty. Usually Uncle Sam maintains regular office hours and his wife attends to her knitting. But now even the business visitor will be drawn into a discussion of war upon the slightest pretext, and at the women's clubs Germany is investigated instead of eugenics.

Imagine that you are in an American home, just as I have been. You will find things much the same as here in Canada: It is night. The cat has been put out and the children tucked in bed. Mr. Sam is reading a few last bits of editorial opinion to his wife before retiring: "This is a world struggle between the demon of force and the spirit of freedom, between a highly organized militaristic servitude and democracy, free speech, self-government, justice and human advancement. . . . In Germany nearly 700 books per year have been published dealing with war as a science. In England and the United States people read: Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. But in Germany the soul and body of the nation have been drilled for offensive and defensive warfare to wipe out effete civilization and give the world the blessings of Germanic culture at the point of the sword and the mouth of the cannon."

"If that is a true statement of German sentiment, the German people deserve all they will get," declares Mr. Sam, rapping on the table with his pipe.

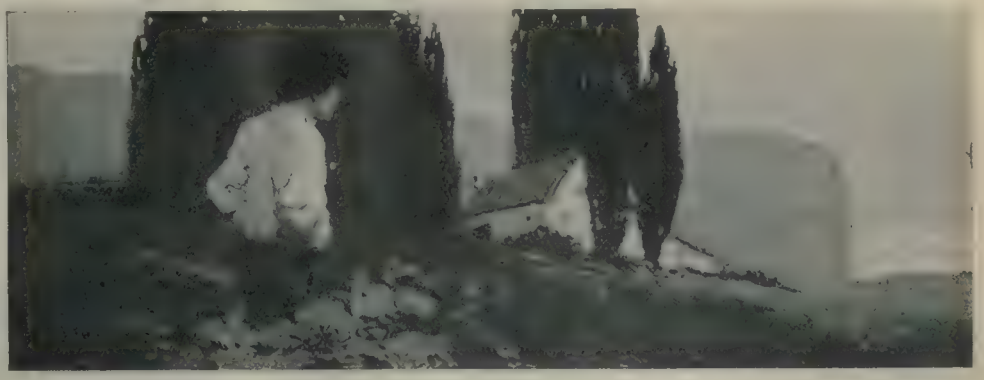
"It surely doesn't sound Christian-like," assents Mrs. Sam. "Let's hear what the Germans themselves say," continues the head of the house, and he picks up "Germany and the Next Great War," by Bernhardi (borrowed that day from the public library) and reads: "War is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind, which cannot be dispensed with, since without it unhealthy development will follow which excludes every advancement of the race and therefore all real civilization——"

"The very idea !" Mrs. Sam interpolates.

"The law of the strongest holds good everywhere. In all times the right of conquest by war has been admitted. It may be that a growing people cannot win colonies from uncivilized races, and yet the State wishes to retain the surplus population which the mother country can no longer feed. Then the only course left is to acquire the necessary territory by war. It is not the possessor but the victor who then has the right. Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically

Continued on page 193.

The LIVE COWARD



By WILL INGERSOLL

Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

DAWNEY (as Dawson Jenkins had dubbed himself in the epicene days when he wore skirts and curls, without foresight that the name would leech to him when he grew of an age to have a contempt for pet names and even when he grew past that age and began to fondle his upper lip anticipatively) had from his youth upward been a Napoleon of the prairie.

His paternal home was on a bald crown of hill tonsured of poplar woods, up the face of which the wormwood showed gray and the dandelions dawned yellow, like the little suns they were, out of the gloom of grass. That hill was a place for a Napoleon to be born upon and a Byron to sing about—for it was the Mount Everest of the whole knolly countryside. The heart beats lordliest on the loftiest hilltop.

For all that he was British-born and by lineage a United Empire Loyalist, Dawney's heart pained him unpatriotically when he read of Waterloo. He could not help the feeling that if he had been there, he would have fought for Napoleon, and that in that event and with that reënforcement, Napoleon would have won. It must however in justice be said that Dawney forgot wholly the fact that Britons must be defeated if Napoleon was to win. The Emperor's triumph was the single point he considered. It was not "Down with the British," but "Vive l'Empereur."

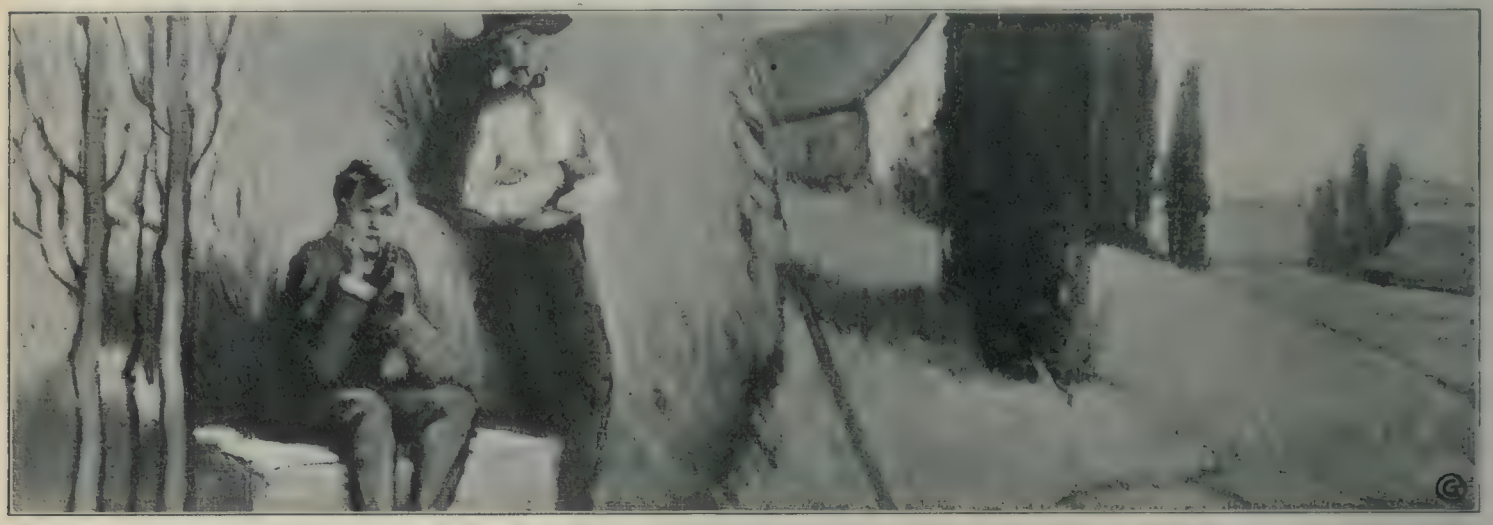
It was with a vast regret that Dawney, poring over his history in the lee of seasonable haystack or grain-stock, reflected that all the worlds had been conquered and irrevocably parcelled out to the various peoples (each of whom, it seemed, was ignobly content with the allotted portion) before he was born. He was not quite sure that he would like to have been contemporaneous with Hannibal; for in that event he would by now have been so long extinct that he would be nothing more than an ineffectual pinch of the amalgamated dust of ants and heroes. But he wished he had been born in time for a real war.

The South African War had caught him too young. Anyway, it had been only a skirmish. Kipling, the Jove of poets, had handed it nothing but gibes—and if any living man knew a war when he saw one, Kipling did.

Moreover, the Britain of Dawney's time was a Britain from which came the "dam' Englishmen" Dawney as a sturdy western Canadian of broad "a's" had learned to regard with curiosity and contempt. Surely these phenomena in leather gaiters and knee-breeches that flared at the hip, who did not know a plow from a harrow and who called the young of cattle "cawves" instead of "caavs" were not the same as those that had followed Drake to the Spanish Main or gone with Richard Lionheart to the Crusades. He could not imagine these fellows, who had to go up into the roofs of their mouths to find "a" and who could not say "r" at all, it appeared, ripping out the rude, strong archaisms of "The Talisman" or "Westward Ho !"

No, Dawney had been born too late. He had arrived at nineteen in a period of most annoying peace, a time suave and sapient, an era deplorably civilized.

War, glorious war, was fallen on evil times. Armaments were ornamental only, and military service but a tiresome form of physical culture. It was now more honorable far to be wealthy than to be brave. Even the Indians were coming around to this view. A sight that epitomized the age's decadence was that of old Sioux Ben, a mighty man of Sitting Bull's day, visiting the Oakburn schoolhouse in a battered Christy stiff, and advising the scholars to study hard in order that they might "make plenty money"; telling them fighting was "no good."



"You heard me right the first time," observed Dawney. "What's the use of a fellow going to this war and gettin' killed— or all crippled up.?"

No good! This from him who had been Chief Ben Sun-Cloud, aforetime begirt and even kilted with scalps. Alas! his sun had set with Sitting Bull.

Dawney came of a fighting stock. His father had, at the time of the South African War, been too busy with his growing family and his adolescent mortgage to go with the Canadian contingent; but in his younger days he had reached out after the only thing handy that any way resembled war, and had gone to fight the half-breeds in '85: coming home with a stiff arm and a big white ligature around his forehead. Dawney had had no such opportunity; but all the same he had been a field-marshal at ten. There was a grove of several thousand stalwart young poplars down on one side of the road-allowance, and a horde of crooked Huns of willows facing it on the other side; and the times had been not few nor languid when Dawney, charging acrosss the sixty grassy feet with his teeth gritted and his hat set fiercely back, led his poplar Old Guard against those willows; without much effect however, until the day when Dawson Jenkins, Senior, happening along in the heat of the fight, had enquired casually: "Whyn't you take the axe to 'em, son, place o' hammerin' away with that stick. I want them willows moved anyway, so's I can plow there."

Armed with this authority and a scrub-axe (a deadly tool of aggression not mentioned in the Hague ordinances), Dawney during the next two weeks led his poplar Zouaves against the willow phalanxes with amazing success. At the end of that time, there was not a willow, even a straggler, left; and presently Jim Dover, the hired man, drove his ploughshare along that hill, effacing even their memory. "Never," in the words of the historian, "was a victory more complete or more decisive." The poplars (safe because they were in the field reserved for a pasture; this is confided to you aside), tall and calmly militant, maintained their position triumphantly but not in any way by power of awe; for even the scary calves that hoisted their tails and scampered at human approach, lay down without misgiving in the grass before this grove and endured without apprehension to have sun-patterns stippled on their hides by the points of light that fell through the leafy umbra. Nay, more; in that kind and tranquil boscage little birds were brooded and born, and in it the harried prairie chicken sought shelter and fortalice when the September hunters were abroad with license to do grousicide.

Partly because the army of the willows was subjugated and the position they had held amply guarded against insurrection of a few live roots undersoil by the energetic agrarian measures of Jim Dover; and partly because the onward march of maturity made this sylvan warfare take on an aspect of vanity in the eyes of Dawson Napoleon Jenkins: he resigned his commission, left the poplars to the blackbirds and woodpeckers, and only went to battle in dreams. The time had come now, too, when the exigencies of the ploughshare and pruning-hook claimed Dawney for fourteen hours of the day. The change from commanding an army to hauling boulders off the land in a stoneboat might have been intolerable, if summer had lasted all the year round.

All through seeding, summer-fallowing, haying and harvest, Dawney threw his expectation forward to the rare days of late October when he should dig up his history-books and renew acquaintance with Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Hereward-the-Wake, Richard Lionheart, Charles XII. and Napoleon. Then, besides, he had his Byron and his Kipling.

Each of the first six gentlemen deceased played their part in Dawney's development; and Byron helped him to see earth's conquerors in fine perspective. But it was really Kipling—and thereby hangs my Tale—who helped Dawney to his first true vision of War. And I might add that this happened in the spring of eventful 1914.

Kipling is, as everybody knows, a bit technical; and it was a difficult and stumbling journey for Dawney, an untravelled farm boy, when he essayed doughtily to traverse the "Seven Seas." It was not until March 29, 1914, that he mastered the book sufficiently to start "making pictures" in his mind as he read.

One is forced to be precise about the date; for it was on that day, a Sunday, that Dawney lighted upon a passage which changed utterly his thrilling abstract view of war. Dawney, always a thoughtful lad and as an only child thrown more upon his mental resources

than if he had had a brother or sister, had developed his imagination until he could visualize like a camera. Armed with this faculty, he suddenly encountered this passage:

"..'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's a-chawin' up the ground an' he's kickin' all around...
For Gawd's sake get the water.."

Dawney closed the book: and immediately the picture was snapshotted in his mind. It was not that of a victorious general—a Napoleon on horseback at Eylau, sweeping a grand line of charging cuirassiers with eagle eye—a Ney, his dress "ragged with bullets", which apparently confined their damage to his clothes—a Horatius for whom an Astur obligingly waited while he leaned on Herminius to get his wind. No. The picture Dawney saw was that of a man, his face gray and writhen with agony and grimed with the dirt in which he had rolled and actually sunk his teeth in his terrible, maddening pain, while in the front of his tunic a spreading stain swiftly brightened from maroon to red. Dawney actually felt a kind of spasm in the corresponding region in his own body—so vividly did the scene appear to him. This was real war. The wars of which he had dreamed were pantomimic—or at least that was the only aspect of them that history, which treats of armies in the mass, had permitted him to see.

Once Dawney's father had shot a collie they owned, which had formed the habit of chasing and slaughtering the hens. He remembered that the dog had jumped at the click of the trigger, so that the charge of buckshot, although it went right through him, missed his heart by a little; and had then, during the brief period between the first and second shot, bitten and flung up the sod as he howled and rolled at the end of his chain. This helped Dawney, if any help was needed, to see still more accurately the vision of the stricken man of war.

The picture conjured up by the strong apt lines from "Gunga Din" never left Dawney, at least never beyond easy recall, all summer. He returned again gingerly to the book at odd times during the comparatively unhurried season of summer-fallowing, and found other passages, little puissant words freighted with images—notably one, mentioning how "the hugly bullets comes peckin' through the dust, an' no one wants to face 'em but every beggar must"—but none that for luminosity approached the grim stanza in "Gunga Din."

In the fierce light of that expert, even his comfortably prevalent Napoleon shrank behind a veil of blood and pain. Dawney's crystal of war was cracked worse than the Lady of Shalott's mirror. Little by little a change crept over him. The world peace beneath which he had fidgeted in the careless rapt days when he had stood adorant before the Baal of war grew by fair gradations to seem so halcyon, so utterly right; so founded, owned and directly overseen by the Lord of Hosts Himself. Dawney put his hand to the plough with a new zest, a new appreciation of the existing order of things; and in mid-July entered upon the year of his majority as a man gets out of bed on a serene Sunday morning with all discomposure and discontent walled up behind eight hours of healthy effacing sleep.

Assuredly, the things of the world go captiously. All through his tens and teens, while Dawney had yearned and chafed for war, the world had imperturbably continued to discourage and even make absurd the expectation of war, at least of a war in which an inveterate warrior could take an interest. But now—now when he had attained to a viewpoint where peace and war had wholly changed perspectives—when he had come to see War not as a triumphal march, a glorious martial pageant, a clash of nations afar off in which one grand leader, moving eminent against mighty odds, held him worshipful; but as a

"Nevertheless," said Herr Friesen, turning back his cuffs from great hairy wrists scarred with fencing wounds, "you shall now fight me the British way"

man rolling and sweating in the death-agony with a bullet in his vitals—now and without preface or preparation, there came suddenly reverberant across great waters the din (it seemed to the reborn Dawney no harmony now) of a whole continent—the greatest too and sanest of all the contingents in mortal combat!

Historic wars! Why, even the Napoleonic struggle, with all the native exaggeration of man working over three generations in song and story to magnify it, shrank and dwindled into minority in face of this terrific War of Dawney's own cognizant day.

The war came in with August; and before the month had well begun, its gravest potentialities ripened into the actual, till even in Dawney's tranquil settlement had been borne the message of the Fiery Cross. Canada, to whose people long peace had made the term "war" almost an abstraction, was now with the rest of the Empire in "a state of war;" and the Man at Ottawa, a fire-breather even in the country's era of concord, had talked inflamingly of a contingent.

The farmer, especially the western farmer, is the least nomadic man beneath the sun. Whatever a man may have been before, he becomes, when he puts his hand to the plow in

all aspects a settler. Even the sailor, most chronic rover of all, forgets the sea and the white cities of his youthful far faring when he turns tiller of the soil; the west is full of old salts turned hayseed and bond forever by their own choice and liking to the furrow and the wain. It is perhaps a consistent and natural ordinance that the farmer is your truest home-maker.

The world of the boy born on a farm is hence circumscribed by the pastoral hills, the wheatfields and the hay-meadows; and the edge of his earth is rarely at utmost a half-day's pony-ride from his own roof-tree. Most farm-boys are satisfied, too, to let the "away" remain unexplored and unkenned even, except through the rude unserviceable channel of hearsay. These marry and build their own homes almost within hail of the parental door. They are deaf to all alien influences—all but one.

That one is the Voice of War!

Dawney had a friend and side-kicker named Bob Halliday, with whom he had followed the various vocations that are the milestones of the farm-boy's life. Together they had gone to the Oakburn school (though perhaps not both with the same spirit; for Bob, instead of being a student like Dawney, was more interested in learning to smoke than in attaining proficiency in the three R's, and his satchel and shining morning face followed his chum very grudgingly to the Oakburn academy); together they had herded cattle and snared gophers on the summer hills; and synchronously reached the era of gee-haw and the stubble plow.

Bob was just an average, every-day boy, good-humored, freckled and blunt and now petting a little new-born flaxen mustache. He had no trait in common with the philosophic Dawney, but merely chummed with him because the Halliday and Jenkins families were next neighbors. Dawney liked Bob for company because he was "used to him" and could bounce ideas

Continued on page 197.

Doing a Daniel

IF YOU WANT TO GET YOUR MIND OFF THE WAR, READ THIS STORY OF "ESTELLE," THE FEROCIOUS LION, AND WHAT HE DID TO THE SECOND "DANIEL"

By Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrated by D. V. Dwiggins

OVER in one corner of the little cafe a careless and cursory orchestra was painfully maltreating the latest specimen of melodious petit larceny that had found the fleeting favor of the public. "Estelle, My Prairie Belle," it was, and as its stereotyped strains filtered through the thick smoke of the room, the property man, seated across from me, gazed in sad, wan pensiveness into his beer and, with the final chord that signified that the orchestra had at last done its worst, he gave vent to a deep, deep sigh and murmured in abstracted pathos, "Estelle! Estelle!" and then relapsed into another staring interval.

I, wisely, forbore to interrupt him; and at length he came to himself, and to me.

"Oh," he said, with a little start. "I guess I must have been thinking, wasn't I?"

I nodded.

"You had all the symptoms," I returned.

"Ain't it funny," he began; then, in abrupt transition: "That tune always sets me thinking of an Estelle I knowed once. And when I gets to thinking that way, I goes philandering off into the mazes of mem'ry until I don't know where I'm at * * * I never told you about Estelle, did I?"

I shook my head, and pretended only a perfunctory interest in the sad tale of blighted love that I felt sure was to come. Some people, you know, will tell you things only when they think you don't care much about hearing them and the property man was that kind.

"Well," he said, at length, reminiscently, "it was this way. In eighteen ninety-seven I was out with 'The Queen of the Harem' company. That was a great show. It was about a English girl who gets kidnapped by a Turk and put in his harem. She has a sweetheart, and he climbs over the wall in the second act to rescue her.

"The guy that owns the harem catches him there, and he says to his slaves (coons they was that we would pick up in every town that we played), he says, 'Seize him!' and the coons grabs the leading man and ties him hand and foot while the leading lady looks on, weeping and wailing and wringing her hands and telling the coons out of the side of her face that was turned away from the audience to be careful not to walk on her train or she'd tell the manager and they'd lose their jobs.

"In the next act, for revenge, the Turk guy puts the leading man into a lion's den and ties the leading woman with a log chain where she can get a good view while the lion eats up her lover. But just as the lion's about to make good, the leading woman busts her chain and runs into the den and charms the lion with her gaze long enough to untie the leading man. Then they both beat it while the lion's coming out of the Trilby that she has put him into—a hot situation, eh?"

I nodded. "Very," I agreed.

"Well," went on the property man, "we is booked to open in Hoboken. The manager has bought a ex-circus lion for the big scene; and of course he is in my charge.

"They come driving him over from New York in a cage which is loaded onto a truck. They makes almighty good time, too, for the horses can smell him (and I don't wonder!), and it stimulates them to such an extent that they tries seven times to get off the ferry boat between docks; and when finally they do get ashore, they yank the wheels off from three cabs and a mail wagon and come up to the theayter like they was pulling Steamer Ten to a general alarm fire. Tame animals is always afraid of wild ones that way. I knowed a leopard trainer to go out one evening without changing his clothes and hire a cab against the wind. And then, when the breeze

changed so the horse could smell him—well, they was chunks of that cab all the way from Forty-second Street to the Battery, and then some. But that ain't got nothing to do with Estelle.

"When they gets in front of the theatyer, they sends in for me and I go out, not unperturbed in mind, for it ain't no joke to go chaperoning a lion around the country. But when I get my lamps focussed on the pore animal who's laying back in one corner of his cage looking tired and discouraged and car-sick, I don't feel no other emotion but pity.

"He sure ain't no beauty to look at. In the beast deck, he's more like a dooce than a king. He's got one bum eye and he's kind of moth-eaten, and faded around the edges, and his whiskers looks like they'd been trimmed by an Eyetalian barber who's in a hurry to get away to a street festival. He is certainly a pitiful-looking object.

"We gets him stored in one corner of the stage and I goes out to buy him a slab of cow and some dog biscuit.

"When I shoves this provender in through the the bars of his cage, he doesn't do what I naturally expects, come charging down onto it with his mouth full of growls and a wild light in his windows. Instead, he merely lays where he is, casting a peevish and disappointed gaze upon the sirloin and crackers. Then, when he sees that I am watching him, he bats his eye up at me, grateful and appreciative, and opens his mouth as apologetically as you please, and I see the reason for his peculiar conduct, which is that he ain't got a tooth in his head. His jaws is as bare of ornament as an unpaid-for cemetery site. So I exchanges the carnivora banquet for a couple of gallons of milk and half a dozen loaves of bread.

"The lion takes this juvenile repast like he was a kitten, waggling his tail gentle as you please and purring like one of them rivetting machines they uses on skyscrapers. And every once in a while, he blinks up at me in grateful thanks. Then, when at last he's

"I SEE HIS JAWS ARE AS BARE AS AN UNPAID-FOR CEMETERY LOT"

"CHARMS THE LION WITH HER GAZE LONG ENOUGH TO UNTIE THE LEADING MAN. THEN THEY BEAT IT. . . HOT SITUATION, EH?"

absorbed his feed, he comes over to the side of his cage and smiles at me his deep appreciation for what I have did for him and then goes over to the corner of the cage, turns around three or four times and lays down; and, resting his head between his paws, he goes off into a snooze that makes the drops quiver.

"Byme-bye, about seven o'clock, the members of the company shows up. Of course the first thing they does is to beat it over to the lion's cage. And there they stands, sizing up his nobs, who is sleeping as peaceful as a hobo on a park bench who knows the cop on the beat is in a saloon.

"'Ain't she a beauty!' says the leading lady, whose knowledge of zoology seems to be somewhat sooperficial. 'What is her name?'

"'I don't know,' I says. 'The guys that brought her over here calls her a lot of things; but none don't seem to be exactly what you might term a congomen.'

"'Then,' says the leading lady, excitedly, 'I shall name her after myself. She shall be called Estelle; and I shall buy her a gold collar!'

"'A set of false teeth would be a fair more useful present,' I says. But I am interrupted by a chorus of enthusiastic but bashful ladies, all of who thinks her own name is the best and wants to name the lion after herself. I've always found that ladies are very careless students of natooral history.

"They're having a row which would wake up anything but that lion when the manager comes in. He is kind of soft on the leading lady. So when she promulgates her decision to name the lion Estelle, he sees a chance to make himself solid without it costing him a cent; so he merely grins and announces that hereafter the lion is named Estelle. And that settles it. He's Estelle.

"Now the big scene comes in the third act. Just before the curtain rings up, it's my job to take Estelle out of his cage and tie him to a mountain, stage left.

"When they was signing the company, they had seventeen property men refuse the job on account of the lion-taming specialty that went with it. But I had been doing the Dead March up and down Broadway all summer and just as that juncture I would have agreed to be *valet de shamber* to a whole African jungle if there was a chance to eat went with the job. So I signs.

"You can make up your mind I'm on the point of giving up the job several or more times before the show gets going. But I decides to wait long enough at least to see what kind of a quadruped they stacks me up against.

"Estelle's friendly attitood encourages me a lot; but still all my doubts ain't dispelled by a long way for, notwithstanding her grateful attentions after I feeds her, I'm not so sure that when I goes into the cage she won't suddenly remember that, even if her teeth are *non compos mentis*, her hooks are still good, and want to practice a little vivisection work on my shrinking form. Wild animals, you know, have a grace of bearing and a gentleness of manner when they are caged up alone that they sometimes forgets when in human society.

"All through the first and second acts that night, my pedal extremities is getting more and more chilled; and when the curtain finally rings down on

the last scene of the second, they're so cold that I could have put 'em in a tub of hot alcohol and froze it solid. My knees wabbles like I has the ague and I keeps lapping my lips with my tongue and then wondering why I done it; for it's like wiping a gravel roof with a doormat.

"I watches them Hoboken scene slammers putting up the mountain and has almost decided to beat it when the manager comes waltzing over to where I'm giving an imitation of the unfortunate herowine freezing to death on the church steps at midnight in 'Turned Adrift; or, Out in the Cold, Cold, World.'

" 'Aw, what's the matter with you ?' says the manager, sourcastically. 'Have you got locomotive ataxia, or are you only shaking yourself for the drinks ? Get Estelle out of his cage and hitch him to that ringbolt on the mountain. And get a move on. See ?'

"I tries to answer; but the words get lost in the gravel in my elementary canal, and nothing comes out.

" 'Do a Daniel,' says the manager. 'Do a Daniel. What's the matter, anyhow ? You ain't afraid, are you ? Why, he wouldn't bite a cream puff. But if you're scared, I'll send home for my three-year-old niece to come and do it. Hell ! Did I hire a man or a blooming old woman ? Huh ?'

"Now no guy can stand being talked to like that. So I bristled myself up, shut my eyes and wabbled into the cage with my hair standing up like a German diplomat's.

"But there wasn't no call at all to be afraid. Just like the manager said, Estelle was the height of compatibility. A mustard plaster was cold and distant compared to him. And without no trouble at all, except that he jumps up on me and tries to kiss me, I takes him out and hitches him to the mountain.

"The curtain goes up showing a panorama of burning sand embellished with potted palms and the mountain which Estelle is tied to. And in another minute, the coons comes on, dragging the leading man.

"Of course, nobody but me and the manager has yet mixed up with Estelle socially, and for all the rest may know, he's the concentrated squintessence of unadulterated savagery. So you can bet them coons ties up the leading man like they'd worked all their lives at the bundle counter, and then ducks off the stage like the theayter was afire; which, of course, adds verisimilitood to the scene and don't encourage the leading man none too much.

"That guy last-named languishes about three foot beyond the reach of Estelle's chain in a harassed condition of mind that's pitiful to see; for, as I've said, he ain't acquainted with Estelle none at all and he don't know what her homicidal tendencies may be.

"Estelle, after gazing in disappointed and lonely surprise after the disappearing coons, sees the leading man and perks up quite some. He purrs a little and rubs himself sociably against the mountain and then starts to go across to where that hysterical guy is tethered.

"The leading man forgets his bonds and gets ready to take a flying start for the wings. With his eyes bugged out so you could have knocked 'em off with a stick and his hair standing up all over his head like the needles on the peevish porcupine, as the feller says, he waits until Estelle is within eighteen inches of him. Then, so sudden that in comparison to him a streak of lightning would appear slow and sedentary, he gives a yell and starts off for the wings in such a hurry that he knocks the leading woman, who's just coming on to rescue him, off into the bass drum, and disappears from view.

"WOULD RESCUE HER LOVER BEFORE ESTELLE COULD BECOME SOCIABLE"

"The curtain's rung down, and the manager goes out onto the apron of the stage and tells the audience, which is all trying to get out of the theayter at once, that there ain't no danger—that the savage brute has been subdued and put back into his cage and so on and so forth until there ain't nobody left in the house to talk to, and next afternoon we opens in Paterson.

"Knowing Estelle's social propensities, we are somewhat doubtful next day when we raises the curtain on the third act. But, being as we've managed to give the leading man full and unqualified confidence in Estelle's pacific intentions and unbounded amiability, we're hoping for the best.

"And so it was that when the coons had dragged the leading man on, and had departed like a bunch of two-year-olds in a steeplechase, leaving the leading man to tie his own hands and feet, he done so unmoved. And when Estelle went sociably toward him, he didn't try to break no sprinting records, but just lay there, gritting his teeth and trying to appear dignified and courageous.

"But would you believe it, before the leading woman had a chance to get on the stage and save the leading man, Estelle has laid down comfortably along-side that languishing guy and went to sleep ! And all through that thrilling saving scene he don't wake up at all, but just lays there and snores so that when the herowine yells, 'Sweetheart, you are safe at last !' you can't hear her at all. He don't wake up until after the curtain is down and the audience is yelling itself sick. And then I has to go out and prod him six or eight times with a scimiter before he'll come to.

"Things continues to go wrong until we reaches Pittsubrg. But then we finds out how to handle the scene; and after that the show goes great. The way we'd work it was to bore holes in the stage and guys would stand underneath with ong poles and prod Estelle whenever he'd try to lay down. And the leading lady, by working fast, could rescue her lover before Estelle had a chance to get sociable.

"Then they'd give the quickest kind of curtain.

"During the next six weeks I got to be very fond of Estelle, and he got to be very fond of me, too. You know how you'll grow to love a good, faithful, affectionate dorg that's big, and slow, and poky, and that is perfectly and soopremely happy when he can put his head on your knee and have you rub his nose.

"Well, that's just how it was with me and Estelle.

"And we kept on getting more that way every day. In fact, byme-bye Estelle gets so attached to me that he just can't abide to have me leave him at all. He'll cry and mope and whine and beller every time I go away from him, and take on so he'll scare the whole community into fits; and after they had to send for me fifteen or twenty times to come down to the theayter at three o'clock in the morning and comfort him, I decided the best thing to do was to sleep there. I saved a lot of money in lodgins by it, too.

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Rescuing Mary

WHEREIN THE PROBATION OFFICER, THE INSPECTOR, THE SCRIBE AND PHARISEE, TWO POLICEMEN, ET AL, FETCH THE WOMAN FROM MACEDONIA AWAY FROM THE TENDER MERCIES OF PETER—AND THEN LEARN MORE ABOUT HUMAN NATURE

By Eleanor M. Sanderson

Illustrated by P. C. Sheppard

IT WAS in a Macedonian restaurant, first floor up, that we rescued Mary, and there were five of us in the rescue party. There was the Probation Officer, Irish and twinkling, with a very warm and sometimes stern interest in everyone's affairs; the Inspector, big and Scotch as the Ten Commandments, and personally appointed to enforce them, with heartbreaks of sympathy at the back of his eyes because he had to; two modest plainclothes policemen, who always backed out the door when the Probation Officer discussed the things for which Marys were arrested or rescued, and the Scribe and Pharisee who went to get a "story" for the moral uplift of the community and felt as comfortable as a man arrested for tripping a cripple.

The front entrance of the Macedonian restaurant was at the back, and you were inside before you saw the entrance at all. Though the plainclothes men went round another street to arrive earlier and avoid the appearance of a surprise party, all the boxes of porches on the lane which ran as a tributary from the dusty stream of King Street, were ornamented with a row of heads protruding in a line suggestive of guillotine victims. Heads with curl-papers, sleepy-eyed, black-moustached heads with queer-shaped pipes in their mouths, corn-colored heads with mud streaks down their small cheeks and skull-like heads with outlines softened by mud-colored shawls, all nodded and swayed and remarked on the fact that trouble had come to Peter and the English woman.

Mary kept the garbage boxes under the foot of the stairs because they were less likely to be stepped in there in the dark, and there were no lights. They were quite full and in the four by six-foot space of rotting boards around them played two fat dumplings of girls, one of seven and the other five. They had English faces with red and white cheeks, and the seven-year-old told us that her name was "Vi'let," which matched her eyes. They were Mary's family. They stood back and watched

PETER REALIZED HE WAS A FELON—BUT WHAT ABOUT MARY'S CHILDREN?

with round eyes as the strange people climbed the narrow rough wood ladder that shot abruptly from the cubby-hole to the rooms above.

"Come this way first, and see a Macedonian boardinghouse," invited one of the plainclothes men, walking cheerfully into a room full of smoke and unrighteous odors. The door, which had been partly closed, was swung wide open and in a bare-floored room around a bare table sat seven men and boys. It was four in the afternoon, and the sun took pleasure in pointing out scornfully all the dust, the broken teapot and the glasses filled with sugarless, milkless tea, the rough, soiled clothing and collarless shirts of the men, their unshaven, seamed faces and blackened finger-nails, the rags of underclothing littered about or hanging from nails on the walls, the red iron of the rusted little stove and all the harsh discordances of uncared-for men in poverty. Four of them had been playing with a torn pack of cards stained with tea and tobacco, but they dropped their cards and stared at the visitors. The younger men twisted uneasily in their chairs and one grinned apologetically because of some criticism he seemed to feel in the heavy air, or to glimpse in the strangers' eyes.

"What's that you're drinking?" asked the officer.

"Tea," responded an elder man, shoving the glass before him over to the edge of the table with a stubby hand, from which one finger was missing.

"Huh! Maybe it is," was the reply, as the plainclothes man turned to go. "That's the way they live here. Is this a fit place for an English girl? Now, is it?"

Without going into the front room, from which voices proclaimed the fact that the rescue of Mary was in process, the top flat was then explored. More rough wooden steps led as abruptly to it, and under these steps were piled the nine mattresses, on which slept each night as many of the black-eyed stranger-within-our-gates as could layer themselves between wall and wall. At night these mattresses were dragged from under the stairs and spread out in the hallways, the kitchen, and up on the bare spaces of the top story. Two rooms on the top, one with seven and the other with five camp beds in it, completed the "restaurant." The officer waved an appealing hand around, repeating:

"Now, IS it any place for an English girl? I ask you?"

We stumped down the wooden stairs in the darkness and returned to Mary. The door of the room in which the men played cards was closed and the man with the maimed hand stood in front of it listening to the voices in the front room. Vi'let toiled up the stairs fol-

lowed by her small sister. At the top the man patted her on the head and spoke in thick, foreign words until he noticed that the officer was frowning at him. He dropped his hand, started to grin uncomfortably, changed his mind and frowned, then turned and walked clumsily down the stairs and out to the street. Vi'let smoothed down her pretty blue dress, very new and one of the seventy-five cent ready-made children's garments turned from the factories until the pattern wears out. The baby's dress was just a smaller size of it and in green, but they were clean and toned with the pink and white little faces. They were part of the rescue story.

A soft sound came from behind the door of the front room, and when Vi'let pushed it open we saw that it was Mary sobbing. Mary is twenty-three, with big brown eyes like a lost water-spaniel; a red mouth making an inch-wide slit in a white face, and no chin to speak of. If she had been in a classic instead of a Macedonian restaurant, we could have said she was just as high as Peter's heart, but the Police Inspector stood between them, so we couldn't measure accurately.

"How soon can you get packed?" the Inspector was asking.

"Well, not before to-night," ventured Mary, picking Vi'let's stockings from one chair and aimlessly putting them on another. "The baby's asleep and I don't want to wake her." A slight mound in the white cover of a crib was the baby, just a year old.

"See here!" said the Inspector, slowly and emphatically, "this lady (the Probation Officer) will wait for you, and you've got just an hour. There'll be a wagon come for you and your stuff then. We've got a nice room for you, and you can put your girls in the Creche in the daytime. They've got work for you and they've paid your room rent in advance."

"They" meant a church institution.

No enthusiasm was displayed by Mary, Peter or Vi'let, and the pink wee girl who had stolen in went over to play with the window curtain, draping it as a veil over her rosy face.

"Will she keep her children by her?" dared Peter, from the background.

Peter is a giant with a face like a Raphael cherub who had grown up, taken to the restaurant business, a Christy hat and a huge black moustache. He is child-like; doesn't want to hurt anything and is a Socialist. But Peter hadn't married Mary. He couldn't, because Mary is already married to a Briton person who ran away when the last baby appeared. Since then Mary has worked and kept herself and the babies in the straight and narrow path. Then some of the debris from the collapse of the 1914 business world blocked that path.

Nothing Canadian needed her, but a Macedonian named Peter, with brown eyes much like her own, needed a waitress at four dollars a week with meals. Mary took it. That was the beginning. The middle was the room papered fresh with nursery paper showing little girls and boys rolling hoops and picking flowers; a sewing machine, small white iron cots for the children; a black silk dress with a girdle for Mary; dresses for the children—and the end was the visit of the Inspector.

Now Peter stood rubbing a big finger up and down on the window ledge, realizing that he was a felon—and worrying about Mary's children.

"Don't you worry about the children," returned the Inspector, sternly. "We'll take care of them better than you ever could. This isn't any place for little girls like these to be growing up, with those foreigners loafing round here all day."

"She can take the sewing machine," mildly replied Peter.

"No, she can't!" thundered the officer. "She can't take anything belonging to you. Except the trunk, that is," he added, realizing that Mary had moved from her last lodgings by means of a cotton sheet tied cornerwise.

Mary, who had looked up, turned to her packing again with a child-like sniffle. Her hands groped clumsily, taking out things she had just put in, and streaking her hair back from her wet eyes. Four of us, as became righteous law-abiders, watched her from the door. Suddenly she straightened her thin back and looked at us with eyes that said, "Can't some one of you understand?" but her voice said in a crumbly tone:

"I'm so excited like that I can't seem to get things in right." Her lips commenced to move in the direction of a shadow smile.

"Excited!" snorted the law, who was much tried himself, "I should think you'd have been more excited over coming here than ever going. You should be glad to go. Aren't you ashamed?"

Mary collapsed over the trunk like a small field flower when the stem is broken. She crushed away the baby dresses and clothing in Peter's trunk in silence, punctuated with sobs.

Excitement in the lane was intense. A wagon was waiting out on the street and its driver, being paid by the hour, sat comfortably smoking on a water hydrant. The hasp of the trunk was at last snapped; the children's sailor tams put on, the baby rolled in a shawl and Mary lastly pinned on her own new black turban with a stick-up like the Crown Prince's Regiment. She looked back at Peter through the glass as she pinned it in shape. That was their good-bye.

The procession then filed down the stairs, the Probation Officer leading the way with Vi'let cheerfully clinging to her hand and a man with a trunk on his back bringing up the rear.

"Now, I want you to understand,"

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"WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE DRINKING?" ASKED THE OFFICER. "TEA," SAID THE MAN WITH THE MISSING FINGER

Folk-Songs of the Ukrainians

NOTE THE INTELLIGENT FACES

WITH BROTHERS FIGHTING FOR RUSSIA, ALSO FOR AUSTRIA, WHAT IS THE ATTITUDE OF CANADA'S TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND UKRAINIANS? HERE IS AN INTIMATE STUDY OF THE HOME LIFE OF THE PICTURESQUE PEOPLES WHO HAVE COME OVER TO CANADA IN SEARCH OF PEACE

By Florence Randal Livesay

Illustrated from Photographs

UKRAINIANS IN NATIONAL DRESS

EUROPE in miniature is mirrored in certain districts of Winnipeg, but the average city dweller never goes Abroad; and thereby he misses a new and great interest in life. A social worker told me that he was getting the most liberal education in European history and manners that one could imagine, because he stood on the thresholds of doors that were at last unbarred to him. Many of his new acquaintances, however, would never when introduced give him their correct address—he was referred to another, and sometimes even passed on to a third before it was considered "safe" to let him know such a seemingly unimportant thing. But they knew what they knew.

With thirty million Ruthenians fighting for Russia and three million under Austria's Eagles what can be the attitude of the 200,000 Ukrainians who are in Canada? Brother is fighting against brother in the old land—fighting for what? Those men who have come to Canada are content. If there were hope for the re-establishment of the Ukraine in Austria and Russia they would fight and gladly for the land that once was theirs. There is a chance that Russia will give the Ukrainians something of the freedom and autonomy she is promising the Poles—there is not much chance of anything else. Austria's Ukrainians must die for a forlorn hope.

As for the attitude of the women it is for the most part one of apathy and dull waiting for news of relatives. A Bukovinian girl said to me when she saw the Canadian soldiers going to the front: "Why do they go? How stupid, when they don't have to!"

But my Ukrainian servant was an enthusiastic Canadian. "Sure they should fight!" she made sturdy reply. "It's not all of us that have a good country like Canada to fight for; we earn good money here; we're free; when the war is over I think I'll send for the rest of us."

This bright girl has a grandmother still living who is one hundred and three. "She is ready to die, yes, and wants to go. But sometimes she will brighten up wonderfully and tell of things that happened when she was a young married woman. The Polish land-owners then could do as they liked with the common people. Twelve days in the year a policeman would come to the door and say 'You must work to-day for your landlord. If you have children between eight and fifteen you must take them too. Provide your own meals—and see that you don't shirk your work.' If they did, they got a taste of the overseer's whip. Not a cent was paid them for their labor; now they get seventy-five cents a day. My mother and father cannot read. Fifty years ago there were three churches in our village, but not a school. Then the young men went to other places and saw what it meant to read and they came back and made the priest give us schools. In Austria we have our own language; in the Russian Ukraine they would not let us have it," the girl explained.

The picture of the Ukrainian girl illustrating this article is that of a very attractive and intelligent-looking young woman. She is dressed in the erstwhile national costume. She may have come from Austrian Galicia or Bukovina, or from the Russian Ukraine but she is Ukrainian, if given her proper name.

She has probably been acting in one of the plays put on by a Ruthenian Dramatic Society, and has taken from her chest the costume she used to wear. In certain districts in the North-western part of Winnipeg one can see regular display boards of photographic studios in front of an occasional wooden house and these places, usually run by Ruthenians, assisted perhaps by a Jew, do a very good business. Thither almost every newly-wedded pair betake themselves immediately after the ceremony and the photograph of the Polish bride in her white silk gown trimmed with "meert"—the myrtle garland—is framed in a glass cabinet fronting the street, for all the world to see.

One cardinal rule must be observed by the would-be successful photograper, working in those districts. Every part of the subject's body must appear. Both feet must show, for

instance, the supposition being that if the foot is not in the photograph it either does not exist or is deformed.

"The Ukrainians are the best soldiers of the Russian and Austrian empires. The household guards and guard regiments in Russia are almost entirely recruited from the Ukraine."

So says the pamphlet issued by the Ukraine Committee of London, England, which sets forth facts that should be known concerning "the forgotten kingdom of Ukraine." For Canadians this brave people, with its heritage of tears and its struggle against oppression, should have especial interest at this juncture, when, like Poland, it is probable the submerged nation will secure many concessions from Russia. Thirty million are fighting for that country, three million for Austria, and meantime, though brother is pitted against brother, the hopes of both centre in the beloved word "Ukraine."

As their national anthem runs:

"Ukraine, Ukraine, thou livest still,
Freedom, existence, liberty,
All these, all these shall come with thee !"

The Ukraine lies partly in Russian, partly in Austrian territory, from the Carpathians to the Caucasus. In Russia it is officially called Malorussia, or Little Russia; in Austria since the message of the aged Emperor in 1912, it is officially recognized as Ukraine. The Austrian Ukraine is partly in Galicia, partly in Bukovina, partly in Hungary. The word Ukraine has been used in the English language since the seventeenth century. For hundreds of years it was an independent Kingdom, then a Republic. Its people speak a language as utterly different from the Russian as, say French from Portuguese, and not a dialect of the Russian, as alleged sometimes; their life, habits, appearance are altogether personal, and exclusive of Russian ways, they being almost pure Slavs, while the Russians are Finno-Slavs, with no small amount of Mongol blood. The Ukrainian folklore is recognized as richer.

We see these Ukrainians in Winnipeg daily, the bright handkerchief or veil of the women slowly but surely being replaced by the equally gaily-flowered straw hats of the departmental store. These women and girls we call "foreigners"—and let it go at that. Even yet a Westerner will carelessly class them all as "Galatians," mixing Scripture and geography in frank disregard. Sometimes they come into our homes as char-women or servants. And then we may perhaps realize what a world is shut away from us every day of our lives by our own stupid narrowness. But what a chance it is whether our ears ever receive the "Ephatha" which gives us access to it !

The small amount I have learned about the foreign element in Winnipeg, their songs and outlook on life, came to me through a child's nursery jingle. I played "Ring-a-rosy" for my little girl's benefit, and Petronella, a Polish-German girl, cried out, "All the same German: 'Green is the grass, O little horses !' ".

This is my version of her translation:—

"Green, green, green is the grass;
O little horses, O little horses !
Frisking and stamping with each little lass—
Green, green, green is the grass.

Who is the nicest small girl here?
Hoosh, Hoosh! Hoosh, Hoosh !
Little girl, little girl, jump, jump, jump !
High as my heart, high as this—
Little girl, little girl, give me a kiss;
O little horses, O little horses !"

By degrees, I put her singing-games into English verse, then, as she knew Polish, she gave me child-songs and story—dramas from that language and "Galish" as she called it, and one day she introduced me to Bukovinian Halka, who knew "lots songs not in de book."

If others are as ignorant as I was about the "old country" where these people come from, it might be well to mention how easily one can get mixed up over just one name—Bukovina, for instance. In that duchy and crown land of Austria, bounded by Russia, Roumania, Hungary and Galicia, in1900 its inhabitants were classified as follows:—forty per cent. Ruthenians, thirty-five per cent. Roumanians, thirteen per cent. Jews, and the remainder Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Russians and Armenians. Can you make a guess at the official language? Well, it is German.

M. Ivan Petrushevich, Dominion Government Commissioner for the Ruthenians of Western Canada, who is well acquainted with "the most beautiful of all the Slav languages," very kindly told me something about Ruthenian songs and about the famed national poet Iavas Shevchento. "Each village has its own songs, which may be unknown to its neighbors" said he, "therefore you will realize that only about one-twentieth of the folk-literature is published, even in Ruthenian. You may be quite safe in translating anything you like into English verse; it will be new to your readers, and possibly also to us. Mrs. E. L. Voynich, the well-known English writer, has translated some of Shevchento's poems into English verse, but much of his finest work is not included in her collection. He put the folk-song into lyric form as Chopin adapted the melodies of the people, both illuminating them with their own art."

On The Steppes

Translated from the Ukrainian

By Florence Randal Livesay

On the steppes two fir-trees old
Their shrunken trunks uphold.
And there stands a third between
Splendid in its towering green.
A young Cossàck lies sick on the road;
A young Cossàck lies low.

Spent he lies, and he fears that Death
Waits beside for his last-drawn breath.
"O my brothers, pray you run
To let my mother know
To let my mother know !
Let her come where the frontier lies
To bury the Cossàck
To bury the Cossàck—"

"O son of mine," she wailing cries,
"Lo, ever thus the sinner dies !
Thy stubborn heart that would not bend !
Such is thine end, such is thine end !"
"—And my grave, O Mother dear,
With stones thou'lt heap it high,
With stones thou'lt heap it high.

"Plant at my head red cranberries
Scarlet against the sky,
Scarlet against the sky.
Upon the branches hang
A crimson flag aflame,
A crimson flag aflame.
To show how soldiers die;
Ukraine shall know my fame,
Ukraine shall know my fame !"

M. Petneshench himself is a folk-song collector, a man of wide literary attainments; but he smiled over his words when he said that it was not advisable to study or publish folk-lore in Austria or Russia. "One may have too much leisure to write poetry in a prison cell ! All songs must be submitted to the Censor and until we learnt wisdom we sent him our originals, which were promptly confiscated. Now we keep copies, but we do not publish much, except in Galicia. The people make their own songs and they sing them to one another—caged or not, the birds must sing."

They sing in Winnipeg, but they are apt to disdain their own melodies, to learn instead our pitiful rag-time. Halka, erstwhile of Bukovina, came to see me in a fawn suit of the latest cut, with ultra-fashionable hat which her clever fingers had fashioned out of a rough shape and some cheap flowers. She had been eight years in Winnipeg, and spoke very good English.

"Sure, I'll tell you some songs," she said "if I don't get all muddled up. I don't know much except love songs, though, maybe you don't want those ?"

Long afterward I drew from pretty Halka—who was a great belle—her own love-song, which she had composed and sung to the suitor who persisted in unwelcome attentions. Naive as it is, one can see in it the passion of the Ukrainian or Border-Caud dweller to translate emotion into verse and music; essentially a dramatic people they stage themselves unabashed, and make epics and sagas of life in a new country. This was her song, then, as her own life made her sing:

"In a garden a big, red poppy grows—
A fellow used to love me—he'd a very big nose;
But I did not want him, and I told him so !
'My face' I said 'is white, white as the snow.
Black as the soot seems your face to me—
What then shall happen if these things be ?
Dark is my hair, and my cheeks are white
If I married you I would look a sight !'"

Apparently this "plain-singing" had its effect, since the afflicted one besieged her no more.

She told me that it was quite customary for Ruthenians in Canada to write their experiences in the new land in song form and get them published in Austria. Apparently these would not make good immigration literature. One poet sang of his first Easter Sunday in Winnipeg—of the bright city with its streets "fixed so nice;" of himself with no money and no food, sleeping in a ditch. "You see" she said in explanation, "when they first come they don't know the language and the ways and it makes them cranky." It's kind of worse at first, and they feel like writing about it."

I wanted to tell her that we had a

Continued on page 189.

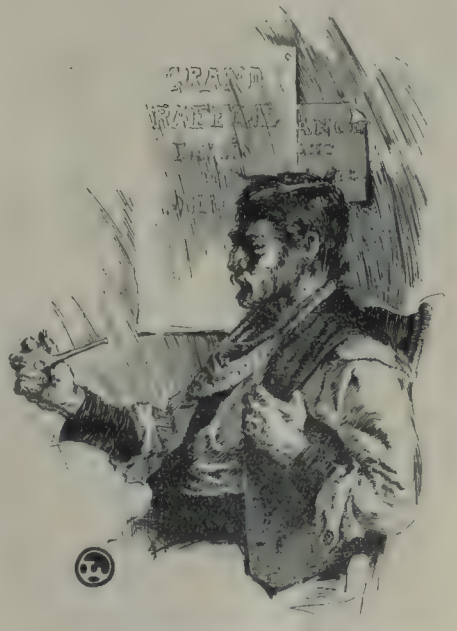
On the Waiting List

By B. R. W. Deacon

Illustrated by C. O. Longabaugh

AT the Old Brewery Mission, in Montreal, you may dine for a dime—five English pennies. It is not a sumptuous repast, but filling, forsooth. Or, if you happen to lack the pennies, you may breakfast, lunch or dine at least once at the Old Brewery without visiting the cashier's wicket. Incidentally you will be given a chance to earn the pennies for your next meal.

Half a dozen who had breakfasted were gathered in the waiting-room of the Old Brewery, on the day before New Years, presumably awaiting this chance. Three sat in moody silence upon a bench along the wall. They were dressed in shabby clothes of ancient vintage. Little trifles in their attire—the way the coarse scarfs were tied about their throats, the dilapidated blue caps, the faded jerseys—spoke of the sea. A tall man in very ragged tweeds stood beside the window and scowled at the large, feathery snowflakes which were tumbling softly to oblivion in the mud and slush of the street. At the opposite side of the window, his feet perched high on the iron rail which protected the glass, sat an anaemic-looking young man in a faded blue serge suit, several sizes too small. An exceedingly ferocious-looking tattooed eagle on his wrist



"'E WAS A DECENT HARTIZAN OVER 'OME, AN' 'IM WASHIN' DISHES !"

appeared to be volplaning toward his fingers, bearing the Stars and Stripes, also tattooed, in its beak.

A long silence was broken by the tall man in tweeds.

"Gor-blawsted country !" he growled, addressing the window-pane.

"It sure ain't as good as Gawd's country, which is them U-nited States, but I guess it ain't so awful different, at that," commented the tattooed man.

"Aw, shut yer 'ed !" tersely suggested one of the trio on the bench.

The tall man in tweeds made no comment. He continued to stare gloomily at the falling snow.

The door leading from the office opened and a wiry little man with close-cropped, iron-grey hair popped into the room. His clothing was travel-stained and dilapidated — the kind of stain and dilapidation resultant upon travel over the trucks of a freight car.

"'Ullo, mates !" he called cheerily and impartially to the other occupants of the room.

"Hello, frien'!" said the tattooed man.

"'Ullo !" echoed one of the seafaring trio gruffly. A second merely grunted; the third remained silent. The tall man in tweeds continued to stare out of the window.

The newcomer gazed about him with evident curiosity.

"Fu'st time yuh was here ?" queried the tattooed man.

"Yus," replied the wiry little man. "Great hinstitushun, I calls it !"

"Get any eats?" asked the tattooed man.

"Henny heats?" repeated the little man slowly and inquiringly, emphasizing a couple of superfluous h's.

"Eats! breakfas'!" explained the tattooed man.

"Breakfus'!" exclaimed the wiry little man enthusiastically. "Not 'arlf! Liver'n'bacon! 'Ole 'eaps of it! An' corfee! An' no bloomin' charge! Great hinstitushun, I calls it!"

"Ugh!" protested the tall man through the window to the falling snow. "Liver'n'bacon! Bloomin' fine! There's precious little bacon, there is! Liver! Ugh! Me wot used t' 'ave me beef an' me chops at 'ome!"

The wiry little man looked as though he was quite prepared to argue in support of the liver and bacon, but the tattooed man cut in—

"Jus' come ovah, Bo?"

"Wot, me?" said the little man. "I've been 'ere 'most two weeks, I 'ave. Jus' come up from 'Alifax. It's a bit stiff 'angin' on to them there fr'ight cars. Got a bit chummy with one of th' brakesmen chaps hafter I lef' Querbec, though, an' 'e let me sit in 'is car part of the w'y. ''Ere's a bit of luck right hoff at th' start, Jim,' I says ter meself. An' in Mon'real 'ere, a bloke 'e gives me a bloomin' tram ticket an' tells me to come hup 'ere. An' when I tol' 'em 'ere I was broke, w'y, they gives me me breakfus'—liver'n'bacon, an' corfee—an' they're agoin' to get me a jorb. This Canader, hit ain't 'arlf bad, I says — not 'arlf!"

He dragged a chair out from the wall and, placing it before the window, joined the man in tweeds in his occupation of watching the slowly-falling flakes.

"Wot 'as me beat," he volunteered after a pause, "is this — where's hall th' snaow? When I furs' makes up my min' to come hout to Canader, I says—"

The tall man in tweeds turned about at this point and the little man forgot to finish his recital.

"Well, Lor!" he exclaimed. "I'll be blowed if it hain't ol' Bill Jipson! 'Oo'd hever think t' see yer 'ere, Bill! Lemme shaike yer flipper," he concluded, shooting out his hand.

The tall man put forth his "flipper" and shook hands without enthusiasm.

"Well, of hall things!" repeated the little man. "'Oo'd hever 'ave thought it? An' me thinkin' you was hout in Manitober!"

"Naw, I hain't," stated the tall man briefly and conclusively.

"Hain't mide yer bloomin' fort'ne in Canader then, 'ave yer?" inquired the little man.

"Blime! Fort'ne!" growled the other. "Gor-blawsted country! I was a hidgit to come hout 'ere. Yer a hidgit too! You wouldn't 'ave to 'ang on to fr'ight trines over 'ome, would jer?"

A young man stuck his head out of the office door.

"Two men to clean sidewalks," he announced.

The trio on the bench looked from one to another for a minute. None spoke, but some sort of telepathic balloting seemed to be in progress. Two arose and shuffled into the office.

"See yer t'night," said one over his shoulder as he disappeared.

"Awrigh'," muttered the one who remained.

The wiry little man watched the proceeding with very evident interest.

"They've got jorbs," he commented. "Got jorbs a'ready!"

"Aw, cleanin' sidewalks," said the tall man disgustedly. "Them sailors 'll do hennythink."

"An, Sammy Biggs," said the little man reflectively after a short pause, "Hever see Sammy Biggs out 'ere? 'E come out pretty near five year ago. They s'y 'e's mide 'is fort'ne 'ere."

"An' well 'e might!" declared the tall man with much disgust. "Savin' an' scrimpin' th' w'y 'e done! Washin' dishes, 'e was at furs'—washin' dirty dishes in a little tuppenny-'appenny cafey. 'E didn't care wot 'e did, Biggs didn't! 'E was halways asavin' up 'is money. An' then 'e bought th' plice; then 'e bought another plice, larger. An' now 'e's so bloomin proud 'e won't speak to no one, 'e won't. I hain't good enough fer 'im, I hain't! W'y I remembers when 'e was jus' washing' dishes. 'E was a decent hartisan over 'ome, an' 'im washin' dishes!"

"'Ow is it yer in 'ere, Bill?" asked the little man solicitously. "Hain't yer got no jorb?"

"'Ow can I 'ave a jorb when heveryone is down on me?" responded the other querulously. I'm a mechanic, I ham! I hain't no bloomin' dishwasher!"

"Gee! I wisht I had some reg'lar trade," remarked the tattooed man. "I'd dig out after some steady job, an' buy me some glad rags."

"Rags?" puzzled the little man.

"Sure! Some rags—swell clothes," explained the tattooed man.

"'Ow can a man get a jorb at 'is tride when heveryone's down on 'im?" continued the tall man. "I'm a good hartisan, I ham, an' I hain't agoin' to work fer nuthin'. They won't give me no good jorb, they won't—jus' because I'm Hinglish."

"Man to beat carpets," shouted the young man from the office, appearing again.

"Carpets!" said the tattooed man with the air of a connoisseur of jobs. "Nix on th' carpets fer mine!"

"'Ere!" exclaimed the man on the bench. He jumped up and followed the young man into the office.

"An' ol' Peter Simmons," mused the little man. "'E sent hover fer 'is missus two year ago. You remember Simmons, 'im as used to tell all th' funny tiles at th' pub? Hever 'ear of 'im out 'ere?"

"Hever 'ear of Simmons! W'y me an' 'im lived 'ere together before 'is missus come. We was great pals once," stated the tall man. "'E's got no shine, 'as Simmons. W'y 'e was laborin' on th' r'ilroad with a lot of bloomin' Hitalians after 'e lef' 'ere. 'E couldn't get no jorb at 'is tride in this blawsted country, so wot does 'e do? 'E goes has a laborer on a r'ilroad, 'im as 'ad a good tride!"

"Workin' on th' r'ilroad now?" asked the little man.

"Not 'arlf, 'e hain't!" declared the tall man. "Some blokes 'as all th' luck," he continued thoughtfully. "Started farmin' out west, 'e did. Howns a big farm out in Manitober now."

"Window-washing job," announced the man from the office. "One man wanted to wash windows."

"Me fer th' windys," said the tattooed man. He disappeared into the office.

"Washin' bloomin' windows!" muttered the tall man. "Gor-blawsted country!"

"I cawn't hunderstan' some of these 'ere hupstarts," he volunteered after a lengthy pause. "There was Joe Smith. Came hover on th' sime boat, we did. 'E was so bad hoff 'e started hover 'ere amixin' mortar. An' a bit since I met 'im drivin' 'is hown motor. 'E wouldn't lend me a cent—not a bloomin' red! 'W'y don't you go to work?' 'e says to me. 'How can hennybody go to work,' I asks, 'when heverybody's down on 'im?"

"Lady wants a man to beat rugs," came the announcement from the office door.

The little man watched his tall companion for a moment.

"I s'pose it's your turn," he suggested.

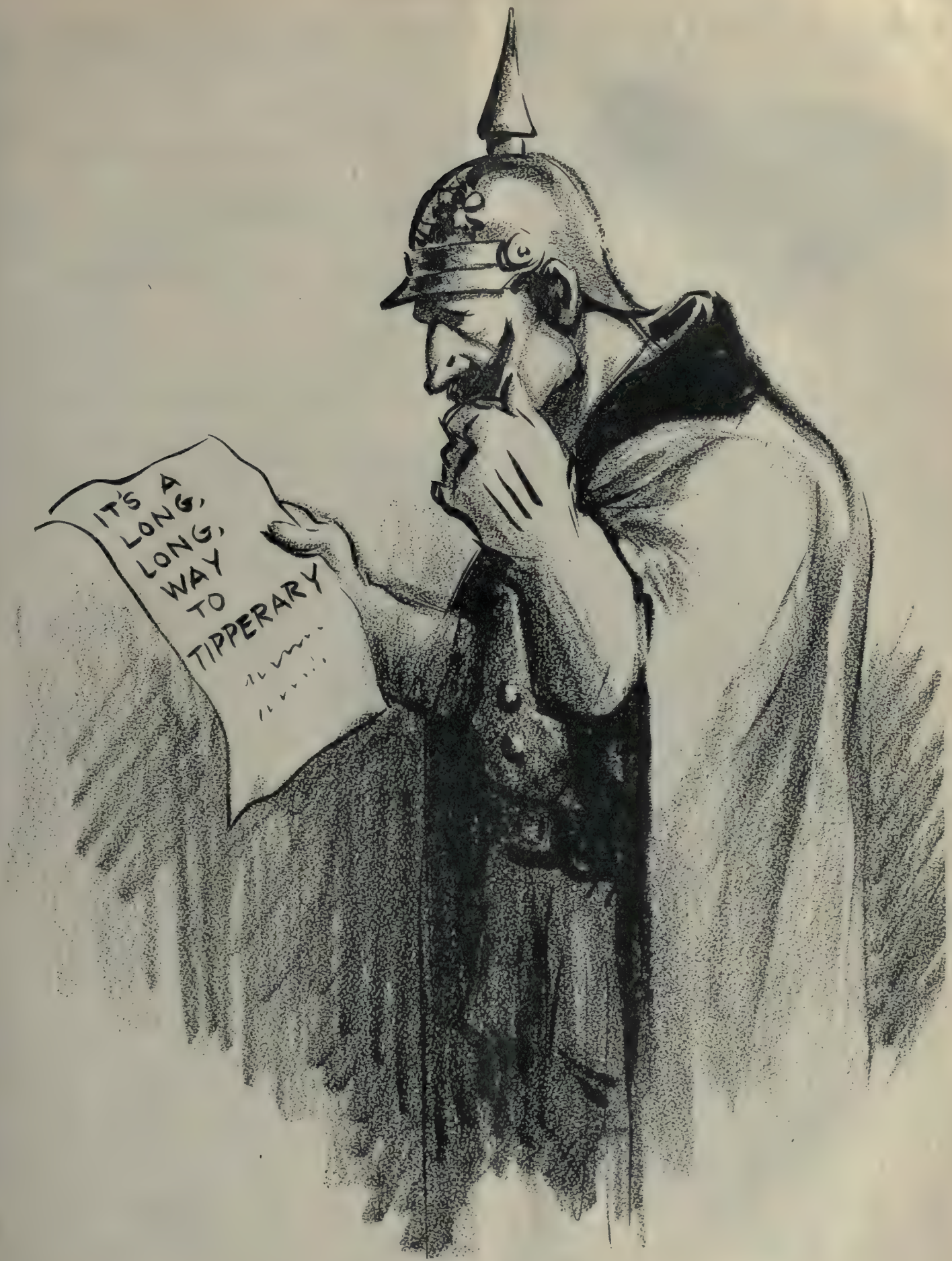
"Rugs!" exclaimed the tall man wrathfully. "Beatin' rugs! I'm a decent hartisan, I am—"

"'Ere," said the little man, and he started for the office.

The tall man watched him disappear. "Hidgit!" he muttered.

He gazed sorrowfully out of the window for a few moments at the procession of hurrying, happy New Years shoppers; then silently he moved toward the door.

"Gor-blawsted country!" he confided to the falling snow as he slipped out into the street.



"QUITE RIGHT, SO IT IS!"

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the living reality more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Clare Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler?

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"I'm afraid the unconscious memory theory won't work," said I. "That's a pity, too, because I suppose it would have been a comfort to Miss Meredith."

He turned on his smile again, rose, buttoned his overcoat, and shook hands with me. "I'm just as much obliged to you, anyway. And we'll fall back on your theory; that the ways of genius are past finding out. What if he did paint a portrait of a face he'd never seen, and improve on the only record of it we've given him? After all, that's no more mysterious than writing 'Hamlet.'"

"Do you suppose Shakespeare believed in ghosts?" I asked.

He looked at me steadily for a moment, in thoughtful silence. "Everybody believes in ghosts," he said. "Everybody!"

He stood near the door, his walking-stick tucked under his arm while he drew on his gloves. But when he had finished and had laid his hand on the knob, he stopped short as if he had just remembered something.

"There's something else Miss Meredith wanted me to ask about," he said. "I nearly forgot it."

"Yes?" said I inquiringly.

"I wonder if I mayn't have a look at the portrait? I can explain what I mean better that way."

"I'm afraid not," I told him. 'I don't know where it is. Jeffrey said something about some trouble he had had with the frame. I don't know whether the canvas is in the studio or not; but I don't like to rummage."

"Of course not," he assented cordially. "It's a very trifling matter, really. The pose of the face shows one ear, and that is in deep shadow. But in the portrait, just below the ear, there is a streak of bluish-green light. Miss Meredith couldn't account for it, and she has been wondering about it ever since. It looks as if it were meant for an earring—a jade earring, perhaps. But there was nothing like that in the photograph."

"Of course," said I, "nobody could answer a question like that except Jeffrey himself. But I doubt if there's any mystery about it. He probably put it there on the spur of the moment because it helped his harmony or his composition, or some other of the tricks of his trade. But I'll ask him, if you like. He has your address, of course. He can drop you a line when he comes in and tell you all about it."

The doctor began unbuttoning his coat and fumbling with his gloved hand in one of his inner pockets. "I wish you would ask him," he said. "But when it comes to letting me know, I wish you'd take charge of that yourself. I never knew a genius who was a reliable letter-writer."

He had got out his pocketbook by now, and was fishing for a card. Presently he got one and held it out to me.

"Is it too much to ask?" he concluded. "Just a line telling what Jeffrey says about his reason for putting that little green streak into that shadow on his canvas. There's my address. If you undertake it for me I shall be sure of hearing."

"I'll be very glad to," said I.

"Good-by, then; and thank you." The next moment he was gone.

I stood in my tracks, staring at the door he had closed behind him. I hoped Jeffrey wouldn't come in for a while. There was so much to think about, and I wanted my thoughts in order before I tried to tell them to him.

After a while my eyes fell to the rug where Dr. Crow had stood while he was fishing for the card with his address upon it. They caught the shine of something, half buried in the deep nap of the rug. My hands were trembling when I stooped to pick it up. It was a long, pendant earring of polished jade!

CHAPTER VI.

BELIEVING IN GHOSTS.

But even as I stood there, staring dully at the thing that lay in the palm

of my hand, and glowed dully back at at me, with the impenetrable look of mystery jade always has, the door from the reception-room opened from behind me. I put the hand with the earring in my trouser-pocket, turned, and faced Jeffrey.

"Did you meet Crow?" I asked. "He's just this minute gone."

He shook his head. "I heard you talking in here as I came by the door, so I waited. He made you quite a visit. Had he anything to say?"

"Oh, he wanted to see the portrait," said I. "He said Miss Meredith was waiting for it with a mixture of anxiety and dread."

"She'll probably have it in a few days," said Jeffrey. "Richards seems to have no doubt about recovering it. He thinks he knows where it is."

"Where does he think it is?" I asked.

Jeffrey shook his head. "He didn't tell me. He asked me a few questions and jumped to a theory of his own. I couldn't follow him. It's the first time anything like that ever happened to me. To be outguessed by a policeman! I'm losing my wits, I suppose. Of course, I didn't ask him."

He walked moodily across to his Morris-chair and dropped into it with an air of utter lassitude and fatigue.

I hated to begin asking him questions. Poor Jeffrey! If the inextricable tangle of coincidence, in which we were involved already, terrified and bewildered him, what would his condition be when he heard the rest—when I told him the whole story of my conversation with Dr. Crow, and when I showed him the thing I had just put in my pocket? The thing had to be done, however.

"Jeffrey," said I, "Miss Meredith and the doctor were terribly puzzled by that portrait."

"Puzzled?"

I nodded. "Jeffrey, it's more like the original than the photograph was."

I expected his eyes to widen at that, and his body to grow tense. Instead, he answered indifferently enough:

"What of it? It ought to be more like."

"You mean, I suppose, that any really great artist sees beneath the surface of things—depicts an inner truth that—"

"Inner truth be blowed!" interrupted Jeffrey. "It's surfaces I'm talking about. A photograph of anything but a flat object is never by any possibility correct. You can photograph an etching or the page out of a book, or a set of working-drawings, with absolute accuracy, but never anything in the round. There is only one plane in a photograph that is in true focus. Everything that comes nearer than that plane is too big. Everything behind that plane is too small. Any competent draftsman can correct a photograph, and any competent portrait-painter can paint from a photograph a portrait that is more like than the photograph itself."

His manner nettled me a little; all the more because it was so rare with him. Of course, he had some excuse for being irritable to-day, and I might have remembered that any sort of culturene talk about Art, with a big A, always made him impatient. But he had made it easier than I had expected, to speak about the earring.

"All right," said I. "We'll let the inner truth be blowed as far as you like and get down to facts. Did you do anything beside correcting the drawing in the photograph?"

"Beside?"

"Did you paint anything in it that wasn't there? Did you make up anything and slap it in, just to make the picture look better—or harmonize—or compose better—or, well, for any other reason, Jeffrey?"

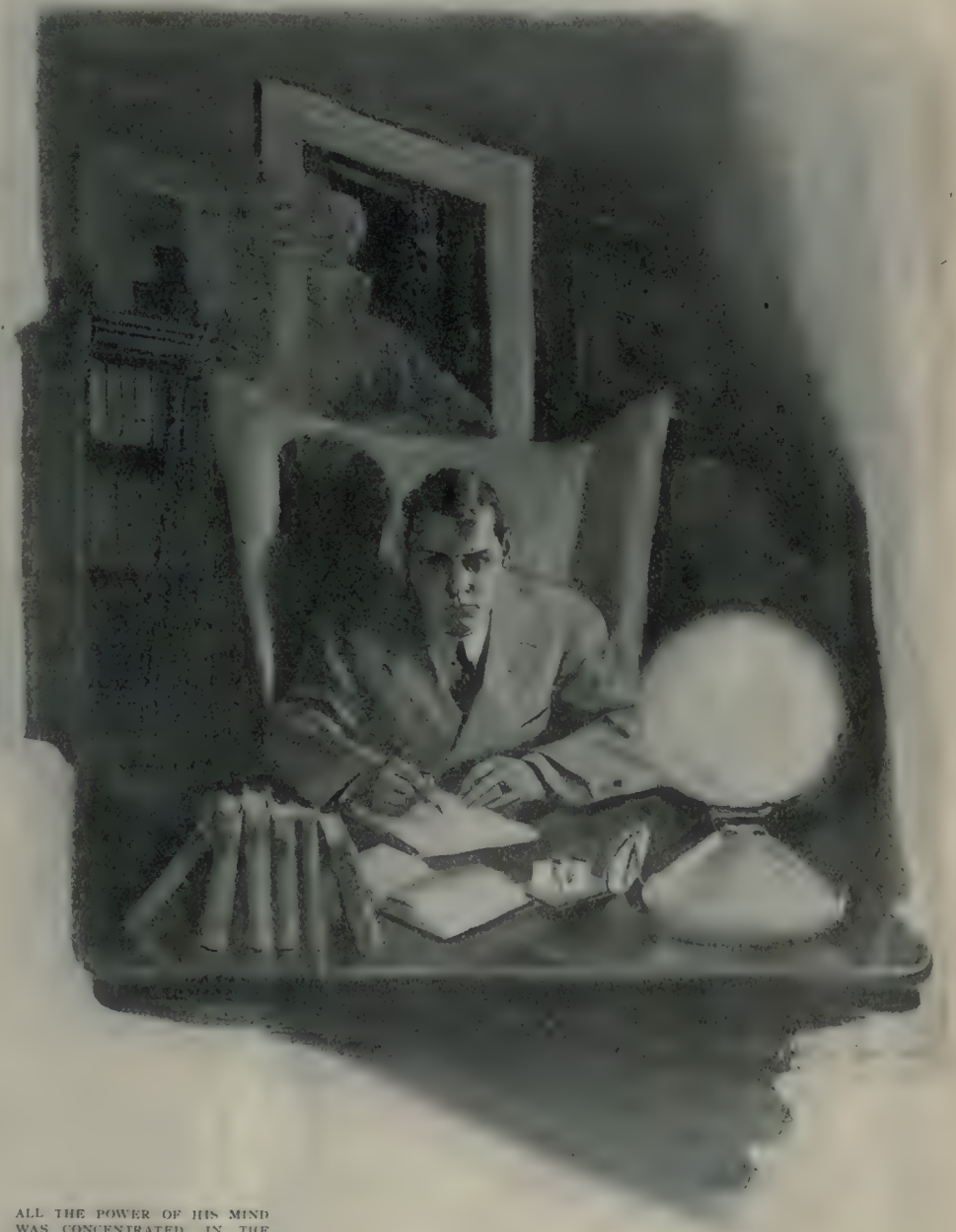
He was looking at me keenly enough now.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "What are you talking about?"

"Dr. Crow," said I, "expressed some curiosity about a light-bluish green streak in the shadow under the ear. He wondered if it had been meant to represent an earring—say a jade earring!"

Jeffrey straightened up now, and his eyes were blazing. "Did he ask that question himself? Just that way?" he demanded.

"Just that way, Jeffrey." His excitement had infected me now, and my question asked itself jerkily. "Jef-



ALL THE POWER OF HIS MIND WAS CONCENTRATED IN THE STRUGGLE TO REPRODUCE AND PERFECT A MEMORY

frey, was there a jade earring in the other portrait—the one you found in your studio when you came back from Etaples ?"

He didn't answer for a full minute. And all the while his unseeing eyes never left my face. All the power of his mind was concentrated in the struggle to reproduce and perfect a memory.

"No," he said at last. "It wasn't in the portrait. But I can tell you where it was, Drew. It was in the ear of the girl who stood beside me on the bridge that night at Paris."

"What did it look like ?" I asked breathlessly.

Once more he took his time about answering. His eyelids narrowed to slits, and the contracted pupils were no bigger than pin-points.

"There was a tiny ring which pierced the lobe of the ear," he said, "and below that, a small perfect sphere of jade; below that was a long, rounded, tapering pendant. It's as clear to me as if I had it in my hand."

"Like this ?" I asked, and I took my hand out of my pocket. There in my palm lay the thing he had described.

The moment I uncovered it I regretted having sprung this last mine in so theatrical a fashion. Had I not been as excited as he I shouldn't have done it. Because I really feared that the shock of this last—could I call it a coincidence ?—might do him a serious injury. My own brain was reeling with the weird, incredible extravagance of it, and to me the whole thing came at second-hand. What would it be to him who had felt the unknown, undiscoverable presence in his Paris studio; who had found the portrait painted there; who had seen the photograph of the same face, and had learned that it was the face of a girl who was dead a whole year before that ghostly portrait had been painted ?

I stood there for a minute, not daring to look at him, fearing that there might break any moment on my ears a burst of maniacal laughter. But, utterly to my astonishment, what I did hear was a long, deep breath of the most intense relief.

"Thank the Lord !" said Jeffrey.

He took the earring from my hand, carried it over to the light, and subjected it to a minute, careful scrutiny. I noticed that he was rubbing a finger over its smooth, cool surface as if the actual material feeling of it were an intense satisfaction to him. Then he tucked it into his pocket, pulled himself up on a high painting-stool, and hooked his heels into the rungs. He was a new man again. Rather, he was the old man—the man he had been before he went to Paris and had never been since.

He gave his head a rueful shake. "I've had a scare, Drew. The worst I ever had in my life. I didn't even dare tell you how bad it was. That will have to be my apology for the way I treated you this morning. Now that it's over, I'll try to make amends. Let's go to lunch. Richards won't be here for an hour or two."

Then, for the first time, he seemed to notice the astonishment that had held me speechless, but that I am sure must have shown in my face.

"What's the matter with you ?" he asked. "Don't you understand ?"

"I can understand the scare all right," said I. "But why you should say it is over now, is beyond me. I was almost afraid to show you that earring. I was afraid it might—finish you. It pretty near finished me."

He smiled at me—his old amused, irrepressible smile.

"Man," said I, "the girl was dead, and you saw her. One might have explained the portrait, but it wasn't in the portrait that you saw the earring. It was in the ear of the girl herself. And she was dead. And yet you described the earring in the most minute detail."

"Oh, come along to lunch." said Jeffrey. "I'm hungry as a hod-carrier when they blow the whistle. I'll tell you all about it across the corner of a square meal."

And no persuasion of mine could get another word out of him until we were fairly seated in a near-by restaurant and had sent away the waiter with an order that did ample justice to Jeffrey's boast about his appetite.

"By the way," said Jeffrey, "you haven't told me where you got that earring ?"

"No," said I, rather sulkily. "As long as you have solved the mystery so easily without that information, I don't see why you should want it."

Jeffrey smiled again and reached over and patted me on the arm.

There is some sort of magic in Jeffrey's touch. In this case it wiped away my resentment as a sponge wipes the writing off a slate.

"Crow left it," said I.

"Left it ! Crow ?"

"Oh, quite involuntarily. He had his gloves on and he was fishing in his card-case for a card with his address on it."

"I had his address," said Jeffrey.

"His confidence in you as a letter-writer is very limited," said I, "and he said he really wanted an explanation of that green streak in the shadow under the ear. He relied on me to get it for him. The earring must have been in his card-case, and when he fished out his card he dropped it. That's a very soft, thick rug, and it didn't make any noise."

"Crow," said Jeffrey thoughtfully. "Crow. I wonder if he will turn out to be the beginning ? I wonder if the first step in our mystery lies his way ?"

"The first step !" I cried. "Then you haven't solved it."

"Solved it ?" cried Jeffrey. "I haven't tried to solve it—haven't begun to solve it."

"But," I protested, "up there in the stuido you said you had had a bad scare, but it was over."

"Yes," said Jeffrey. "The scare was over and the mystery begun. Can't you see what a relief it is to know that it is a mystery ? What do you suppose it was that I was afraid of ? That I had seen a ghost ?"

"Why, something like that," said I.

"I am perfectly willing to see a ghost," said Jeffrey, "if I can be convinced that it is a ghost—an outside ghost—somebody else's ghost as well as mine. The thing that terrified me was that I couldn't prove, even to myself, that it was anything more than a kink in my own mind—a bunch of hallucinations and obsessions of my own producing—the sort of things that make the alienists rich.

"But now I know that what I saw on the bridge that night in Paris was either a live woman or an honest ghost. I'm going to find out which it was. Whichever it was, that earring Crow was so curious about lets me out. No two people ever have exactly the same mania, and he is evidently as curious about the thing that wore the earring as I am."

"He or Miss Meredith," said I.

"Yes, he or the mysterious Miss Meredith," Jeffrey assented. "For the present, we'll consider them one person, and that one person Dr. Crow. Now let us try to figure out Crow's position. This is going to be logic, which is your department, so you will have to correct me if I go wrong."

"Crow gets me to paint a portrait. We don't know why he came to me. I didn't want to paint it, and he insisted. The question is, had he any reason for insisting, beyond the fact that his client was rich, and that I was fashionable ? We have no means of answering that question yet. I didn't tell him where my studio was the last time I spent a winter in Paris, but he might have found it out from some one else."

"And if he knew," I cried, "he might have thought that in that particular place you might see something ! He might have wanted to try the experiment."

"Exactly," said Jeffrey. "But we can't build upon that yet. That's got to stay in the question-column. Anyhow, I paint the portrait, and the portrait shows some data which were not contained in the photograph he gave me."

He looked up at me thoughtfully. "What did he begin on ?" he asked.

"Did he begin with the earring?"

"No," said I. "He began by trying to find out if you couldn't have met the girl—if you hadn't been in Paris during the time she was there."

"During the time she lived there," Jeffrey corrected.

I nodded.

"You satisfied him that that was impossible?" he asked.

"Completely," said I. "It was as perfect an alibi as you ever saw."

"And then?" Jeffrey went on.

"He asked," said I, "if you hadn't been to Paris two years ago."

"After the girl had died," he commented.

"I pointed that out to him," said I.

"But, still, I thought he held his breath while he waited for my answer."

"So, that he evidently thought it possible," said Jeffrey, "that I might have seen her after she was—dead. I wonder if Dr. Crow believes in ghosts?"

"He said he did," said I.

"What?"

"He said that everybody did. That would include him, I suppose."

"Your logic is flawless," said Jeffrey. "But how did he come to make that observation?"

"It was quite casual," said I. "I happened to say I wondered if Shakespeare believed in them."

"Casually?"

"Oh, yes. He said something about 'Hamlet' that put it in my head. I suppose the subject never was very far out."

"I wish I had seen him," said Jeffrey.

"Why do you make so important a matter of it?" I asked.

Jeffrey looked at me with a rueful little frown that had half a smile in it.

"Because, my dear Drew," said he, "if Dr. Crow doesn't believe in ghosts, then he has got some reason for doubting that Claire Meredith is really dead. He suspects I saw something. If he is perfectly sure it couldn't have been a ghost I saw, then he must know that it is possible that what I saw was the living woman."

There was a moment's silence. Then Jeffrey brought his hand down suddenly, but softly, on the table.

"And then the earrings," he whispered. "Crow has the earrings—or he had till he dropped one of them this morning. If it wasn't a ghost I saw on the bridge, she had the earrings then. If Crow doesn't believe in ghosts, then he has seen the living woman since I did."

"How do you make that out?" I asked.

"Why, you idiot," he cried, "how else did he get them from her? He has them now; she had them then, unless she was dead then and buried and it was a ghost that I saw. We'd have taken a long step in our mystery if we could be sure whether Dr. Crow believed in ghosts or not."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FACE UNDER THE PAINT.

I WENT back with Jeffrey to the studio after lunch, although I was uneasily conscious that my office-chair was yawning for me. Jeffrey's affairs are always so much more interesting than my own that there isn't as much generosity and self-sacrifice as he credits me with in my ready devotion.

We found Richards, the police lieutenant, waiting for us.

"I'm sorry to have kept you," said Jeffrey, "but I found I needed a square meal."

"Oh, I didn't mind waiting," Richards assured him. "But you missed a caller."

"A caller?" said Jeffrey.

He and I exchanged a glance. "Crow?" I whispered under my breath.

"He didn't leave his name," said Richards. "He's the rug-man."

"Oh," said Jeffrey, indifferently. "Did he wait long?"

"No," said the lieutenant. "He examined the rug rather carefully and said he'd let you know about it in the morning."

"Which rug was it?" I asked.

"The one over there by the door. That was the right one, wasn't it?"

The lietutenant asked the last question of Jeffrey.

"Oh, yes," said Jeffrey. "He knew which one it was, right enough. Do you remember what he looked like?"

"Why," said the lieutenant, "he was a pretty tall, good-looking, dark—"

"Oh, you needn't describe him," Jeffrey interrupted. "Just remember him. You may meet him again."

The lieutenant laughed. "What? Is he one of your—what do you call them—latent criminals?"

"I don't know," said Jeffrey. "But it will do you no harm to remember what he looked like."

We ensconced Richards in the large chair and provided him with a big cigar.

Jeffrey went over to his paint-table and began an elaborate pretense of setting it to rights.

"Well," he asked, "any luck with my little affair? Are you going to be able to get that portrait back for me?"

The lieutenant unctuously licked the wrapper of his cigar and favored it with the caressing gaze of a connoisseur before he answered. He was in very good humor with himself.

"I have got it," he said.

"Already?" I cried.

"The lieutenant had the right guess this morning," said Jeffrey. "I suspected as much."

"But you couldn't figure out what the guess was," said Richards.

Then he turned to me. "I don't mind admitting, Mr. Drew, that this young fellow has pulled some long shots in the crime-detecting business that the front office has never been able to understand. You saw one of them yourself, and they tell me you wrote a book about it. But when it comes right down to cases, an old professional thief-catcher like me has got a few tricks of his own. Mr. Jeffrey here might have worked his game, whatever it is—I don't pretend to understand it—for five years and he wouldn't have found it. But he came to me and I put my hand on it in fifteen minutes.

"Oh, you will see for yourself," he went on, for both of us showed the surprise we felt at his announcement. "They'll bring it up in the wagon. It'll be here any time now. But the next time, Mr. Drew, that you write a detective story, you might give the police a little credit.

"It was near eleven o'clock when Mr. Jeffrey made his complaint." He pulled out a big gold watch in a hunting-case and looked at it impressively. "His picture'll be back here before two. That's three hours. Mr. Jeffrey never worked any quicker than that himself. And, as I told you, he wouldn't have got it back himself in five years."

"Oh, come," said Jeffrey, "there aren't as many fences as that in town. I shouldn't have known the right one to go to first, but I know something about them. Besides, I could probably have advertised a reward and got it eventually."

"You could have advertised," said the lieutenant, "until you were black in the face, and you could have gone to every fence in New York City, if you knew where they were, which you don't, and at that you would never have found it."

"All right," said Jeffrey. "You've got me. I'd like to know how you did it."

"Well," said Richards, "you've made me ask that question a good many times, and turn about is fair play. This is the way I figured it out: To begin with, pictures don't get stolen. Frames do sometimes, and if there's a picture in the frame, it may go along too. But this picture wasn't in a frame."

"It seems to me," said Jeffrey, "I remember hearing about a picture called 'The Mona Lisa,'" in Paris, that was stolen. And then there was that Gainsborough that Pinkerton got back."

"Oh, sure, that kind of pictures," said the lieutenant impatiently. "Pictures out of galleries. What I mean is the kind of pictures *you* paint."

To be continued.

In the Forefront

GENERAL SAM HUGHES, "THE MEGAPHONE MAN;" NURSING MATRON MARGARET MACDONALD, WHO KNOWS MORE WAR THAN MOST MEN; MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY—"JANEY CANUCK"—OF THE WEST WESTERN—AND THEN SOME

The Megaphone Man

General Sam Hughes, the Militant Minister of Our Militia Department

By John F. Charteris

WHEN a man is dead, the patient shepherd called History puts his crook around the deceased's neck and leads him, willy nilly, to the sheepfold or to the goatpen, according to his deserts. After which a complaisant posterity very seldom bothers to re-examine him.

But while a public man is still living, still butting in and baa-ing about, it is almost impossible to get between the movie operators and the Associated Press men, and find out what he is really like.

Especially is this true of such 40-knot an hour gentlemen as Theodore-to-the-south-of-us, William-'cross-the-seas and—attention please—Major General the Honorable Sam-in-the-midst-of-us.

We find, on the one hand, such staid and pious journals as the Toronto *Telegram* growing unbiblically vitriolic under the caption "General Hughes—Troublemaker," while the still staider *Globe* opines that, "He should reflect that genius is often closely akin to madness," also that "the second quality may be present without the first."

On the other hand—the left one that persistently remains in ignorance of what the right is up to—we discover the Canadian Militia under date of 22nd October, promoting the Troublemaker from Colonel to Major General, and predating the appointment so as to ensure the M. G.'s seniority over all and sundry. That the appointee is also the appointer may or may not have influenced the King's Printer who set type for the little blue appointment sheet, holding one hand over his mouth the while.

But the fact remains, even as Sam remains, that the new Major General is undoubtedly a personage, and the large crowds recognize the fact wherever the private car, "Roleen," carries this stern-gazing, quick-saluting, blue-caped man of whom Lord Roberts said: "in organizing the Canadian Overseas Contingent, he displayed a driving force and a military genius without a parallel in history!"

The Nation's Drillmaster is—of course—an Ulster Orangeman. And a Methodist at that. He comes of the farthest-wandering, the hardest-hitting, loudest-shouting race in the world. And when you add to this such a strain as comes from the French blood of his greatgrandfather General St. Pierre, who was killed at Waterloo together with two of his sons—why, you'd expect just the handsome scrapper that the Hon. Sam has turned out to be, sword in one hand, magaphone in the other.

At school, Sam used to come home with all the athletic medals and cups and things buttoned up under his coat. When he grew old enough, he tried teaching. He was a good teacher. But Jarvis St. Collegiate chiefly remembers him for the time he chased his biggest pupil twelve times around the yard, in order to administer a pin in the middle of the back, same having been the treatment meted out to a smaller boy by the culprit.

In 1885, Hughes became the editor of the Lindsay *Warder* and held down the job, held up the town, held out his views, held in—or didn't hold in—the Ulstersaintpierre temper for twelve smoking years. We would we had a copy of that *Warder*! It must have warded sulphurously.

In 1892 there had occurred a bye-election in North Victoria. Just who it was that suggested Sam to the public we don't know. But we can guess. Anyhow, the public acquiesced and Sam became a member, which was all the foothold needed by a born climber, with his eye on the political Mt. Robson.

When the South African War exploded itself onto a well-red map, Sam offered his services. Was declined. Went as a freelance. And made good. He pitched into the problem of railway transport up from the Cape; became assistant to Inspector General Settle on lines of communication; later, Chief of the Intelligence Staff to the same General; after which he was captured by Sir Charles Warren to perform similar duties in Griqualand and Bechuanaland. That the busy warrior ever returned to his native heath, indeed, is due solely to the conviction that the heath needed him.

When the present government came into power, the new Minister of Militia had a blazing opportunity to exercise his peculiar gifts. He has been long called "the one Canadian worshipper of Mars, war clouds being his pet scenery." And very gallantly did he set forth to inculcate his ideas.

Canada was busy in her wheat-fields. Canada was real estate-crazy, Cobalt-and-Gowganda mad. To Canada, the word "drill" meant oil, not armies.

But Colonel Hughes was one of the few Canadians who saw that the Kiel Canal wasn't built to punt in, and that the Krupps weren't making fireworks for the Toronto Exhibition. He saw a German beyond the sights of his pet Canadian Rifle. And he was so busy seeing Germans and attempting to make the Dominion see tandem with him, that we find a 1912 correspondent of the Ottawa Free Press narrating in shocked tones how he ac-tu-al-ly wandered into the vice-regal box at the theatre, wearing an ordinary business suit and—ye gods and gazeteers!—a necktie, red as War!

In December of 1912, London was positive that she had him pinned down to contribute $130,000 toward her Federal Square, on the ground that his soldiers were to parade there. But the Board of Education, nose-deep in the Wars of the Roses, refused to grant prizes to the cadets of the town, under the Strathcona Trust, because, forsooth, they didn't believe in militarism. Whereupon, London promptly had a wire from Sam that made her turn the other cheek and then do it all over again.

Under date of April 22nd, 1914, the peaceloving Toronto *Globe* enumerates and anathematizes the various items of the Colonel's expenditures, calling him, "the most reckless spender of money in a government—" —but you know what the *Globe would* say when it got on that subject. Anyhow, Sam was proposing to Sammify some $10,500,665 of good Canadian cash, and the Hielander's Hymnal sang out that "The Colonel must be anticipating drill, summer and winter, day and night, rain or shine." Parenthetically we would ask Constant Reader to compare this statement with the news columns of the same journal six months later, and put down a big white mark for Colonel Sam.

Perhaps the Militant Minister's most crusadeful doings were done what time he donned his anti-canteen armor. There had been a law against liquor which Sir Frederick Borden had allowed to slip into conventual seclusion. When the Methodist Orangeman took over the Militia Department, however, he cleaned it out from garret to cellar, with the accent on the cellar. Officers were held responsible for the ignition-quality of a private's breath, and those who sat up nights composing resignations; got anticipatory postcards that such had been taken as read.

When remonstrated with, Hughes would remark, "Change the law then, you fools. While the law stands, I stand, here or hereabouts, Gooderham and Wirts to the contrary notwithstanding. Are we down hearted? NO!"

But it was not until all the prophet's war clouds exploded into thunder at once, and the Kaiser launched his ultimatum slap in the face of an astounded world, that Hughes got his real chance, and that we, alas, descend into the congested and clamorous streets of such immediate history that we can't yet hear ourselves think.

That the Minister of Militia in six weeks collected, full armed, target-practised and finally transported some 33,000 men from Valcartier to Salisbury Plains, is about the only indisputable fact to be ascertained. As to whether he did it satisfactorily, scandalously or only fairly well, depends on whether you listen to the Minister himself, to "Jack Canuck" and the *Telegram*, or to the *Globe*.

Hold on. There's one more fact to be jotted down in the "indisputable" column.

So far as appointments went, there was no graft. Sam holds his sword in one hand and his megaphone in the other, as before stated. There is no littlebehindhand.

A colonel in the Wewontsay District didn't want to volunteer in blank, according to orders. He wrote to headquarters asking a Colonelcy, reminding the Minister at the same time that he was the most influential Tory in his locality. The ex-editor took out the pen he'd used on the *Warder*, on or about July 12th, and told the petitioner that it was a long, long way

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GENERAL HUGHES WATCHING THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT PUTTING TO SEA

to St. Helena, but he'd furnish him with the necessary asbestos transportation any time he wanted it.

While the Colonel had Valcartier to run and run on about, the cities saw but little of him. Once the Contingent had sailed, however, and the Colonel had come back from England he took up his residence in the "Roleen" and began to talk.

He is a boon to reporters, this mischief-making Minister, and a bug-bear nightmare-wish-he-wasn't-there to his staff, who have to sound the retreat so often after their chief's remarks.

He spent a day in Toronto. The press scribbled wads of copy. The staff set out to censor. The Exhibition Grounds were white with the fragments that remained.

He came again to Toronto.

But of the Hughes-Lessard incident it is still unsafe to talk save in whispers, with the smoke consumer on.

The *Herald-Telegraph*, being down in Montreal out of harm's way, remarked as follows:

"We confess to some amusement at the spectacle of the queenly Toronto tearing her hair and weeping and gnashing her teeth just because Major-General, the Honorable Samuel Hughes has found it necessary to administer to her a little public admonition. The General could apply a wet shingle to Halifax, take Quebec by the scruff of the neck, and even make Montreal ridiculous in the eyes of the Dominion by publicly forbidding her to do a thing, and privately assisting her in the doing of it. All this he could do, but he was still 'darling boy' in Toronto. But now—!"

The *Evening News* (Montreal) was even more ribald.

"After the recent military sensations in Toronto the unfortunate impression may go abroad that foot and mouth disease has spread into this country.

"Earthquake shock in Toronto?

"Oh, no; 'twas only Sam Hughes and the Toronto *Telegram* expressing their ideas at one and the same time."

As to what the *Telegram* really did say—but we don't want to have to run an expurgated edition expressly for churchmembers. Samuel is now engaged in recruiting the remainder of the 108,000 men he says he wants. He came to London and talked to the Canadian Club in language that gave ample excuse for the *Advertiser's* allegation that he said he'd saved the first contingent from German destroyers by his refusal to accept Kitchener's statement that the convoy was sufficient, until he'd been assured just how and when and how much each ship could do in the gun-line.

To be sure, Sam the Smoother took a few of the crinkles out of the Minister's words by the time the reporters got around to interviewing him in regard to the usual contradicting of his speech. But that doesn't go for much with the present writer who was there and heard him.

In the evening, however, the General left the megaphone down on the shunt-track with the "Roleen" and did a stunt with the sword instead, to such good effect that the Opera House was filled to its top note, and everybody talked Canadian Contingent for days thereafter, to the great benefit of the recruiting officers.

A single incident, characteristic to a degree, may conclude this sketch.

There was a plot unearthed in London, whereby the Minister was to be shot by four Turks whom the police got tucked away the day before their intended victim's arrival.

"What do you think of it?" asked the reporters.

"Why—er—bully for them," said the Honorable Sam; "Did they have Ross rifles?"

Nursing Matron Margaret Macdonald

A Natural Born Nurse Who Has Seen Service on many Battlefields

By Madge Macbeth

THERE are comparatively few of our soldiers who have seen any more actual service on the field of battle than has Nursing Matron Margaret Chisholm Macdonald.

Born in Bailey's Brook, Nova Scotia, she comes from a country which has produced a startling number of illustrious Canadians. Pictou County was the home of the late Sir William Dawson, Principal of McGill University, the late George Grant, Principal of Queen's University, the Rev. Dr. Gordon, its present Principal, President Falconer, of the University of Toronto, and too many statesmen of prominence to be named at the moment. It is a Scotch-Presbyterian community, all save a small isolated section which abuts Antigonish, and which is ninety-nine per cent. Scotch Roman Catholic. To this faith belongs the family of D. D. Macdonald, County Councillor, for Pictou.

His daughter, Margaret, was born with an aptitude for nursing. She preferred to play with sick dolls, was interested in the ailments of all the dependents about the place, and was not bowled over by the sight of a gory nose. After very youthful school days in Bailey's Brook, she went to Halifax to study, and from there she went to New York to train as a nurse. Her course was finished just about the time of the Spanish-American War, and she offered her services to the United States Government. They were accepted, and she saw service at Montauk Point. Later, Miss Macdonald was made a member of the Spanish-American War Nurses' Association, and the American Red Cross Society.

A CHILD MISS MACDONALD PREFERRED TO PLAY WITH SICK DOLLS RATHER THAN THE WELL KIND

At the outbreak of the South African War, she volunteered to the Canadian Government, and was accepted, leaving with the first Canadian Contingent for the front.

The story runs that Miss Macdonald was attending to a wounded soldier under fire, when a piece of shell struck her, tearing her arm. Unmindful of herself, she continued to dress the soldier's hurt, even though an officer who rode by and saw what had happened, urged her to get herself attended to. It is said that some time later, when the circumstance was brought to the notice of a prominent general, and when he commended her pluck and bravery, she drew herself up, saluted and replied, "It was nothing, sir! I am the daughter of a Highlander!"

Miss Macdonald came home with several other nurses, only to find that unpleasantness had again broken out and she was needed a second time in South Africa. She was one of the first women in Kimberly after the coming of the relief expedition, and was present at the taking of Pretoria.

She then took a Post Graduate Course in New York, and following that, went to Panama. Perhaps this noble piece of heroism will be better appreciated when it is understood that at the time mentioned, the camps and hospitals—the very Isthmus itself—were rank with pestilence. No one, until the coming of Colonel Gorgas, had dreamed of stamping out yellow fever; those who dared live in Panama either defied it or were resigned to the possibility of dying with it. It was in all truth and literalness—The Yellow Peril.

In order to keep the place made grim by the hand of Death as bright and cheerful as they could, pots of flowers were made to bloom in every window. Each pot stood in a vessel of water, thus not only attracting the mosquito but providing the most desirable breeding-place within reach of those whom they meant to attack!

Sister Macdonald escaped yellow fever but contracted malaria. She went home, recovered and returned to Panama. Hers was the wonderful experience of seeing one of the most dreaded diseases of the tropics absolutely stamped out; she saw twenty-five hundred panic-stricken men throw down their implements of work and leave the Isthmus at the outbreak of an epidemic—and she saw the last case of yellow fever which has been known at Panama!

Seeking her native shores once more she was appointed Nursing Sister of the Canadian Permanent Army Medical Corps Nursing Service, November '06, with the rank of Lieutenant. She is saluted just as any other Army Officer would be. In 1911 the Militia Department of the Canadian Government sent her to England to study the administration, organization and mobilization of the Queen Alexandra Imperial Nursing Service, which stood her in good stead a few months ago when she had to mobilize her small army of nurses who left with the first contingent. She and Matron Ridley are in charge of the nurses—approximately one hundred—who volunteered from Canada.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, "Janey Canuck"

A Woman Whom the Great Northwest Delights to Honor

By Michael J. Svenceski.

NEVER heard of a woman bronco-buster? No? What's that? Impossible you say? Far from it, stranger. Sure and it may look impossible but— Who is it, you want to know? Well, she's Mrs. Ar——, but first let me tell you about this wonderful Canadian woman and a few, just a few of the many things she has done to make a wandering waif called Fame come home to stay.

This great Western-Canadian has broken more than one broncho and the peace and placidity of many a slothful politician in Alberta. And she has done many other things besides.

What would you think of a woman who "hiked" and "mushed" thousands of miles through pre-railway country in the far north and then called it "a jolly outing?"—a woman who interested herself in the new towns of Alberta and helped plan them; a woman who is concerned in and working for a dozen or more societies of various kinds; who reared a family; made a home; wrote books, and scribbled cheques for charity; conducted coal mines, pink teas, sold farms and hospital tags; invested in timber limits and tr——, just a moment and I'll tell you who it was. It was none other than Mrs. Arthur Murphy, "Janey Canuck," who is making Canadian history by being one of the greatest personalities among the many famous Canadian women of her time. so great, that King George has just now conferred upon her the decoration of Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem. Her home is in Edmonton, the farthest north metropolis in America, but she is a native of Ontario, being born in Cookstown in Simcoe County.

In the modern book of revelations, Who's Who and Why,—you will find that she went to school at Bishop Strachan's School, Toronto. She was married to Arthur Murphy, M.A., and has two daughters. She came to Edmonton seven years ago and since then has had little time to go back, and then only to tell what a glorious place the Far West really is.

Mrs. Murphy holds the Presidency of the Canadian Women's Press Club; she is Convener of Committee on Peace and Arbitration, National Council of Women of Canada; Vice-president of the Board of Control of the Sanitorium for Tuberculosis, Province of Alberta; only woman Member of the Board of Directors of the Edmonton City Hospitals; Founder and Honorary President of Edmonton Women's Canadian Club; Honorary President of the Ladies' Hospital Aid of Edmonton; Member of the Ontario Historic Society; Member of the Daughters of the Empire, and of the Canadian Handicrafts' Society.

And yet, when I was ushered into the study in Mrs. Murphy's home in Edmonton, I did not find, as one might have expected, a woman, weighted down with the numerous cares of office, and burdened by a terrific load of responsibilities. Nor did I find her wearing mannish clothes, eye-glasses and close-cropped hair, as literary women sometimes do. Neither was she smoking a cigarette.

Far from it, the woman who came in to greet the interviewer was dressed in plain black, but there were red roses in her cheeks and the way she gave you her hands reminded the interviewer immediately that this was the West and full of that well-known western quality, hospitality.

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY
Whose chief hobby is cheerfulness

Ill at ease ? Home itself could not have been more comfortable for, in a few moments, Mrs. Murphy made one forget all self-consciousness. She chatted about the country, and the city, asking how the interviewer liked it, if he were going to stay long and what were his plans ? Never once did she mention anything she herself was doing. In fact, it appeared that your cares and worries were the only ones that could worry her and that she, herself, was quite willing to shoulder them if necessary.

Then the telephone bell tinkled and a maid came in to say:

"Mrs. Murphy's wanted on the phone." With a word to be excused, and a promise to be back immediately, the lady being interviewed hurried out to answer the call.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Murphy speaking." Quiet ensued for a few minutes, then:

"Yes, I see." More quantities of quiet; then:

"Oh ! I am so sorry. Really I am, but, although I will promise to help you in every way possible I couldn't accept—yes. What is that ?" A longer period of silence.

"No, I am sorry," this with firmness which was instantly relieved with, "but I'll tell you what I'll do. I can help you indirectly in some working position." The other end of the wire received the conversation and must have pleaded for a long time but Mrs. Murphy finished with:

"Oh ! yes, I'll assuredly support it, but you see, I can't take such a position as you offer. Yes ! Goodbye," and the receiver got the hook in double-quick time.

As Mrs. Murphy returned to [the room the interviewer raised his eyebrows, sensing a little episode which might throw some light on the character of the interviewed. True to his newspaper instinct, it did. Mrs. Murphy smiled.

"They called up to ask me to take the presidency of a new industrial society which is being formed here. I worked a long time to get it started but just because of the interest I showed, I don't want to take a foremost position. Office hampers one's output of work," said Mrs. Murphy, dismissing the subject and turning to other interesting topics. She spoke of the great land which we love so much, Canada. She discussed the Old North-west, but when she turned to the question of the New North, that vast land of opportunity and optimism, her speech took on a prophetic aspect. Throughout the interview, no matter what topic was under fire, she aws always interesting and amusing, filling her recital with whimsical say-

ings, and queerly turned phrases.

The clock struck five. Two hours had flown like a few moments. The interviewer begged to be excused and hurried away but before leaving he received an invitation to call again.

"We're going to have a bonfire out in the yard this evening, so be sure to come," concluded Mrs. Murphy, closing the door. "What celebration is on, I wonder," thought the interviewer, and decided to call and find out.

At the appointed hour the scribbler of notes was on hand, and the maid showed him into the back yard. There grouped around the big fire, were Mr. Murphy the two young ladies of the family, and Mrs. Murphy.

"What is the celebration ?" asked the knight of the pad and pencil, coming to the point immediately following the introductions.

"Oh ! The death of King Rubbish," answered Mrs. Murphy laughing. "Didn't you see the signs on the street cars ?"

"Yes," replied the interviewer quickly.

"And their command was——?"

" 'Don't forget. This is Clean-up week' ". The phrase tumbled out fresh from its impression by the street-car advertising.

"Yes—well this bonfire is the Clean-up—" and, looking into the next yard, the interviewer saw another bonfire and in the yard farther on, another and everywhere the smoke of the fires arose to heaven——the sacrifice of King Rubbish—municipally instigated. Edmonton's big Clean-up work was in progress, due directly to a society in which Mrs. Murphy is a virtual leader.

"Don't you love to watch a big bonfire ?—I do—" said Mrs. Murphy, bringing the journalist back from his survey, as she poked the fire into a brighter blaze. "I think," she continued, "that all our household like to watch a blazing fire—all except Lena," and here Mrs. Murphy laughed.

"The cook ?" questioned the interviewer.

"Yes !" went on Mrs. Murphy. "One day Lena dropped a coal in the yard here and when the fence caught fire, and the dry grass was blazing high, Lena walked into the drawing-room where a meeting was in progress and calmly announced the fire just as she would have said, 'Dinner is served.' Lena is a foreigner."

"You have interested yourself in the foreigners, haven't you, Mrs. Murphy? Written several stories about them, too ?" interrupted the man of notes.

"I think it's the prime duty of all Canadians to help the newly arrived foreigners as much as they would the Canadian born. We must make them over into good Canadians; educate them and bring them up to our standard, and not let them drag us down to theirs. We must imbue them with the love of work, and the spirit of cheerfulness. And the greatest of these things is cheerfulness."

"Why optimism ?" and the scribbler smiled as he said it.

"Now, young man," began Mrs. Murphy, "I warn you. Don't start me on a favorite topic," and she shook a finger of warning at the interviewer.

"All right then, Mrs. Murphy, let me ask you about——"

"Literature ?" questioned Mrs. Murphy quickly.

"Which, Shakespeare's or yours," the scribbler could not help saying.

The warning finger went up again quickly, but, even as it rose, the great woman broke into a cheery laugh saying something about "pranks of youth." She herself is youthful—youth always is optimistic and who is more optimistic than Mrs. Murphy ? Her personality will affect even the least impressionable of people. Take that story that comes from the great Peace River country.

A well-known editor went up into that country a year after Mrs. Murphy had passed by. He stopped at a settler's home and begged the settler's wife for a drink of water. They gave him milk and while the thirsty news-picker drank, the homesteader tried to entertain his guest with his choicest experience.

"Yes," drawled the Northerner, "a body does see a 'tarnation lot of people passin' along this trail. There's maybe two a day besides the regular freights. Why, there's all kinds come by. But the one we remember best is a woman. Wonder now if you know her, maybe ? Funny kind of woman, she was too. Makes you feel when you're talking to her as if she's more'n six feet. Her voice is big and gentle, and her mind, is big too, I reckon—"

"And her heart," chimed in the settler's wife, who would have said more had not her lord and master demanded the floor.

"I reckon so. But when she's gone and you look down the trail, why she ain't more'n five feet. D'ye know her?"

"Who is she ? What's she do ?" asked the newspaperman. "Squaw ? Settler's wife ? Missionary ? What's she look like ?"

"'Squaw ?'" The settler's face wore the look of a man who had witnessed a sacrilege. "'Say, she ain't no squaw," he said. "'You don't know that woman. Why she just talks and makes folks feel better, that's all. Ever know what it is to take a nip of something good after you've been mushing, mushing on the trail for hours ? Well, that's what she's like. She's the most cheerfullest person I ever see. Why when she struck our shack here, why Mary, was—well, that don't matter. But anyway, that woman sure did us good. Let's see, what's her name now? What was it, Mary ?"

"I just can't think of it, but it was Murray or Mur—" began the wife frowning in her endeavor to recall the name.

"Yes ! that's it. Murphy. Know anybody by that name ?"

"Mrs. Arthur Murphy—Janey Canuck."

"Yes ! That's the whole thing. A writer-woman."

"Why yes: I've heard of her," said the newspaperman. "She writes about this country and writes well."

"Don't know how she writes but she is sure some fine woman. I'd rather see her a-coming up the trail most any day than the freights or the mail. Wouldn't you, Mary ?"

There had been a family row in the settler's household when the woman passing on the trail had come in. There had been a sick baby, a dispirited husband and a half-sick wife. The household was practically in ruins, both mentally and materially. But when "Janey Canuck" came in she brought the germ that cures all ailments—cheerfulness and optimism. Before she left the house that day, the baby was better, the wife was well, and the settler in good humor for the first time for weeks. In that settler's home to-day, you'll find a little oil lamp that sits on the mantle-piece over the fire place. It is only a cheap lamp. The settler bought it for his wife after Mrs. Murphy left. It was a luxury in those days of candles. The settler is rich now—a railroad runs by his farm, but the little lamp sits on the mantelpiece, lit only on great occasions, blinking its message of cheerfulness and good-will. It is a monument to the joy of life that one woman brought into a home, and the joy-bringer was "Janey Canuck." Were it not too flippant the lamp might be called a shining monument. But let it pass; a monument is a monument whether it is a lamp or a stone.

And this brings us to the fact that Mrs. Murphy is interested, among other things, in preserving Canadian land-marks and in recording the things of to-day for the benefit of those who come to-morrow. The historic land-mark called Fort Edmonton was doomed for destruction a short time ago but Mrs. Murphy stepped in and its Judgment Day passed.

Only last week a new arrival in Edmonton asked a citizen two questions in one mouthful:

"Who is the mayor of this town ? Who runs the city ?"

Continued on page 191.

With Our Contingent Abroad

By Private H. R. Gordon

THE lads in khaki, each one in his own way, are drawing mind pictures of the homefolk and the things that were the daily routine last year. By the time this arrives you'll be shaking the snow off your furs and huddling up close to the radiator. Possibly you think about us and shiver at the hardships you imagine us as suffering. The hard times may come soon, when we reach the spot two hundred miles away, where the British and French and Belgians are fighting in water-soaked trenches; but at present we're as cheerful as though we were back home by the big base-burner, or open fire, digesting New Year dinners. We have become very well acquainted, in fact friends, with out-door life; and we've almost forgotten that people can wear any clothing other than khaki, or live and move and have their being except as the bugle commands them. We feel that we're becoming real soldiers.

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HERE'S THE KIND OF AT-THE-FRONT COMFORTS OUR BOYS MAY EXPERIENCE THIS WINTER

Our daily life cannot be called very luxurious or easy, but it is certainly healthful, and with a sound digestion, warm clothes and plenty of exercise, anyone can be happy. There is just one drawback to camp life in England, and that is the weather. Somebody up above must have turned on the tap just after we landed, and forgotten to turn it off again. We've had only about three days without rain since we landed, and we've been here almost a month. We plough through so much mud and water that "Gyp the Louie," one of the many humorists of our company remarked to-day: "Say fellows, what's good for corns on the soles of your feet ?"

So far we've been lucky in having the heaviest showers at hours when we're off parade. The rain in England, if more persistent, is not so heavy as the rain in Canada, and one can be out on a rainy day for an hour or two without suffering much inconvenience beyond a soggy great coat. Greased boots and puttees form a thoroughly efficient protection against wet feet. If the shower becomes a deluge we are usually ordered off parade into our tents before we get too uncomfortable.

To-day was rather typical of what England presents us with each twenty-four hours. In the morning the sky was covered with dense grey clouds, and a high wind made the tents rattle. We got up by candle-light—reveille is at 6 a. m.—slipped on our boots and sweaters and drowsily answered the roll call as the orderly sergeant deciphered the names by the light of a smoking lantern. We had our usual constitutional, a brisk run around the officers' tents, in which there was beginning to be a stir, past the patient lines of blanketed horses and back over the muddy parade ground to our tents. We washed in the icy water at the taps two hundred yards away, arranged our kits, folded our blankets and swept out the board floors of our tents. These board floors are a great convenience, and insure dry and comfortable living when the ground is cold and soggy. Most of the battalions in the contingent have them.

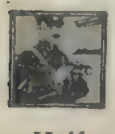
Breakfast at 7.30 a.m., consisted of bacon and hot tea, along with the bread, jam and cheese, which are on hand for all meals. One man from each tent goes up to the cook-house to get the supply for himself and his comrades, in a big iron pot—a "dixie."

After breakfast we had a little breathing spell to clean rifles, polish buttons and grease our boots. About this time "newsies" from London come up with the "pipers," beseeching us to read and learn "all abaht it." So we read: "In the north the battle continues with great violence. On the rest of the front there is nothing to report," and similar tantalizing scraps of news. Curiously enough, we seldom talk much about the war. It is safe to say that one would hear more discussion of it in almost any Canadian street car than in the whole of our camp. We become preoccupied with the work nearest hand, and are usually too busy to bother thinking out infallible schemes for destroying the German armies and navy and capturing the Kaiser.

At 8.45 we fell in. Fifteen minutes later we were out on the broad slope of a valley, at drill. Over here we do not go in for the barrack square type of drill. Every evolution we go through is an evolution that will come in useful when we go to the front. We get a great deal of skirmishing work. One minute we'll be marching along at ease in a long column, chatting and passing jokes up and down the line, or singing—the next, at a whistle and a wave of the captain's arm, the column melts suddenly into what appears to be an unorganized mob, all running at top speed. Ten seconds later the compact column is spread across a front of two hundred yards in a straight line. At another whistle and a shake of the captain's fist, we move forward at the double, section commanders in the rear exhorting the laggards in unparliamentary language to "keep up there." Yet another whistle and the captain raises his arm—everyone dives to the ground. Men here and there wriggle a few feet to take advantage of some slight depression in the ground. The company is ready for action.

To-day we had this sort of drill, with variations all morning. We practised advancing to the attack, with scouts out ahead; and connecting files to pass the information from the front to the supports and the reserves. We use semaphore signals for this. Different positions of the arms indicate different letters of the alphabet. One letter we all learned early, was "B," formed by holding the right arm in a

horizontal position. Already a large proportion of the fellows, having a bowing acquaintance with semaphore signalling, and being of practical minds realize how useful a speaking acquaintance would be, have decided to master the system.



How Veterans Teach the Recruits to Battle with Bayonets

Half an hour every morning is devoted to bayonet drill. Nearly every day the news from the front includes the story of a hand to hand struggle. The bayonet seems to be as important as the bullet in this war. Every company, in our battalion at least, includes anywhere from a dozen to a score old soldiers. They get out in front and show us the various guards and thrusts. We follow these movements as well as we can, and occasionally have duels —using the rifles without bayonets fixed. It is a little hard on the hands, especially when a projecting foresight from the rifle of one's opponent removes the skin of one's knuckles, but we enjoy it. We find it very similar to boxing, and it's excellent exercise for the arms and body.

Morning parade was over at noon. Ten minutes later we were getting our skilly inside us. The one staple article of diet that has been good uniformily is the "skilly," or Irish stew. The boiling makes the meat tender, and the carrots and cabbage make the soup quite palatable. A mess tin full of skilly, a hunk of "punk," as we call our bread, plenty of jam, a long swig at the water bottle make a meal fit for a king, if the king was as hungry as we always are after a morning's work.

English weather became obtrusive when the bugle blew for afternoon parade. A fine rain, driven by squalls of wind made us glad to turn up our greatcoat collars. We slopped off through the mud to the ranges for musketry practice. The targets we have to shoot at are not the squares of white with black bullseyes in the centre, familiar to all of us, but blots of khaki the size of a man's head and shoulders, on a back-ground of dull green. Another battalion was using the range when we arrived. We huddled together in little rings to escape the searching, wind-driven rain. Did we grumble? We did not. We compared notes of our experiences on leave, or had little intimate controversies about the homefolk, some making sensible and others utterly ridiculous guesses as to what they were doing. "The boss would be giving me blazes for taking an hour and a half for lunch," said one clerk from a big Toronto warehouse. "I wonder who had to pay for the pool table to-day? I used to be the goat when I was home." "How'd you like to be back?" I asked. "Not for a million bucks," was the reply.

At last the order to move came, and we ploughed back to camp, with the rain stinging our faces. We plunged into our tents, hung up our sopping greatcoats on nails "obtained" from a shack in course of erection nearby, and set to work to fix our rifles. They receive rather more grooming than we do ourselves. A rifle neglected now, may mean a helpless man in the firing line sometime in the future.

A more usual programme for the afternoon is a route march, with full kit on. The big knapsack on our backs and the haversack and water bottle at each side, make us look like walking Christmas trees, but the weight of the equipment is so distributed that one doesn't feel it much. Yesterday afternoon we did a little ten mile hike. We were off across the close cropped turf by two o'clock. We swung along for a mile or so, up a long slope, past a clump of hardwoods, with the leaves still on them, through a valley, to a muddy lane with "out of bounds" signs on both sides of it. We went through the foot deep mud as best we could and had our first halt on the other side. Pipes and cigarettes were lighted and our platoon was entertained by a humorous monologue by our sergeant, "Hub." We heard all about the doings at a York county farm when a bunch of village cut-ups undertook to get in the hay, and how "the best little pal in the world, fellows," is waiting at home for him.

The Pace the Pipers Set Proves Strenuous for "Short-Legs"

Shortly after the march was resumed we struck a real road; smooth, hard macadam, unbroken by tractor engines, and—free from mud, thank Heaven. Our ancient rivals, the 48th of Toronto, were swinging along to, "The Cock of the North," shrilled out by two pipers with a gusto that would make piper Findlater green with envy. We stretched our legs, and made some speed up that hill to get away from the sound. The pace became hotter and the short-legged fellows had to break into a dog-trot to keep up. "There's the last of London out of me," wheezed a veteran, back the preceding night from three day's leave to the city of fog. We saw the Highlanders halt for a rest, and as we got our five minutes breathing spell we sat down in a field overgrown with yellow mustard, and dotted with orange poppies—and this in the middle of December.

The five minutes up, we were pounding the macadam again. We passed through Shrewton village, a single narrow street shut in by brick walls, neat little boxes of houses, and barns with thatched roofs. The thatch, weather-worn to a rich drab, gives the villages a curiously "other world" appearance. There was a long hill outside the village. We had been marching at a pretty good pace, between four and five miles an hour, and didn't slow down for a mere trifle like a quarter mile hill, so were pretty thoroughly tired when we reached the summit. We started to sing, first "Tipperary," then "I've been working on the railroad," and "There's a girl in the heart of Maryland." We forgot all about feeling tired and footsore, and almost before we knew it, we were scrambling through the gap in the bridge a few hundred yards from our camp.

In the evening the Y. M. C. A. is the centre of camp activities. Last night the wind was blowing a gale, and a rain was coming down in bucketsfull. We doubled across the pools of mud and water on the parade ground, into the smoky brilliance of the big marquee. The place was jammed. The Y. M. C. A. and the Canadian War Contingent Association have combined to keep the tables supplied with stationery, and periodicals. About seven o'clock the usual evening concert began. At one end of the marquee the Y. M. C. A. people have a piano, and enough benches to accommodate a couple of hundred men. To-night they've been singing, "Rule Britannia," "Who Killed Cock Robin," "I want a Girl Like the Girl that Married Dear Old Dad," "I Wonder How the Old Folks are at Home," and a clever parody about "The Gang We Left Behind." We have solos too, good, bad, and rotten. Some of them are old songs resurrected, and new to most of us. A retired army captain is giving us a little talk—one could scarcely call it a sermon—on clean living. A good many of the chaps in camp, away from home for the first time, find these talks very helpful. There are no frills, no dodging — just plain straight talk. The Y. M. C. A. men over here are considerably older than our "Y" men at home, and quite a number seem to be ex-soldiers. They take their own time about doing things, but seem to arrive just the same. About this time, we're thinking about a cup of tea and a bun at the canteen, and then to bed— This last process isn't as simple as it sounds. Nine of us and a grub box occupy a circle fourteen feet in diameter, and there's usually a young riot before every one is settled. "For the love of Mike, move over," calls

out Dick, "there's only six inches for Corpie and me to get into." "Get out," sings back John, "why you short-sighted shrimp, you've got half the tent." "Wallop him with the mallet," advises Hughie. "Who asked you to butt in, you piece of cheese," roar both disputants. The rest of us lie back and laugh—if we did the same on the vaudeville stage we'd be famous.

We have had a great many rainy nights, but so far, the tent has leaked seriously only once. I wakened—Hughie's howls for somebody to throw him a life-line would have stirred the dead—to find that we were reposing in a growing lake. We lit candles, cursed under our breath, rubbed ourselves down with towels and got into dry clothes. And we didn't even catch cold—our outdoor life having made us almost immune from any kind of sickness.

We have had one or two special occasions to break the monotony of ordinary drill. Early in November the whole contingent was inspected by the King, the Queen, Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts. It was not spectacular. Each battalion lined the road; the Royal party drove up in automobiles and walked down our ranks. The King, slightly stooped, his face deeply lined, looked exactly what he is—the hardest worked man in the Empire. He seemed determined to know everything about each individual unit, and we heard him asking questions in a firm decided voice. Queen Mary was much more gracious and beautiful than her photographs portray her. Then came Kitchener, who is big, and looks the confidence-inspiring, solid, steel-willed man, that he is. He strode along, not moving his head, but apparently seeing everything. Behind him was Lord Roberts, whom we were so soon to lose. "Bobs," who had, and has, a larger share of the Empire's heart than any other soldier. The fellows marveled — eighty-two years of age, yet marching ahead as erect as a lance, and looking every inch the soldier he was—and then some. We cheered them all tremendously as they drove off, cheered like disciplined soldiers, but each enthusiastic individual fairly tingled with pride that he was British and could fight for his Empire. The procession of motor cars was concluded by a car full of Scotland Yard "Bobbies." We gave them a cheer too, and the red face of the sergeant in charge glowed with the grandest grin you ever saw.

Most of us have had our leave by this time. We have all found out that however cold and distant the English may be to strangers, they're the most hospitable people in the world when they think you're all right. And the little bronze maple leaves on our caps and collars are a sure passport. Nearly everybody was only too anxious to do something for the Canadians. Some of the theatres admitted our fellows at half price. At the hotels we were given the best rooms. And we were always bumping into people who thanked us for coming across to do our bit for the Mother Country. I was leaving the station at Bath, and was looking around in a rather puzzled way, when a fine looking man of the "middleclass" type came up and said: "Can't I do something for you?" He directed me to the street I wanted, then added: "Won't you come home and have dinner with me. I'd be proud to have you. We think it's magnificent the way you fellows from Canada have come over."

On one of our eventful days of leave, we were at a hotel in London when a charming elderly woman came over to our table and said: "Do you think people thank you splendid chaps enough, for giving up everything and coming over here to help us?" Hughie, the spokesman of the crowd said: "We haven't done anything yet, but we hope to. However, one thing our whole contingent is going to be firm about is that the German army must not be entirely annihilated—we want two soldiers saved, because we want to use them in moving pictures."

One of the best features of leave is a chance to renew acquaintances with a sure-enough bath tub. One day after revelling in this luxury, we went over to the Trocadero and had a meal—such a meal. Words couldn't do that fillet of sole and pheasant anything near justice. We orderd things we knew would take longest, so we could tantalize ourselves and thereby appreciate it more when it arrived. The only fault with the dinner was that, at the most interesting stage, that orchestra persisted in playing patriotic airs, through which we had to stand at attention.

Saturday night we strolled up some of the side streets. It seemed as if the world and his wife were out, and everything from a sofa to a chestnut was offered for sale at the stalls on the curbstones. The "Ward" in Toronto on an August evening is a miniature of it. Nobody, there at least, seemed to be worrying about the outcome of the war, or the possibility of a Zeppelin attack.

We dined in a little French restaurant. Our waiter fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm at serving men who were going to help restore Alsace and Lorraine. When we were leaving he insisted on shaking hands all 'round, and exclaiming to each one "Vive la France, Vive l'Anglettere, vive la Canada." How long, I wonder before the little Frenchman can shake our hands and know that his hopes have been realized, and what will the toll have been? God alone knows.

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ENGLISH WOMEN BREAKING THE MONOTONY OF CAMP FARE BY BRINGING FRUIT TO THEIR CANADIAN COUSINS

Modern Forts vs. German Guns

PARIS AND ITS CIRCLE OF DEFENCE AGAINST POSSIBLE GERMAN ATTACK

SUPPOSE CANADA SHOULD BE INVADED BY GERMANY; WOULD AN EXPENSIVE SYSTEM OF UP-TO-DATE FORTIFICATIONS THEN PROVE TO BE WORTH THE OUTLAY?

By "R. B."

Illustrated from photographs

ONE of the great questions now in the melting pot of the European War is the practical value of the modern fortress. Have the expenditures of untold millions been justified by results? Were Verdun and Liege and Namur and Przemysl as "worth while" as their architects anticipated? Only the end of the war can bring a satisfying answer, for these are times of experiment, of "trying-on processes," of surprises and battered prophecies.

If any pet theory must go by the board, the implicit confidence of nations in their "impregnable" fortifications must be selected for the first sacrifice. Liege was impregnable as judged by the hitting force of ordinary artillery. So was Namur. But the Germans lumbered along their forty-two-centimetre siege guns, dragged them into position by traction engines, and let fly shells that, as shown by photographs, blew out excavations large enough to engulf a three-story dwelling. The impregnable fortress immediately became a mere stumbling block, troublesome and awkward in its way, but marked for inevitable destruction. This was not so, of course, in the early days of the assaults on Liege, for at that time the heaviest German artillery was still far to the rear and the Belgian resistance grossly under-estimated. But from the day of the arrival of Germany's monster mortars before any of the fortresses, the reduction of one position after another seemed to be only a matter of time. Will the military engineers of the future be able to construct an impediment capable of withstanding the assaults of mammoth artillery and vicious explosives? The odds certainly favor the man behind the siege-gun.

Inland Canadians, familiar perhaps solely with the mouldering fortifications along the international boundary line, are in danger of under-estimating the stupendous advances during the last twenty or thirty years in permanent military defences. With the exception of the Island of Orleans, Halifax, Esquimault and perhaps one or two other points, the Dominion's long coast line has been left vulnerable to attack. Mutual agreement and good-will, stronger than the strongest treaty, have relieved the line between the Dominion and the United States of the necessity for armed defiance. For these reasons, therefore, the purse of Canada and the mind of Canada have been spared the perplexities of armament shopping and fortress planning, and the gravest military occupation of our Federal Parliament has been to listen to Colonel-the-Honorable and then tease him and taunt him in half-hour diatribes.

What Would it Cost Canada to Construct a Few of These Modern Forts?

Just by way of preparation for the fort-building propaganda that may sweep across Canada at the close of the European War, may I intimate that the cost of these questionable bulwarks runs from one to ten millions of dollars. Heligoland, of course, cost probably thirty or forty millions to build. Koenigsberg and Przemysl (pronounced Przemysl) drew enormous sums from the national exchequers. But, taking the average of fortresses the world over, it is probable that from two to ten million dollars apiece would cover their initial cost.

Then, too, the items of cannon and ammunition run away with more millions. A single 12-inch rifle costs $45,000, its carriage $41,000, and the emplacement of concrete $60,000, a total of $146,000—for a mere scrap of fireworks that may be put out of action in a jiffy.

In its architectural form, a fortress of the modern day has scarcely a point of similarity to the fortress of fifty years ago. Indeed the protective devices against artillery fire on land have of necessity kept the same pace as developments in naval armament. Where the wooden frigate stimulated the manufacture of heavier and deadlier guns and explosives, which in turn stimulated the construction of stronger battleships—a cycle of endless competition—so the invention of high-angle guns and new explosives for land employment compelled the radical revision of the old-fashioned fortification. Suddenly the high stone wall and the towering "keep," so thrillingly sufficient in the brave days of old, came tumbling down through the exigencies of the new day and the new deviltries. The wide open forts, like Fort Henry at Kingston and Fort Garry as it once stood, would be as hopelessly and helplessly out of date in a 1914 conflict as if built of straw. Two well-placed shells aimed from five miles out in Lake Ontario would toboggan Fort Henry down the slope as prettily as if arranged in miniature for motion pictures. So with any fort of similar type. The maximum of hitting power, to match which they were constructed seventy or more years ago, has been superseded by such titanic standards of artillery fire that military architects and engineers simply discarded the thought of an *evolution* of fortress types and set to work to build a new defence on the basis of new and puzzling necessities.

The fortifications at any of the great European centres which have come to attention during the present campaign are of complex forms and contain every device which has been

proved by practical warfare. The *forts*, properly speaking, have a certain uniformity and, while not erected by the same engineers, were planned to offset the same dangers and to neutralize offensive instruments of known destructive power.

The Forts of Tradition Were Built Above Ground; But the Forts of To-day Are Dug

First of all, the old notion that height and ugliness of walls are a factor in resistance has given way to a theory of quite an opposite character. The up-to-date fort of France, Belgium and Germany is actually the most inconspicuous feature of the landscape. Excavation takes the place of height. There are no "parapets," no "grinning cannon," no flag poles. When a mammoth gun is fired, the spurt of powder is invisible; the gun itself never leaves the darkness of a casemate; the gunners and ammunition carriers and officers carry out their duties from the depths of a cave—indeed in construction, equipment and operation there is no possible analogy with the fortress of tradition.

The steel-riveted walls of stone, once the hope and salvation of the beleaguered, are to-day merely supplementary to other and more efficient materials, such as banks of earth, concrete and nickel amalgam. No longer are large military bodies stationed within the walls, a half company sufficing for the average redoubt. Lines of cannon poking their noses above the barriers are out-of-date almost as bows and arrows. What sent them into limbo was the introduction of smokeless powder in 1890, since when the discharge of guns has no longer been accompanied by the telltale puff of smoke. This, in turn led to the shielding of artillery from observation, and so we find the disappearing gun adopted by all countries.

A common design of modern fortress, of which those at Antwerp, Liege, or along the French border are variations, places a girdle of infantry redoubts at from four to six miles from the edge of the defended centre and at intervals of from one to two and a half miles apart. According to the size of the redoubt the defending force consists of from half a company to half a battalion. Between redoubts are lined up howitzers and machine guns at spots affording the maximum of natural protection or giving facilities for artificial barriers. Direct firing fortress guns are also employed to reinforce the howitzer fire. The transport of ammunition along an extended line of fortifications is, naturally, a vital question, and has been sometimes solved by building a trench railway that makes a circuit of the batteries.

It will be seen that the scheme of modern military science is to halt an enemy's advance with gun fire rather than with moats and unscaleable walls, as was once the case. To silence the guns means the capture of the fortress almost as easily as walking into a department store.

Why the Defenders of Liege Were Able to Withstand the Kaiser for Many Days

How the defenders at Liege and Verdun were able to withstand the German attack was indicated in despatches in the most fragmentary and vague fashion. When it is stated that instead of storming a set of stone barriers, as in the Franco-Prussian and earlier wars, the Kaiser's hosts found themselves face to face with a chain of covered emplacements or holes in the ground from which belched a thousand mouths of fire, and against which their ordinary artillery had small opportunity to land a fatal shot, the German delay was not so surprising. Before Liege lay a countryside swept clear of trees, buildings, and shrubbery that could protect an invading force from the full fury of the guns. The fortresses themselves were practically buried in the earth, with only slight projections where stood the gun and observation towers. These towers were built over with thick steel cupolas, so strong as to ricochet the best-aimed shot. About the emplacement was massed thirty feet of masonry and iron with three feet or more of earth, and against such barriers the blasts of any but the Kaiser's greatest artillery had little immediate effect. The eventual success of the forty-two-centimetre guns invented by the Krupp factory is now a matter of history. Until such gigantic engines entered the struggle however, Liege and Namur more than justified the anticipations of their builders.

Has the Forty-two-Centimetre Krupp Sounded the Death-knell of the Fortress Builder's Long-studied Art?

What sizes or designs of guns were mounted at Verdun or other points of fiercest conflict is, of course, hardly a matter of common information. Similar European fortresses, however, and many of the excellent structures along the United States seacoast contain mortars 13 feet long, 15 tons in weight, requiring 125 pounds of maximite (three times as powerful as gunpowder) to toss a projectile a distance of three miles. The modern 12-inch rifle, a frequent equipment, is 40 feet long, weighs 50 tons, and delivers a thousand pound shell for which it needs 520 pounds of powder.

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THIS IS THE TYPE OF HEAVY HOWITZERS THAT THE CANADIAN "TOMMIES" WILL FACE

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

HERE is 1915—"the year of trouble," for which the old chap who has just given up the ghost was forerunner or precursor. On goes the war, the horrible world-war, until we have become half used to reading terrible news of atrocious, of inhuman suffering. Time and again in imagination, in odd flashes of memory, of what might well seem but a picture of war, or a sham war that occurred years ago in Cuba, one has seen the whole horror of what happens in the trenches in Europe, of lonely deaths deep in the rich grain fields and little woods; of maniac women and old men mumbling among the ruins of their homes, of lost children crying for lost mothers. We have been full fed with war and all it's brutalities and atrocities, yet we are beginning a New Year with it. And the end! Who may tell it If, as is predicted, all nations will take a hand in it, may we not be fast approaching the last Battle, that of Armageddon? Meantime the best way is to Mark Tapley through it, and that is exactly what Tommy A. is doing.

BOBS

IN no sense irreverently or vulgarly do we call the splendid little man who died in France in the early weeks of November "Bobs," but rather with a big love filling the heart. It was the good fortune of the Pedlar to have had, once in life, a hand-shake from Britain's biggest Empire-builder, and to see him invested with the cloak or insignia of Saint Patrick in Dublin Castle in 1897 in Company with H. R. H. the Duke of York, now our own King George, who, as he will never see this, will, I take it, forgive our placing his name after that of Britain's dead hero.

What a day that was! Fine and gay and sunshiny, the streets lined with people, important personages in levee dress and gold lace, popping in and out of carriages and the flower of Irish beauty,—believe me it is the real thing, ("Bravo!"from the man of the Crossroads who insists on reading over my shoulder) ready to do honor to St. Patrick, the Duke, and "Waterford Bobs." Irishwomen as a rule are tall and graceful and wear their clothes well, and here, on every side, one saw the piquant combination of deep blue eyes and black hair, the *blonde aux yeux noirs*," or the red-headed western girls with the dark eyes of their Spanish pirate forbears. No paint, or powder there and for why should there be since the fairy gift to an Irish colleen is a cheek like the rose and a skin like "new milk."

EARL ROBERTS AND ST. PATRICK

MY word! I can see as I write the great Hall of Saint Patrick, the sun streaming through the lofty windows, the banners of the Knights hanging in grand array, the prettiest girls in the world crowding the beautiful room and—well—just as fine men as went the other day from Valcartier to Salisbury Plain, waiting with eagerness the events which presently began with the solitary call of the bugler. Then the drums beat,—not as now—not with the death thrill in them, but gay and loud and jauntily, till the band drowned them with the Anthem of Empire. Silence, then six trumpeters announced with a blare of glorious noise the approach of Royalty.

First came the investiture of the Duke of York, our present King, and then, what one Irishwoman from overseas was awaiting with racing-heart—Bobs! One happened to be standing among a group of Lord Roberts' Irish relatives, and there were reasons that brought about a conversation, since one happened to be slightly acquainted with one or two of them. And what excitement and with what a dear, soft "brogue" did a lady cousin of his chatter about him, their great, big, wonderful little man! Silence again as uprose the the Grand Master to proclaim Her Majesty's wish regarding Lord Roberts who, under the title of "The Right Honorable and Most Noble Lord Sir Frederick Sleigh, Baron Roberts of Kandahar in Afghanistan and of the City of Waterford in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, one of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council in Ireland, a Baronet of the United Kingdom, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Commander of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, Victoria Cross, a Field-Marshal in the Army, Commander of the Forces in Ireland, Mast of the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham," was presently fetched like a bad little boy from behind the door and brought in between two elders for punishment. He looked so little and so manly in his trailing blue cloak, and yet so big and brave and sturdy. And the cousin was crazy, dear soul, with joy and pride and she told us he was to take tea with them somewhere in the Rothmines' Road and that "ever so many people were coming to be presented to him," just to hold that valiant hand for a moment and look into the clearest blue eye that ever shone in a man's head. In a moment it was all over. Bobs in his blue cloak which seemed to extinguish him for the moment trailed down the hall. His blue banner swished three times as he made the round of the Chapter, then the band crashed, the trumpets sounded, the drums beat a merry tan-ta-ra-tan-ta-ra! and the brilliant assemblage drifted to the streets where Erin's tears were falling. She is always laughing uproariously, or weeping, my beloved Eire. There was a great shouting for carriages and ancient gold-laced personages, whose broughams had got lost somehow, might be seen gathering up their red coat-tails and scurrying to shelter along with many a lace petticoat.

And what pretty ankles the Dublin girls have! "Faith an' you never said a truer word than that last," says the crusthore over my shoulder. And now, as Kipling says, "Three Hundred miles of cannon spoke when the Master-Gunner died."

But "Bobs" is not dead. Like Wellington, Drake, Nelson, and the rest of a gallant company, "Bobs" is immortal!

PRONUNCIATION OF WORDS

IT seems desirable that there should be some concensus of opinion with regard to the pronunciation of words in ordinary use. There is no good reason for diversity, and there is much to be said for uniformity. I am speaking now of course of what may be called ordinary newspaper English, and that, I take it, is the ordinary language of most of the English speaking races.

I shall be met at once by the assertion that the 170 odd millions who read newspapers printed in English do not all pronounce what they read in the same way. Let a Scotchman or a Welshman or an Irishman or an American start to read out the war news to his wife and they will each read it rather differently. Still, there are some words on which all are more or less agreed. There is that word, for instance, that has been of late on everybody's lips—the word "allies." People will put the accent on the first syllable of it, notwithstanding that by an overwhelming majority British philologists have determined that it should be on the second. Not only the philologists but the rank and file of the Empire—that rank and file which in these days is being welded together as never before in the dread fires of war—these have chosen always to accent "allies" in the same way as "alive" or "alone," viz., on the second syllable. It is not in accordance with British Empire usage to say "dee-fect," or "ree-cess," or "add-ress." In each of these words the accent should be on the last syllable. I know that in some dictionaries—notably in Webster's—we are frequently given two pronunciations either of which we may use. But for my part I would rather have a dictionary that does not trim in this way and try to run with the hare and the hound at the same time. I like a dictionary that gives you just one pronunciation and sticks to it. This is perhaps a small matter to mention in the face of the terrible events that are making life a continuous atmosphere of catastrophe. But for people with any sort of an ear for the niceties of language a mispronunciation of that ennobled word "allies" is as bad as a discord in music.

THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE

BY the way, speaking of music, does anybody in these days remember "The Battle of Prague," an instrumental piece that our grandmothers used to play on the piano with great gusto.

Many an early Victorian girl in white muslin, ringlets, and hoops, sat down at the piano at an "evening party" such as they used to have in those days, and felt that now she would have an opportunity of showing what she could do. How diligently she had practised that piece at her boarding school, and even since her education was "finished," to the great admiration of her parents. The young gentleman who begged the privilege of turning over the pages of her music was attired in a long-tailed coat, tight-fitting trousers, an embroidered waistcoat, and a white or black stock, so high that he could scarcely look over it. How agitated they both were ! How Miss Victoria felt her heart go thump as she struck the first full, thrilling cords ! By the end of the second page, the young man's hand trembled with sympathetic excitement.

This was indeed a vivid representation of war. For the "Battle of Prague" was nothing if not descriptive. It did not leave you to your imagination either, for scattered over the staves there were words that told you when it was a "charge of cavalry," the "bringing up of artillery," or the "cries of the wounded," that were being portrayed. It frequently settled the business of any susceptible young man who happened to be turning over the fair musician's pages. If he did not propose the same evening, he at any rate uttered such words of abject admiration as made Miss Early Victoria's innocent maiden cheek "mantle" with ingenuous blushes. In those days maidens' cheeks always "mantled." If they didn't "mantle" they were "suffused." Dear old days !

PICKLES

OF course you have put down, or is it "put up" your pickles: but a belated Pedlar has left this task to the last. Forgive my mention of it, but war or no war, pickles must be made. Many a woman would struggle to make her pickles even though she felt she would soon have to take to her bed for the last time. Hence the smell of the boiling vinegar and spices, dear to the nostrils of the feminine head of the household if she has been brought up that way. Of course she may be above pickles. Her mind may dwell on higher things, such as Browning or Maeterlinck. Or she may be of the haughty and languid variety suitable for sitting back in an auto and looking superior. Not for her anything so vulgar as the tender and crisp pickled onions or the celery piccalilli. But the thoroughbred housewife does not despise those same comestibles, tearful though the job of peeling onions may be. Yea, she sliceth the purple cabbage with hearty vigour, and is friendly to the chow-chow that is made when the tomato is green, not to mention the small and succulent cucumber. Nor will she fail to possess many a special recipe of her own for the making of these delectable condiments. Sometimes she is rather jealous and exclusive about these same recipes, and is chary of giving them even to her nearest and dearest friends. They are "her" pickles and she has got a name for them. She feels that her pickles form one of her assets. Why should she share her knowledge and experience with every trolloping jade that happens to come along ? Let her get her own recipes.

FRIENDS IN WAR TIME

CLEANING house late in the Autumn, one spent days poking about the lumber in the big attic. It is a task we love. All the memories of all the years seemed to be stored in the garret. Here are the trunks that have travelled the world over. The old Elephant, drooping and gray, which has been thro' "wars alarums;" the newer basket trunk which has carried a trousseau and the crape of mourning. The little cabin boxes which have accompanied you on many a sea trip, and have seen you in all the discomfiture of sea-sickness—the suit cases, kit bags, bonnet boxes that carried your necessities and your fineries, here they are covered with luggage labels: reminders every one of a life of travel, adventure and romance now fallen into the quiet of the grey years, but once so vibrant with joy, so bitter with grief—so golden, so gay ! And rooting among forgotten things one came upon the hat worn through the Cuban war, a frightful piece of head-gear with which we once terrified the staid young clerk who officiated behind the desk at the uptown New York hotel where we registered the day of landing back into what we call "civilization."

Not for dollars would we part with the little old ruin that fell out of a bandbox yesterday. Sitting on the dusty floor with the crumpled bit of straw and ribbon, the years unfolded solemnly, the great gates of the Past opened, and we slipped in to wander awhile up and down the never-to-be forgotten ways where we gathered the roses and the rue. Crushed is the crown; the brim is warped into sarcastic curves, the bow, save the mark ! is flattened in a stale and dusty pancake sort of way. And yet. . . . .

One remembers the day it was bought in a little milliner's shop in Key West, and the day we first wore it—or rather the night. It was when the first wounded came back from Cuba. We saw in inward vision the hopeless looking ship—the torchlight, the crippled lads—the dead—the lonely, awful dead. We remembered that night the Red Cross Yacht put out with us on board for Santiago trying to Cross the Gulf in a Long Island pleasure craft; the tooting of the press boats. . . . . the deep voices of

the Monitors bidding us God speed ! and outside—with the harbour mined —the wreck—the lying in the pit of the gray sea until the dawn !

They were playing Tannhauser on the flagships, little clown hat, the night you and I sailed into Guantanamo Bay; and the gray old hulks of Ceavera, we saw them too, and San Juan, and "Bucky" O'Neill you remember, shot in the mouth and spinning like a top before he fell— And coming home ! the hurricane that battered you, little Bowery hat, the pest ship, the mountainous, gray, lonely seas, the dying and dead men . . . . And then to be laughed at in the New York hotel until we told the men reading their papers and using their toothpicks in the hotel rotunda that we were just back from the war and—and. . . . . it was then I think we broke down, and you didn't shade eyes that were weeping when the men stood up and lifted their hats. Go back into your crazy bandbox—little old army hat—you and I have been through too much together not to keep together now to the end.

HOW LONG, O LORD !

THE world has been drenched in blood by land and sea—When will the command "Halt !" ring down the lines ? Unfortunate women of the warring nations pay war's toll with their hearts. It is apprehended that the Kaiser may take his own life in the hour of overwhelming defeat which is most certainly approaching. It requires strength of character for a sane human being deliberately to take his own life. The Kaiser can cheerfully sacrifice the lives of his people—even of boys of fifteen. But note how careful he is to have his own person fully protected ? The "blonde beast" is surely large within this thing which masquerades in human garb.

THE TRAITOR

EVERYBODY is talking Nietzsche and Bernhardi, when they ought to be reading and quoting from the Bible of Germany which was written, by the way, by an Englishman, or Britisher rather, who can trace his ancestry back on one side to English parentage for a couple of hundred years, and on the other to good Scots blood, by name Houston Stewart Chamberlain. This hater of his own race and all pertaining to it is the man who is responsible for the "Kultur" that is smashing nations and making widows and orphans by the million. His book "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," written twenty years ago and only recently translated by Lord Reresdale, has been the Bible of Germany. The present generation has been brought up on it. The Kaiser presented a copy to every school in Germany. Nietzsche's so-called "philosophy" is but a book of fairy tales compared to the teaching of German conceit and vanity contained in the volume written by a traitor to his race and his blood. Nietzsche, who spent the last five years of his life walking like a beast on all fours, and eating off the floor—was a brainless ass, alongside the astute Anglo-Scot who has lived from his childhood in Germany and preached the immeasurable superiority of the German in every phase of human activity. He is a man of vivid mentality, and wide learning, yet he has taught only contemptuous arrogance, insane vanity, and Super-manism to the foolish Germans. Forget Nietzsche, and the rest. Study the Britisher, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and you will find the key to present day German Kultur. Culture ! let us never use the word again. It hurts the ear.

"THE DESTROYER."

A dwarfish thing of steel and fire,
  My iron nerves obey
The bidding of my crafty sire,
  Who drew me out of clay,
And sent me forth, on paths untrod,
  To slap his puny clan;
A slave of hell, a scourge of God—
  For I was made by Man.

When foul fog-curtains droop and meet
  Athwart an oily sea;
My rhythmic pulse begins to beat;
  'Tis hunting time for me.
A breathing swell is hardly seen
  To stir the emerald deep;
As through that ocean-jungle green
  I, velvet-footed, creep.

And lo ! my prey, a palace reared
  Above an arsenal,
By lightning's viewless finger steered,
  Comes on—majestical.
The mists before her bows dispart;
  And 'neath that Traitor's Gate,
The royal vessel, high of heart,
  Sweeps, queen-like, to her fate.

Too confident of strength to heed
  The menacing faint sound,
As from their leash, like bloodhounds freed,
  The snub torpedoes bound;
She does not note them quartering wide,
  Nor guess what lip is this,
That presses on her stately side
  Its biting Judas kiss;

Till with a roar that frights the stars,
  Her cracking timbers rend;
And lurid smoke and flaming spars
  In one red storm ascend;
Whose booming thunder drowns the cries
  Of myriad souls in pain,
Where tossed on turbid waters lies
  My quarry, torn in twain.

Awhile I watch her, half in fear;
  There needs no second blow;
A full-gorged lynx that leaves the deer,
  My hunger filled—I go.
The stricken monarch may not mark
  What foe her trust betrayed,
For swiftly as it came, the bark
  Slinks back into the shade.

A will more strong than steel or fire
  Controls my tigerish play
My crafty, hundred-handed sire
  Who dragged me forth from clay.
He, too, claims kindred with the clod,
  Through some diviner plan,
Half imp of hell, half child of God,
  The murder-angel-Man."

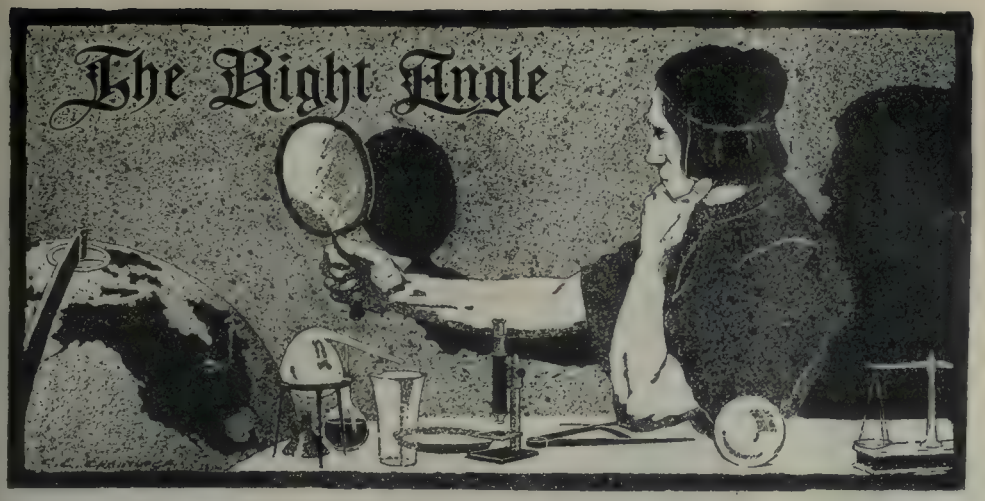
LITTLE ECONOMIES

ALL our lady friends are talking economy these days. "You know, the war, my dear !" some of them say in a vague sort of way. "We really must economize." One dear soul is economizing on sugar. She buys brown now, instead of white sugar, and then she went wild over a sale that occurred in her town the other day. She bought piles of useless remnants, mouse traps by the half dozen because they were only two cents apiece, cheap gloves—that shocking economy !—by the package, and extraordinary kitchen utensils she would never need. Next day she groaned over the price of starch, and declared that her grocer who used to give her three of something for a quarter, now gives only two.

Most people have what they call their pet economy. Many men depend entirely on charity for their matches. You will see a man address another, a complete stranger, and ask him for a "light." They have everything else ready for their smoke, but depend on the benevolence of the public for their matches. Others are bootlace mad. They take short views of life when it comes to bootlaces, seeming to regard such necessities a sort of deadly extravagance. They hang on to a bootlace until it grows gray and snarls itself up in knots of vexation at working overtime. In a moment of temper it snaps, and our economist expends time, labor, breath and expletives knotting the broken ends together and so saving his penny.

We know women who regularly economize on the collection plate in church. They are absorbed in prayer when it makes its dismal little round. Such a one will pay a fancy price for her winter hat, but she will economize on the wretched beggar who asks a coin for a meal or a drink—yes, a drink—at her door. It is sometimes charity to give a cold and trembling wretch a coin though you know he will spend it on a glass of beer. And we refuse, not because we are particularly good, but to make the wretched man's need the necessity for our economy.

Well, well, Lloyd George has put a penny tax on a pint of beer for the man, and three pence on a pound of tea for the woman—and presently no doubt, our own fatherly Government will do likewise with ourselves—all to buy a world-peace which would never have been disturbed had not a crippled madman flung his crown into the ring.



LOUIS HOW'S POETRY

SOME poets splash their souls on leagues of sky. They write heart's blood stuff, vivid, often painful, incomplete at best—greatest, perhaps, when least finished. They live and write simultaneously, and the result is seldom drawn to scale or subjected to the rules of art and the size o' the frame. Other poets are miniature painters, makers of careful, exquisite, unforgettable little pictures, finished to the last sunkiss on the least curl.

That's the kind of poe ry that you find in Louis How's slender volume, "Barricades" (Sherman, French & Company, Boston). Read it when you're quiet, when you have a drowsy summer-sunshine feeling, or when the snap of the pine log lulls your mind into restful contemplation of life's finished minutenesses. You can taste each separate word. You can pick them up, jewel-like, one after the other, on their cord of melody. You can let them purl themselves through the remotenesses of your brain. Then you can let them all slip back again into one perfect, charming whole, whose patiently-forged workmanship hides itself in its own completeness. This is particularly true of the sonnets, whose form demands exact handling before everything. Take this one:

A little cottage on the ocean shore,
Where we were happy, where we were alone.
At night the wind might wail, the water moan,
But we within were happy as before.
On man and nature too we shut the door,
Had no companionship beyond our own.
How far away the forms of fear were flown!
How quiet hope! We wanted nothing more.
Our musing fancies flickered with the fire,
While we were sitting silent, hand in hand.
And as a flame flares up and disappears,
It all is ashes now. And my desire
Goes turning back and listens on the strand
The ocean murmurs louder than the years.

It has always been my idea that the O. Henry method of concluding a story on the top note, ought to apply to verse also. This is strikingly carried out in Mr. How's work. Almost invariably the last line carries the thrill. Watch for it in the lyric "The King of the Golden Mountain":

The King of the Golden Mountain
Is very weak and grey,
He sits by the garden fountain
And watches the sunlit spray.

He hears in the water-splashes
The sounds of lusty noise,
And under his lowered lashes
Are visions of vanished joys.

The prince, in a heat from hawking,
Draws near with wary tread,
And troubles the peace with talking:
He wishes the king were dead.

In "Moonlight on the Roofs" Mr. How gets the deep tone of the city, a thing from which miniature-painting poets generally shrink. As the vague sense-picture of moonlight is the one he wishes to leave, rather than the semi-sketched night figures, he returns to repetition and diminuendo in his last lines:

No quieter the moon shines down
Upon the country than the town.
The passers in the streets to-night,
Who hum of love, or peer in fright,—
And never heed the far-off hoofs,
The motor whizzing fast and shrill,—
If they would look, could see the roofs
That lie there silvery and still.

But criminals, and homeless folk,
And those that only just awoke
And silent from a secret bed
With noiseless parting kisses fled,
Have many other thoughts to think
Besides of moons that hang aloof
And make the sleepy windows wink
And scatter silver on a roof.

And here's a little one called "Tiergarten," which is delicate enough to set in a locket and hang on a thin gold chain:

The chestnuts drop their leaves of gold,
The Sunday sunshine's nearly cold,
An old man looks with tender eyes
Upon a half-grown girl, and sighs.

THE LIFE OF AN AUTOMATON

"WESBLOCK," by H. M. Walters (J. M. Dent & Sons), announces itself in its subtitle as the autobiography of an automaton. It is written as a first-person confession, and the author certainly got the character across. You can't really admire Wesblock; you can't love or look up to him; you can't even pity such a compound of smugness and inadequacy. He is in love, but unfaithful; borrows money, spends it, gambles it, invests it, and borrows more; he finally worms his way into the Civil Service by means of "dirty work" done for King and Country. Even after that he keeps pulling at the coattails of his friends, the Minister and the Senator, for advancement to still further undeservednesses. Add that he has a frenzy for the stage, and wears his hair long—you have "Wesblock."

HELP THE CHILDREN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

THANKS for the privilege of appealing through your columns on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children. The Hospital takes care of sick and deformed children, not only in Toronto, but in the Province, outside of the city.

This coming year, of all the years in the Hospital's history, has a more serious outlook, as regards funds for maintenance, than any year that has passed its calendar.

So many calls are being made on the purses of the generous people of Toronto and Ontario, to help the soldiers of the Empire, that as I make my daily rounds through the wards of the Hospital, and see the suffering children in our cots and beds, the thought strikes me as to whether the people will as of old, with all the demands made upon them, answer our appeal and help to maintain the institution that is fighting in the never-ending battle with disease and death, in its endeavor to save the stricken little ones in the child-life of Ontario.

Last year there were 394 in-patients from 210 places outside of Toronto, and in the past twenty years there have been 7,000 from places in the Province other than Toronto.

It costs us $2.34 per patient per day for maintenance. The municipalities pay for patients $1.00 per patient per day; the Government allows 20 cents per patient per day; so, deducting $1.20 from $2.34, it leaves the Hospital with $1.14 to pay out of subscriptions it receives from the people of Toronto and the Province. The shortage last year ran to $18,000.

Since 1880 about 1,000 cases of club feet, bow legs and knock knees have been treated, and of these 900 had perfect correction. Nearly all these were from different parts of the Province outside of the City of Toronto.

Remember that every year is a war year with the Hospital; every day is a day of battle; every minute the Hos-

pital needs money, not for its own sake, but for the children's sake. The Hospital is the battleground where the Armies of Life have grappled with the Hosts of Death, and the life or death of thousands of little children is the issue that is settled in that war. Will you let the Hospital be driven from the field of its battle to save the lives of little children for the lack of money you can give and never miss?

Every dollar may prove itself a dreadnought in the battle against death, a flagship in the fleet that fights for the lives of little children.

Remember that the door of the Hospital's mercy is the door of hope, and your dollar, kind reader, may be the key that opens the door for somebody's child.

Will you send a dollar, or more, if you can, to Douglas Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer, or

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees,
Toronto.

OPEN WATER.

"A BOOK of verses underneath the bough" is to-day an impossibility. We don't have the boughs close up under the Stock Exchange for one thing, and for another, modern poetry is apt to be so vitally gripping that it and a doze in the shade wouldn't go together.

Personally, I've carried Arthur Stringer's "Open Water" (John Lane and Co.), through nearly a week of strap-hanging, lunch-counter-eating days before I've been content to leave it at home. And the verse that can get you, clear down to the last pulse of your heart, when you're in the act of ordering Oyster Stew, is surely some poetry. Maybe Mr. Stringer won't like this low-brow tribute. But I have hopes that he will, because I somehow think that he'd rather write for the 8.30 a.m. crowd that really does things—even if it only types—than for the other kind that lounges down at noon.

In his foreword, the author defends his drifting away from all rhyme, and even rhythm in the accepted sense, on the ground that "verse, in the nature of things, has become less epic and racial, and more lyric and personal," and that therefore, "the larger utterance of blank verse" is equally to be decried with "the jingling sounds of like endings." Poetry is not "an intellectual exercise, but the immortal soul of perplexed mortality seeking expression," and its primary function is "both to intellectualize sensation and to elucidate emotional experience."

Rhythm or no rhythm, Mr. Stringer's verse undoubtedly lives up to his own definition. The only criticism to be made, it seems to me, is that, if he has any sort of philosophy of life other than that we are to be ground between the millstones of circumstance and had best take it uncomplainingly, he gives us no glimpse of it. Mr. Stringer's world holds love and pity and terror, the scarlet and black of tragedy, the hot gold of passion, but nowhere does he give us the far, faint white light of hope beyond it all. Personally, if I believed his philosophy, I couldn't read his poems. Since I have my own creed, I can appreciate, undisturbed, the splendid, glowing, sobbing emotion-sketches that he flings out to me.

Here's the kernel of the book and the best poem in it:

LIFE.

A rind of light hangs low
On the rim of the world:
A sound of feet disturbs
The quiet of the cell
Where a rope and a beam looms high
At the end of the yard.

But in the dusk
Of that walled yard waits a woman:
And as the thing from its cell,
Still guarded and chained and bound,
Crosses that little space,
Silent, for ten brief steps,
A woman hangs on his neck.

And that walk from a cell to a sleep
Is known as Life,
And those ten dark steps
Of tangled rapture and tears
Men still call Love.

Doing a Daniel

Continued from page 160.

"By the time we gets to Kokomo, we're Demon and Pythias. Romeo and Jooliet was enemies compared to us, and Hamlet and Ophelia hated each other's signatures on a promissory note. Estelle couldn't spare me long enough even to give me time to get a drink, and I had to have all my meals brought into the theayter to me.

"I had to swear off smoking complete, except when there wasn't no one around; for I couldn't even go outside the stage door for a cigarette but what Estelle would be whooping and howling and yowling and yelping so that people would come running from every which way; and once the Society for the Invention of Cruelty to Animals got after us; and I had to put my head in Estelle's mouth and show the places where his hair was coming out from high feeding to prove that I wasn't maltreating him.

"He loved me so that we could hardly get him to stay on the stage while the leading lady was saving her lover from him. The only way we could work it at all was for me to stay with him until the last minute and then to stand out as far in the wings as I dared and whisper to him. And even then the whole scene had to be played in the time it took Estelle to turn around and make his exit.

"One night the manager come around and he *was* sore.

" 'Now, look a' here,' he says to me. This thing has gotter quit. It's geting worse 'n worse all the time. Having to play that whole dam' scene in seventeen seconds make it lose all its thrilling impressiveness. Why, the leading lady has to come on like the driver of Chemical A, and if she misses the first swipe she makes at them bonds, the lion's got his back turned and is on his way home. It won't do.

" 'Now,' " he goes on, 'I want you to keep out of the way to-night after you've led him onto the stage. Duck quick when he ain't looking and maybe he'll be busy thinking things over long enough to let us get through the scene right.'

"Well, I done what he told me to. And that night, before even the leading lady could reach the leading man, Estelle had turned around and, hearing my footsteps, had tried to climb through the back drop curtain, with the result that he tore it down and thereby exposed to the gaze of the audience a full view of Estelle kissing me like we'd been just reyoonited after years of separation, the manager cussing a blue streak and the company and stage hands laffing and slapping their legs fit to kill. It was the most appreciated scene we ever give; but it didn't seem to make no hit with the management. They cancelled us, and we had to lay off the rest of the week.

"By the time we opens in the next burg, this brainy manager of ourn has framed up a new scheme.

" 'I'll lead him on myself to-night,' he says. 'You can duck right after the second act. Then we'll let him hunt all around until he knows you ain't there, and maybe he'll be contented to do the scene right. Of course he'll howl and all that; but that'll only lend extry color to the thing.'

" 'All right,' I says, though I was mighty dubious about the lustre of his idea. 'You're the doctor.'

"I done what he told me to. Right after the curtain had fell on the second act, I beat it out the stage door.

"I could hear Estelle already yelling and yowling and wauling fit to make a siren whistle ashamed of itself, and my heart ached for him in his loneliness. But I wouldn't go back. 'Orders is orders,' I says, and I strolled around to the front of the house.

" 'What's the matter in there?' asks the man on the door, as, I waltzes into the lobby. 'That dam,' animated door-mat you've got in behind is tearing it off so the audience is frightened to death. Three women has fainted already and the people is going out

faster 'n I ever seen 'em come in in my life. Look a' there.'

"I looked. Seventeen people was all at once trying to get out through a door that was originally intended to accommodate a thin guy going sideways.

" 'I guess I better go inside,' I says.

" 'I guess you'd better,' says the doorman. 'There ought to be at least one person in there for the actors to play to.'

"By violent efforts I manages to get inside and work my way half-way down a side aisle, so's to be out of the rush.

"I could hear 'em on the stage setting scenery at a rate fit to bust the speed ordinances into chunks; and I knowed the manager had saw how things was going, but was ashamed to admit that his idea was a frost, and so was trying to get the scene over with and reyoonite me and Estelle before the audience had went home.

"The curtain rung up in a jiffy; and of course the people that was still in the theayter turned to look. Poor Estelle was nosing around the stage, dragging the mountain after him, and aiming his one good eye this way and that in a frantic effort to find me, and all the while letting out roars and yowls and yips and yells that made the photograph frames in the lobby rattle.

"He only had one good eye. But that one was certainly a peach. In less than a minute he had spotted me; and with one delighted, joyous beller of pure happiness, he leaps over the footlights, still towing the mountain after him, and begins to spraddle his way jubilantly across the backs of the seats to the spot where I'm standing.

"Of course, for what was left of the audience, that was a-plenty, and then some. They stood not on the order of their going. They just went. How they done it is too many for me. The light people climbed over the heavy ones, and the thin people crawled under the fat ones. Winders or doors, it was all the same to them. I couldn't tell you any more about it to save my life. All I know is that in less 'n thirty seconds me and Estelle is standing alone in that vast ampitheayter, listening to the manager say soothingly from the stage:

" 'It's all right, ladies and gents. They is really no cause for alarm, I ashore you. It's all right, ladies and gents.' And when at last he reelizes that it's only me and Estelle he's talking to, he says, kind of helpless and feeble-like, 'Well, wha' d' yer know about that!' and tries to walk through the curtain."

The property man ceased speaking and thoughtfully gazed into his beer.

"And what then?" I queried.

"I got me two weeks' notice," he returned succinctly.

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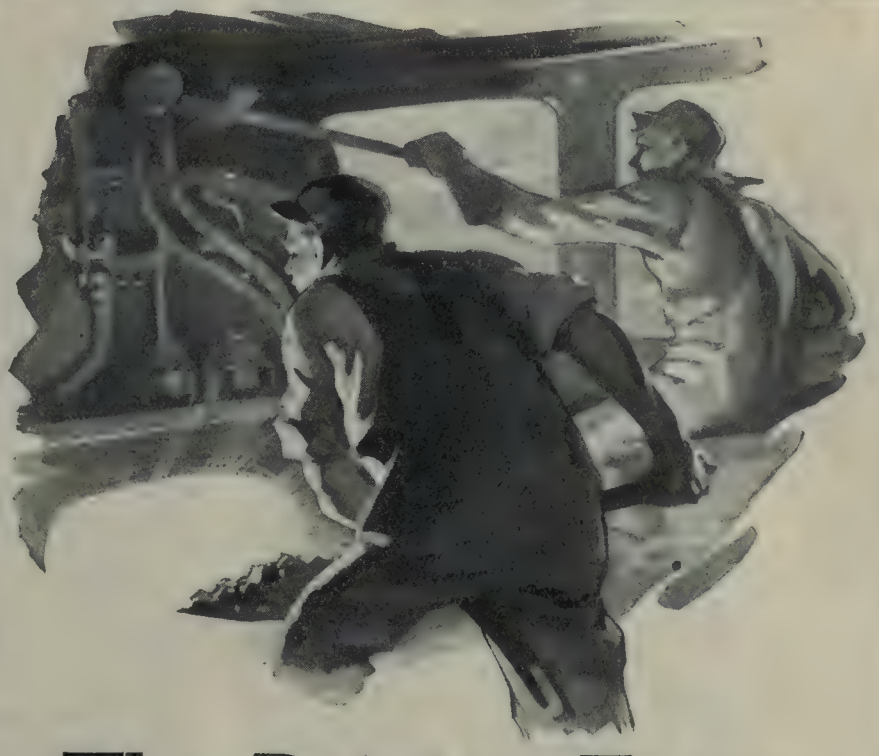
Quaker Oats is put up in both the large 25-cent package and the 10-cent size. The larger size saves buying so often—saves running out. Try it—see how long it lasts.



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We have made this vim-food a dainty. We have made it so luscious that millions of mothers insist on this matchless brand.

Quaker Oats

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This is why Quaker Oats so excels in flavor and aroma.

We pick out for it just the big, plump oats. All the puny, starved, grains are discarded. So careful are we that we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

We apply to these grains both dry heat and steam heat, to fix and enhance the flavour. Then we roll them into large, white, luscious flakes.

The result is a delicacy which has won the world. For many years, the mothers of a hundred nations have sent to us to get it. You, in America, find it right next door—at any grocery store. And the price is only one-half cent per dish.

You get this extra quality—this matchless flavor—when you order Quaker Oats. And we promise that you always will.

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Get Your Farm Home from the Canadian Pacific

GET your new home in the Canadian West with its magnificent soil, good climate, churches, public schools, good markets, unexcelled transportation and the comforts of civilization. Take twenty years to pay. The land is sold only to settlers who will actually occupy and improve it. We make our prices and terms so attractive because we want farmers and because *our* success depends on yours. Come where you can get ten acres for every acre you now own or farm, where *every* acre will produce as large crops as the highest-priced mixed-farming lands anywhere. Mother Earth provides no better land than this rich virgin Western Canadian soil. Government reports for the past years easily prove this.

We Give You 20 Years to Pay We will sell you rich land in Western Canada for from $11 to $30 per acre—irrigated lands from $35. You need pay only one-twentieth down, and the balance within 20 years, interest at 6 per cent. Long before your final payment comes due, your farm will have paid for itself. Many good farmers in Western Canada have paid for their farms with one crop. Realize what can be done with the high prices that will prevail for grain for the next few years. Stock will advance in price proportionately.

We Lend You $2,000 for Farm Improvements

in the irrigation districts, if you want it, providing you are a married man, of farming experience and have sufficient farming equipment to carry on the work, with no other security than the land itself, and give you twenty years to repay it. This shows our confidence in the land and its ability to create prosperity for you and traffic for our line. This money will provide your buildings, your fences, sink a well, etc. —interest only at 6 per cent.

We Will Advance You up to $1,000 Worth of Livestock

To approved purchasers of land in the irrigation districts, we will advance hogs, sheep and cattle up to the value of $1,000, under lien note. With this you can make immediate start on the right basis of mixed farming—interest 8 per cent. **If you want a ready-made farm—our experts have prepared one for you.** If you want a place already established—ready to step into—select one already developed by our agricultural experts. These improved farms have houses and buildings, well, fences, fields are cultivated and in crop. They are waiting for those who want an immediate start and quick results; all planned and completed by practical men who know our agricultural experts. Take twenty years to pay if you want to. Write for special terms on this plan. We give you free service—expert advice—the valuable assistance of great Demonstration Farms, in charge of agricultural specialists employed by the Canadian Pacific for its own farms. To assist settlers on irrigable, improved farms or land upon which the Company will advance a loan, specially easy terms of payment are offered; particulars on request.

If You Already Have a Farm in Western Canada

increase your farm holdings by buying a tract from the Canadian Pacific. Where else will you get such **low prices and twenty years to pay for your land?** Write us and let us give you full information how you can do this. If you have friends in the East or other parts of the Prairie Provinces and want them for your neighbors, **tell them about this offer of the Canadian Pacific.** Get them for your neighbors. Write us and we will give you all the help and information we can. **Do it TODAY—always the best day.**

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The Canadian Pacific offers you the finest land on earth for grain growing, cattle, hogs, sheep and horse raising, dairying, poultry, vegetables and general mixed farming—irrigated lands for intensive farming; other lands, with ample rainfall, for mixed and grain farming. **Remember these lands are located on or near established lines of railway, near established towns.** And you can start on irrigated or other land, improved or unimproved.

Highest Grain Prices Ever Known

Realize, therefore, the great opportunity presented to Canadian farmers owing to the present European conditions. Europe must look to the North American Continent to feed her great population, which insures highest prices for grain and food products for some years. Here is the last best West. The present time, your opportunity—don't delay—investigate—you owe it to yourself and family. The best land will be taken first—so time is precious. **Write today for books—illustrated.**

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Canada Monthly Agency - Toronto, Ont.

"For what?" I demanded, in some surprise.

"You can search me," he returned; and then, with the disdain and hauteur of the true historian, "Only the good Lord knows why they do the things they do do in some companies. But they gives as a excuse that they thought if they got some one that Estelle didn't love so much as he did me, maybe they could get him to stay on the stage long enough to let them play the scene."

"And Estelle," I persisted. "What became of him?"

The property man was gazing into his beer with saddened eyes.

I reiterated my query.

"Oh, Estelle!" he exclaimed, banishing with an effort the clinging mists of retrospection. "*Estelle committed suicide.*"

"What!" I cried.

"Yes," he nodded sadly. "And they rewrote his part for a stuffed tiger."

Rescuing Mary

Continued from page 162.

said the Inspector, turning to Peter, who stood gazing down the stairs after them. "You aren't to see that woman again. She's going to a house where they won't allow a man inside the door. You've got to keep the Canadian laws. Understand? You wouldn't treat one of your own women that way, would you?"

Peter turned his big head slowly around.

"Where's she going?" he asked, politely.

"It doesn't concern you where she's going," roared out the Inspector, whose voice was nearly as tired trying to explain the law as his heart was of having to enforce it.

"But I want to send her money," replied Peter, side-stepping the spirit of the law with the innocence of a two-year-old.

The Inspector, bereft of words, stalked down the stairs, and in a setting of ashes and garbage in the front hall, he unburdened his heavy soul.

"Now, that's done. But what's the use. She's mad and she wants him, and we'll have to watch them all the time. And how's she to keep those three children and bring them up the way Canadian girls should be? They couldn't stay in this Dago hole. What sort of a life is it for her now? Taking those three to the Creche every morning, slaving away all day, and then calling for them again at night, all tired but and going to a cold room to get her tea. It isn't a dog's life. After having it easy and comfortable here with a man she liked. But we can't stand for that kind of thing, now can we?"

He was a different man this. Peter wouldn't have known him, for he had a light in his eyes that wouldn't have spoiled a Madonna.

"We've no mother's pensions. If we had that, the girl would never have had to come to a four-dollar-a-week job in a Dago joint. She'd have had her own home and a chance with the babies. Fine babies those, weren't they? Never saw finer. I've one of my own at that."

He shoo'ed away a dissipated grey cat from the potato peelings and started out the door, still soliloquizing.

"But, just the same the Government's got to help us with these Macedonian boarding-houses and restaurants. The Chinese are half way decent because they only eat in theirs, and they've a clean, open place, but the men in these holes live there all day. The girl is right with them all the time. They pass in and out and lounge round. They've no women of their own out here, but half of them have their wives back home. And now this winter, with so many girls out of work, and these places giving four dollars a week and not much to do—*and* their meals—what are we going to do?"

A window banged, and looking up we saw that the yellow blinds in the room with the nursery paper, where Peter was alone, were drawn down.

Just a week after this the Probation Officer met the S. and P. on the street.

"How's Mary?"

"Don't know," returned the Probation Officer, whose daily diet is serpents' teeth. "She took the children out on Tuesday, and we haven't seen them since."

Folk Songs

Continued from page 165.

column in our papers reserved for just such outpourings from "Outraged," "Sarcastic" and Pro Bono Publico, and people generally who felt "kind of worsen." But, apparently, poets have even more scope in the older lands. Where Halka as a child saw an old woman following her drunken husband to his grave and wailing "Who will give me my whiskey now?" a poet would have made a song as a matter of course, and the jest might have drifted down a century or so. Death, because it is so natural, is not very terrible in the peasant viewpoint; it is so lightly regarded at times that one shudders a little at what seems callousness and irreverence. It enters into childish games, yet no one is saddened by it. The Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, in "The Study of Folk-Songs" says: "To play at funerals was doubtless a very ancient amusement. No doubt some such game as the Sicilian one just described is alluded to in the text, ". . . children sitting in the markets and calling unto their fellows and saying, We have piped unto you and ye have not danced, we have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented.' "

. . . . . .

Halka sings gay or melancholy snatches as she scrubs her floors; songs of the bride, or lullabies, or ditties dealing with unrequited love. In her country the bride and bridegroom separate after the ceremony at the church, going to their respective homes and making merry until the evening. Then the husband calls for his wife, and a collection of money is taken up for the newly-wedded pair. The bride stands at the threshold of her mother's house and sings:

"Mother mine, keep well—for now we two must part!
Say not that I've taken all, I pray you have no fears;
Lo, upon the table I am leaving—tears!
While outside more tears shall fall caused by my sad heart."
"O my Mary, go then; leave me quite alone,

Are you a helper or just a wife?

ARE you, without thinking, making it harder for your husband by wasting his earnings—wasting them down the sink?

That's where lots of money and home happiness and children's chances go; and cleaners are often responsible. The waste-pipe gets what the kettle *should* get. And though you don't *mean* to shake money away, that's practically what happens—every time a wasteful cleaner is used.

Be a *helper*—not "just a wife."

Do your share. Save. Start right in saving with your cleaner *now*. Reach for Sapolio, and think of the little bit you'll be "ahead" each single time you clean.

For you can't shake Sapolio into the sink when you mean it for a fork.

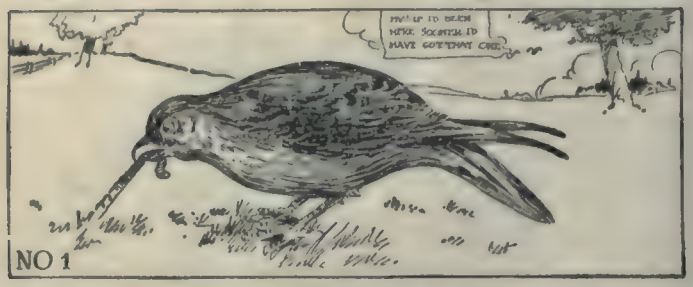
You can't shake it away anywhere. You can't spill it away.

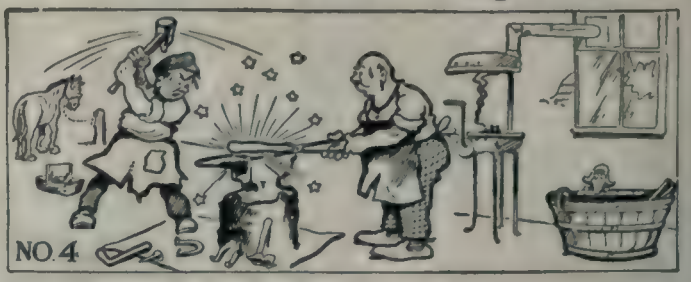
You can only *wear* it away by exchanging it for the *shines* it puts into aluminum, brass work, enamel ware, kettles, knives, forks and the hundred things you want to twinkle and gleam and make bright—bright as the money you save with Sapolio.

Start saving today with Sapolio—trusty, saving Sapolio—"Old Friend" to millions!

SAPOLIO

What Well-known English Proverbs Do These Pictures Represent?





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Grandest Prize ever offered by any Canadian Magazine.

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This is the most wonderful opportunity ever offered by a great magazine, to its friends and readers. **$500.00** in cash is the first prize that you can win. Other magnificent prizes, almost equalling it in value, make a total prize list aggregating over **$5,000.00** in value. Send your entry **TO-DAY.**

How to Enter This Great Contest

One of our clever cartoonists has compiled a series of twelve Proverb Pictures, each one representing a well-known Standard English Proverb. We have chosen two of these pictures from the set (Numbers 1 and 4) which are shown above, and they are the only ones of the series which will be published in this paper.

In order to start you correctly we will tell you that picture Number 1 reprerents that well-known English Proverb "The Early Bird Catches the Worm." Now what proverb does picture number four represent?

You obtain entry to this great Contest by sending us the correct answer to picture Number four.

This starts you on the road to sharing in this stupendous distribution of prizes If your answer is correct we will write and tell you so, and send you

FREE—A Fine Book of Standard English Proverbs and the Series of Twelve (12) Proverb Pictures Completing the Contest

The publishers of Canada's greatest monthly magazine are conducting this great contest. Therefore contestants are assured of its absolute fairness and squareness. In order to give an equal chance to every competitor, we have published a fine book of Standard English Proverbs and all the proverbs represented by the series of twelve pictures have been chosen from this book. Answer proverb No. 4 correctly and this fine book will be mailed to you free. With it you will receive the complete series of twelve proverb pictures which complete the contest. Thus, there will be no waiting or delay. All the pictures will be presented to you at once and you can set to work with the remaining 10 pictures, and find the answers that can win you your share of these wonderful prizes.

The senders of the winning answers, chosen by the judges in accordance with the conditions of the Contest (see simple rules below) will be awarded the magnificent prizes shown on the prize list to the right.

Prizes are provided for everyone successfully solving the twelve Proverb Pictures. Every Contestant will be pleased.

This stupendous Contest is being conducted by the Publishers of "Everywoman's World," solely with the object of introducing Canada's greatest home journal into new homes and to new readers.

In addition to the fine standard book of English Proverbs, and the series of proverb pictures, each contestant will receive a free copy of the current number of Everywoman's World. This is sent to you without charge because the publishers know that once this magnificent journal is introduced into the homes of the intelligent people who will enter this great contest it will be wanted every month. There is no other monthly magazine published in Canada like "Everywoman's World," and you will be delighted to have the people in your home become acquainted with a magazine so live, bright and entertaining.

Remember, you do not have to be a subscriber in order to compete, nor are you asked to subscribe to "Everywoman's World" or spend a single cent of your money. This great contest is absolutely free of all expense.

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2nd	"	Handsome Upright Concert Piano	Value 450.00
3rd	"	Shetland Pony, Cart and Harness	" 250.00
4th	"	Columbia Grafonola and Records	" 150.00
5th	"	Fine Diamond Ring	" 100.00
6th	"	Famous Kitchen Range	" 75.00
7th	"	Genuine Singer Sewing Machine	" 60.00
8th	"	Cleveland 1914 Bicycle	" 50.00
9th	"	Ideal Kitchen Cabinet	" 35.00
10th	"	Ladies' Gold Filled Watch	" 20.00
11th	"	Gents' Gold Filled Watch	" 20.00
12th	"	English Gold Lavalier and Chain	" 15.00
13th	"	Reliance Vacuum Carpet Sweeper	" 15.00
14th	"	97-piece Dinner Set	" 14.00
15th	"	26 piece Silverware Set	" 12.50
16th	"	English Gold Filled Bracelet	" 10.50
17th	"	7 volume set of Chas. Dicken's Works	" 10.00
18th	"	Three Stone Pearl Ring solid gold	" 10.00
19th	"	Ladies' Gold Filled Watch	" 10.00
20th	"	Men's Gold Finished or Gun Metal Watch	" 8.00
21st	"	Solid Gold Garnet Ring	" 5.00
22nd	"	Set of Edgar Allen Poe's Works	" 5.00
23rd	"	21 piece Vienna Tea Set	" 5.00
24th	"	English Fountain Pen	" 5.00
25th	"	Set of Gold Filled Beauty Pins	" 5.00
26th	"	Solid Gold 10k Birthday Ring	" 5.00
27th	"	Solid Gold 10k Birthday Ring	" 5.00
28th	"	Solid Gold 10k Birthday Ring	" 5.00
29th	"	Solid Gold 10k Birthday Ring	" 5.00
30th	"	Solid Gold 10k Birthday Ring	" 5.00
(Set with proper jewels for month of birth of winner)			
31st	"	Cut Glass Fruit Bowl	Value 5.00
32nd	"	Viennese 5 o'clock Tea Set	" 5.00
33rd	"	Grand Rapids Carpet Sweeper	" 5.00
34th	"	Pair Gold Filled Cuff Links	" 5.00
35th	"	Fine Heart Locket, 16 in. chain	" 5.00
36th	"	Ladies' Solid Gold Signet Ring	" 4.00
37th	"	Handsome Combination Dressing and Manicure Set	" 5.00
38th	"	Cut Glass Sugar and Cream Set	" 3.50
39th	"	Genuine Seal Hand Bag	" 5.00
40th	"	Handsome Doll and Go Cart	" 2.50
41st	"	Combination Ladies' Purse	" 2.50
42nd	"	Beautiful Gilt Parlor Clock	" 2.00
43rd	"	Solid Gold 10k Pearl Tie Pin	" 2.00
44th	"	Solid Gold 10k Pearl Brooch	" 5.00
45th	"	Men's Solid Gold Garnet Ring	" 5.00
46th	"	Imperial Water or Lemonade Set	" 6.00
47th	"	Handsome China Breakfast Set	" 5.00
48th	"	High grade Carving Set	" 3.50
49th	"	Set of Embroidery Scissors	" 5.00
50th	"	7 vol. set of The Home Circle Library	" 5.00

and in addition to the above more than **$3,000.00** worth of handsome valuable prizes will be awarded. Every contestant successfully solving the 12 pictures will be awarded a prize of value.

Complete Prize List will be Mailed to You.

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Read Carefully the Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest.

1.—Write on one side of the paper only, your solution to proverb picture No. 4, and give your full name (stating Mr. Mrs. or Miss) and complete address. Anything else but your answer to picture No. 4 and your name and address should be written on a separate sheet of paper and should be confined to fifty (50) words.

2.—Members and employes of this firm, or relations of members or employees are Absolutely excluded from competing.

3.—**Enclose with your answer two (2) two-cent stamps (4 cents.)** This is to pay postage on the Book of English Proverbs, complete series of pictures, illustrated prize list, and free copy of "Everywoman's World," which we will mail to you.

3rd Prize—Magnificent Shetland Pony, Cart and Harness Complete. Value $250.00

4.—Different members of a family may compete, but only one prize will be awarded to any one family.

5.—All letters must be fully prepaid in postage.

6.—The Judging Committee will consist of five (5) prominent Toronto business men whose names will be published in due course. Prizes will be awarded to correct or nearest correct answers in accordance with handwriting and general neatness and contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges.

7.—Contestants will be asked to show the copy of "Everywoman's World," which we will send to three or four friends or neighbors who will want to subscribe.

8.—As soon as your answer is received and found correct, we will write advising you and send you the complete series of proverb pictures and the Book of Famous English Proverbs, together with a copy of the current number of "Everywoman's World." Address your letters plainly to Contest Manager.

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., Limited, Publishers of "Everywoman's World," Dept. C Toronto, Canada

Leave the flowers you used to tend—who will watch them grow ?
Who will plant more in the spring, in a pretty row ?
Who will water them when all the lovely buds are blown ?"—
"Some one else must water them. If I unhappy be
Why then should I just for flowers ever weep or sigh ?"
"Who will sweep from off the walk leaves that on them lie ?"—
"If my lover comes no more the dead leaves he won't see !"

A wedding even in this country and on city streets has still a remnant of its old spirit of song and gayety, witness the capture of the bride sometimes seen by astonished Winnipeg pedestrians; but the fun may degenerate into roughness and violence—I remember Polish Marinka telling me with pride that she was to have a policeman at her wedding—but there are the old songs, just the same. Sometimes they make up new ones—according to Halka. She says that if "a bunch of girls" do not like the men with them they sing to make them angry:

"Oh, you Winnipeg fellows !
You think you are very high-class.
You spend all your wages for smart clothes,
And at the end of the week you have no money;
Then on the Sunday you go to a Jew
And carry water for him at a cent a pail."

. . . . . .

My various servants of foreign extraction have proved exceedingly interesting to me, leading me to the sight of such quaint and out-of-the-way customs. Marinka took me to see the "Blessing of the Baskets" one Easter-tide, when every good housewife brought to church her basket of provisions for the great day—hard boiled eggs, sausage, bread, salt, cakes, butter, cheese, etc—to be blessed by the priest; he repeated the same words about every quarter of an hour to new knots of kneeling people, and all that Saturday long the laden women came and went; yet if Marinka had not told me of this ceremony I should probably never have guessed what was the meaning of all the basket-laden women on Selkirk Avenue.

I went to see Marinka married one May morning, but I missed the fete at her house. For weeks before the great day she had to sit up late at night learning many paragraphs of ritual in connection with her faith, and as she did not know until I told her that Christ was crucified as a malefactor on Good Friday, the spiritual side of her education had been much neglected, although she went to mass every Sunday.

The month of May is usually chosen for weddings among the Polish people in Winnipeg; there had been three before ten o'clock on the day Marinka was wed. Two youths, each lightly clasping an arm, brought her up the aisle, the groom being in advance, with the same escort of girls. Her white satin dress which had cost her twenty-five dollars, was strewn with the very expensive blossoms of the "meert" or myrtle the Polish wedding-flower, great sprays also resting on her veil. After the procession entered, the little gathering waited in chill silence in the huge church while those to be married went into the basement to make their confession and hear mass; then the altar was lighted (this appeared to be the test of the financial position of the bridegroom—it cost much money), and after that it seemed as if the tall lighted candles held by Marinka and her husband were the only bits of brightness in a world of shivering gloom. The priest rattled through the ceremony and in a pell-mell of bridal party, bridgedroom, bride and rabble the church was suddenly emptied and the acolytes extinguished the altar radiance. I think they must do those things in prettier fashion in the old lands where there is not so much hurry.

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Mrs. Murphy

Continued from page 176.

"Hold on, stranger," drawled the Northerner. "Hold the team and take 'em through one at a time. Now ante again."

"Well, who is the mayor ?" The citizen slowly told him, and the new arrival, seeming satisfied, the Northener impatiently said:

"Well, pardner ! Are you going to lay down your hand ? Ask me the other."

"Oh ! Isn't he the boss of this town ?"

"Well, yes. He is, and then, again, he ain't. You see Mrs. Murphy lives here."

Friend reader, let that one also pass. These are the opinions of to-day, and "Janey Canuck" believes that the things of to-day, be they opinion, books, works, land-marks, or monuments, should be preserved. She says:—

"We should file away even the things we think are trivial, for these little intimate private details will be studied by the generations that follow

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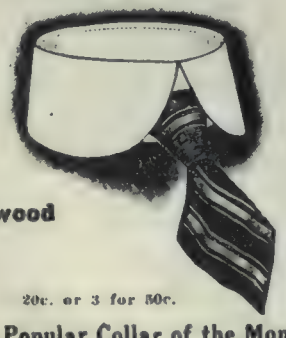

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with avidity and interest. The Canadians-to-come will value them highly."

And her writings bear out her sayings. All her books depict as closely as possible both the manner and the speech of the present. She has put down the language of the homesteader, the phrases of the red-coated policeman, the uncouth idioms of the immigrant and the sayings of the coal miners as only a woman of culture can. In "Janey Canuck in the West," her first book, one finds Western ways and phrases and, through them all, her version of Western wisdom. Her "Open Trails" is written in a quaint, humorous style that is all her own. These books give vivid pictures of the lumber camps in the forests; the strange immigrants in the cities; the plodding plainsmen; and the amazing vitality of the country.

In her forthcoming book called "Seeds of Pine," some chapters of which have appeared serially, there are stories of the North—of the men who went in and grappled with the lone land, fighting it tooth and nail; and of the women who, shoulder to shoulder with their husbands, helped push back the frontier to the Arctic Ocean. It is an epic of pioneer life, bristling with humor, pathos and grim irony.

It was on her trip to the Slave Lake that Mrs. Murphy came upon the incidents for her next novel. What it will be called no one knows, but it will describe with all the reality she can command the last stand of the unknown and undiscovered country against its invaders. It will deal with men and women who live hard, play hard and die hard.

Mrs. Murphy is working on this story now, and although questioned would not touch the subject. What the interviewer did find out about the new work was through a discreet questioning of her charming young daughters.

Even these, like everyone else, hold their mother in high esteem. It is surely a feat deserving of praise when one is able to keep the household on such good terms that at no time does any member of it throw cold water on one's abilities. One's own family is generally the first to cloud any achievement, but here was Mrs. Murphy being lauded by her own children. Which only goes to prove that "Janey Canuck" never presents two sides. She is always "just herself"—original, happy, and optimistic.

"I thought you were going to move into a more expensive apartment?" "The landlord saved us the trouble," replied Mrs. Flimgilt. "He raised the rent of the one we have been occupying."

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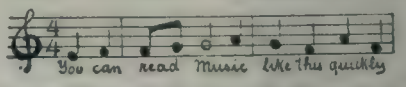

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What Does Uncle Sam Say?

Continued from page 155.

just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things—" but the head of the family then storms off to bed and his tidy wife follows, after picking Bernhardi from the floor in the corner and laying him on the shelf.

Ex-President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, considered by many to be America's foremost man of letters, writing in the New York *Times*, says in part:

"The prime source of the present immense disaster in Europe is the desire on the part of Germany for world-empire, with the belief that it is only to be obtained by force of arms. . . . The German view of the worthlessness of international agreements was not a cause of the present war, because it was not fully evident to Europe, although familiar and of long standing in Germany; but it is potent reason for the continuance of the war by the Allies until Germany is defeated, because it is plain to all the nations to the world except Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey at the moment; that the hopes of mankind for the gradual development of international order and peace rest on the sanctity of contracts between nations, and on the development of adequate sanctions in the administration of international law. The new doctrine of military necessity affronts all law, and is completely and hopelessly barbarous."

Quite a difference in opinion between America's leading professor and the professors of the German universities, isn't there?

I don't think that ever in history has the United States had a warmer feeling for Great Britain. But it was not so many years ago when "twisting the Lion's tail" was a "sure bet" for an aspiring and perspiring American politician. Lord Salisbury helped in bringing about this change when he kept England steadily pro-American during their Spanish war. Mr. Asquith also aided in the good work when he met the life-long ambitions of the Irish-Americans to see their country granted self-government.

Here is another reason why America sides with England, trivial some may say, but I believe. Canadians will appreciate it: With the exception of a few slang expressions and little tricks of phraseology that occasionally cause minor ructions amongst individuals and give the paragraphers great joy, the American speaks the language of the British Empire. The Englishman and American understand each other. Both countries use Pear's Soap, both shave their faces, both look upon the earth as consisting, like Caesar's Gaul, of three parts, i.e., English, Americans, and foreigners.

Which statement was beautifully illustrated not long ago at table in a cafe in Belgrade when an American writer and an English engineer were sitting together. The Englishman was vainly trying to tell a waiter that he wanted some Irish stew. Finally he turned to the American in disgust.

"Damn it!" he roared, "don't any of these foreigners understand English?"

And the American, laughing, understood the sentiment.

It is said that it was against the Hessian mercenaries of King George that the early American colonists fought most bitterly. When a man speaks your own language there's always a chance and a temptation to talk it over; but a man who can't understand *you* is a foreigner.

Then, looking at the situation from a commercial standpoint, Uncle Sam would be naturally bitter against the

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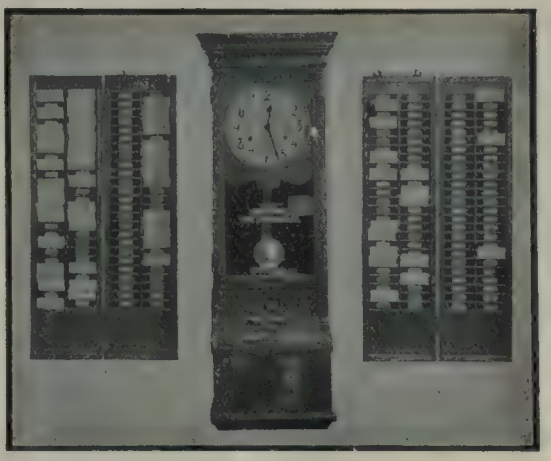

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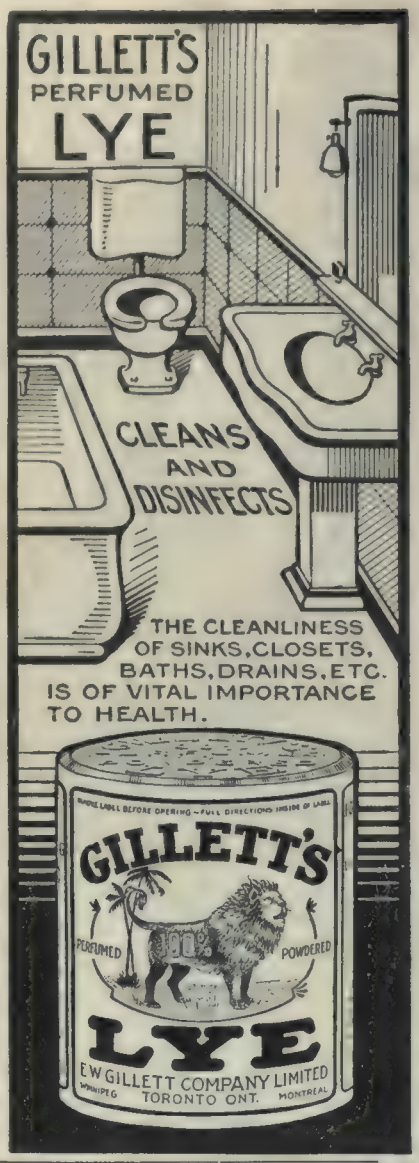

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aggressor in a war that upset his business and his three-meals-a-day-eight-hours-sleep routine. Business occupies a high altar in the United States. What if it will mean to them a gain of seventy-five million dollars in the wheat market? It has also resulted in the retention of ten million bales of cotton, which ordinarily would have gone abroad, has destroyed the local market for the remaining five million bales, and the spectre of ruin stalks by the side of the Southern cotton farmer and the Southern business man. But for this struggle the products of the cotton farmers would be worth to-day more than a billion dollars. They had to face winter and Christmastide without the means to procure even the necessities of existence, and their condition would indeed be desperate but for the "Buy a Bale" movement that has pervaded the rest of the country.

Briefly, the war forced the people of the United States to economize—and that is a practice that does not come easy with them. The United States requires from three to five hundred million dollars a year to pay her debt to Europe, for interest, ocean freights, insurance, etc. For forty years it has been paid with cotton, but that is impossible now. To offset this condition, fewer luxuries are imported, and a heavy war tax is being collected.

What if the war furnishes the United States an opportunity to expand foreign commerrce, advance in international finance and build up home industries to supply goods that have been imported from Europe:—these things require capital. She cannot borrow from Europe. Additions to her stock must come from her own earnings and savings.

As Professor Usher points out, the winner of this war will be in a position to cut off American trade from South America. This could have been done long ago by Great Britain, because of her preponderate naval strength. The fact that she has not attempted to do it is all the evidence that Americans want that she will not do it. As far as Germany is concerned, there is no past experience on which to base a presumption. The Panama Canal was built with England's consent—indeed England actually cancelled treaties to remove obstacles from the way. The United States took Cuba and Porta Rica, and still holds Porta Rica with England's consent. England has never shown a disposition to interfere. If the Germans should win, by simply keeping American ships away, Germany could hold South America as a prize. American foreign trade is largely carried in English ships, but if Germany were to triumph it would be in her power to deprive Great Britain

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of every vessel. Then the United States, still dependent upon ships flying another flag, could only send goods where the owners of the ships were willing they should go. Thus, in a perfectly peaceful way, the United States might be deprived of access to the world's markets.

These theoretical anticipations by Professor Usher have set America to thinking seriously. Someone has noted: "It is very significant that of all American comment upon the effect of the war on the United States, only in the event of a German victory is any disturbance feared. If the Allies win, the people of the United States know that instead of being menaced, a menace will have been removed from them."

Listen to what *Collier's Weekly* has to say on the subject: "We shall observe President Wilson's neutrality order rigidly. And yet suppose Germany *should* win? Suppose Germany occupied France, wiped out the British army, and swept the British navy from the sea? Suppose all this had happened, and we in the United States had a day or two to think it over? What would we think and what would we do? Our own notion is that if we were guided by ordinary prudence we would instantly recognize the necessity of making our navy not less than seven times as strong as it now is and raising our standing army to a half-million. Our German-American friends who criticise us as being prejudiced against the Fatherland would then themselves realize the real situation. With a triumph of the military spirit and of absolutism in Europe, we Americans would have to step against our wills into the shoes that France has stood in now for forty years."

Uncle Sam has been made to think by such editorials as this. Just looking at the subject from a cold-blooded, detached, ratiocinative standpoint, how could Uncle Sam be other than pro-Ally from the bottom of his shoes to the top of his star-spangled skypiece?

Von Bernhardi notes in one of his books the statement by von Edelsheim, a member of the general staff of the German army, that "Germany cannot meekly submit to the attacks of the United States forever," and that she must ask herself how she can "impose her will." Then he outlines his plans as to the proper way to defeat that country.

It was such skeletons as these that I found Uncle Sam digging out of the libraries and inspecting with eyes that squinted. I heard a number of Americans discussing the impossible attitude of a certain German Admiral during the Spanish-American War, and the thorough lack of a sense of humor displayed by His Majesty of Prussia when an American naval officer admirably crystallized the Imperial Egotism in a song entitled "Me und Gott."

But back of the sympathies that are born of a common speech and a close inter-relation of citizenship, back of the self-interest that would guard against disturbed business conditions and loss of trade, is the sincere abhorance of what Germany did and is doing to Belgium, and this abhorence is general throughout the United States. Letters like the following, sent out by the Belgian Food Relief Committee of Chicago, are bringing the cause of the Allies closest home to the American heart:

"We appeal to *you* individually. The loss of life in this war is appalling. But more pathetic is the thought of women and children slowly dying of starvation. No bugles or banners or leaders to inspire them! And yet more heart-breaking still is the thought of mothers watching their children starve. This will happen in Belgium unless you and we help—our Ambas-

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"It is estimated that $5 per month will keep from starvation a woman or a child. You are well-to-do and have luxuries. A little, a very little, will save $5 a month. You are probably doing much already, but please *add* this. Would you not feel more comfortable to know that you are saving from starvation by some little economy on your part a woman or a child through the next six months? By then warm weather will have come and perhaps, please God, peace.

"If this, our appeal for the innocent and starving women and children of Belgium moves you, please sign the enclosed postal. We cannot stop this war, but each of us *can* help to stop this added horror." And then this postscript: "Remember, Europe sent $880,000 to Chicago immediately after our Great Fire. Let us not forget."

Similar appeals, I discovered, are being made and responded to in almost every city and town throughout the nation. The "Buy a Barrel" of flour for Belgium movement spread like the top-spinning craze among boys. You have read in the papers of the "Christmas ship" sent by one of Uncle Sam's great newspapers. A large proportion of America's 100,000,000 people now feel that they have a personal interest in the brave little nation whose geographical location in the path of a faithless neighbor was the sole cause of its misfortune. Because of the tragedy of Belgium the women in most of the big cities in the United States this Christmas refused to purchase "made in Germany" toys. Even in case of early peace—which America expects—it will be many, many years before Uncle Sam begins to buy any large amount of supplies again from the "Fatherland."

We must realize that the United States put the "yell" in yellow journalism. Occasionally a Hearst takes a jab at Britannia—and even Canada—whenever he thinks sensational news must needs be manufactured. And there are some American publications obviously subsidized by the Germans—which we should boycott. But do not for a moment think that these represent public opinion over there. A trip across the line will convince you, as it did me.

When Lord Roberts died at the front the editorial page of almost every American paper carried a stirring eulogy on his heroic character. When Turkey entered the war it meant that a stronger bond of friendship between the United States and England had been riveted. After the Canadian Contingent sailed for England, Americans watched eagerly for news of its arrival. They felt then as if they were personally represented in the war.

The New Flavour
H.P. Sauce
this new sauce from England is simply delicious and such a welcome change to the old-fashioned kinds of sauces.
Stores sell H.P.—here

Children Teething

Mothers should give only the well-known

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS
TRADE GUM LANCET MARK

The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor, they are guaranteed by the proprietor to be absolutely free from opium.
See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

Small Packets, 9 Powders
Large Packets, 30 Powders

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUG STORES.
MANUFACTORY: 125 NEW NORTH ROAD LONDON, ENGLAND.

It was in an American restaurant The man sitting at the counter besi me was evidently as much interest in his newspaper as in his food. Aft a time he turned to me in delightf comraderie and said, with a pleas grin:

"I see our Canadian friends made hit with Kitchener. I'll bet the Ge mans will find that the boys from o side of the water are *some* fighters."

You see now why I have come ba to Canada feeling that I have be among *our* kind of people,—that the is no such animal as a boundary lin

know that when "our boys" do themelves proud, the people of the United tates will share our gratification. ruly the Kaiser made no greater lunder than when he thought that the nited States would give Germany its pport and would immediately invade anada and endeavor to annex it. o quote again from the *Saturday vening Post:* "For four thousand iles on the north a mere chalk line eparates us from the Britisn Empire. obody on either side of the line is neasy about that. Years of fair ealing, mutual respect, courtesy and od will will make infinitely stronger efences than if we had all the Kaiser's ldiers or all the King's ships."

And then from *Collier's:* "As the ar rages on and we find ourselves inched by it, we can and do thank od for good neighbors. Sometimes Clark says something that makes us lush for him; but the nice thing about anadians is, they understand what a ose tongue is and pay very little tention to it. A good deal used to e said about annexing Canada, and owadays every once in a while a man mes back from there so full of admiraon that he wants to annex the United tates to Canada instanter; but most us feel—and we sincerely hope that anada can share the feeling—that st being neighbors is the best thing r both of us. . . It is really a autiful thing to think of, this warrn winter, that we have never had a rious difference about our common operty. This is a good time to vow at we never will. Our Lady of the ows is not so cold as her title might id one to think. She is distinctly r sort—and we hope she won't mind r saying so."

Let me add for the last time that anada and the United States are very uch alike. If Canada were not in e British Empire, it is probable that e would be neutral, the same as the nited States is neutral. In the Civil ar Canada was neutral, but our ficial neutrality did not keep thouds of us from enlisting to preserve e Union. And after five decades of endship and interlocking business lations, is it surprising that Majoreneral Hughes has had thousands of plications from American citizens o desire to join our army for service road?

Canada and the United States both lieve with Asquith that this war will termine whether the world is to be overned by citizens or soldiers." ery principle of life in both countries directly opposed to militarism. The nited States knows war. It was erman who gave it its fitting name. nd while it is a nation that loves ace and seeks the blessings that low in its train, the United States is coming to realize more and more every day that the defeat of the Allies would mean permanent peace forever lost. Therefore it is my firm opinion that before Uncle Sam would see Germany triumph, he would climb down from the neutral fence, roll up his sleeves, and fight shoulder to shoulder with his Canadian cousin to *help make the Kaiser plain Mr. Hohenzollern.*

Will Emperor William II Rex sign his name hereafter as William Wrecks?

It's plain folly to risk the permanency or even the neatness of your records for the pitiful savings you can make by using poor carbon paper. The use of

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Is the one sure means of insuring carbon copies that will be legible, *and legal evidence if need be*, for all time to come. Thanks to its scientific formula and smooth surface, it gives off neither too much nor too little carbon: but just enough to make the sharp, distinct, *permanent* impressions that your files must have. Always uniform, never changes in any climate. Most economical, because one sheet is good for 100 clear copies. Insist on MultiKopy.

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United Typewriter Company, 135 Victoria St., Toronto, Canada.
Chicago, 14 N. Franklin Street
Pittsburgh, 830 Park Bldg.

The Live Coward

Continued from page 158.

against Bob's sturdy obtuse head with more freedom of tongue and less fear of gibe (for Bob had learned to listen with a lazy respect and had framed a number of little phrases which, interjected patly at proper intervals, enabled him to seem to listen without undue effort of intellect).

"You got a head on you like a tack, boy," Bob would say (meaning of

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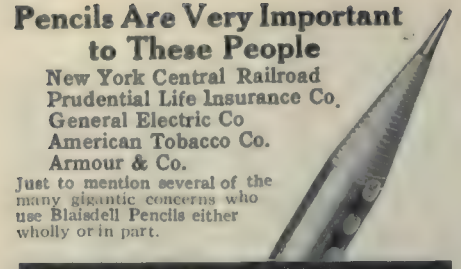

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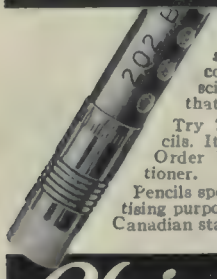

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Labatt's Lager
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The best on the market!
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We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made weekly or monthly. We allow a special discount of 10 per cent. for cash.

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course the opposite) as, keeping an attitude of listening, he whistled soft airs, felt of the flaxen growth on that upper lip, or whittled a stick, during the Dawny dialogues which pre-empted their leisure time.

It was a memorable conversation—singular too for being less a monologue than a dialogue—which Dawney and Bob had several days after the Fiery Cross flared into Oakburn. Bob, on pins and needles to enlist, had sought Dawney on a Sunday morning and the two had repaired to the sunny lee of a new-built haystack.

"Well," said Bob, as he lit the pipe of cogitation and carefully killed the match under the heel of his harvest-boot, "what say,—eh, Dawney? We're both husky critters, y'know, an' they'd take us in a minute?"

"Bob," admitted Dawney, a little sheepishly, rubbing his hand up and down the side of his face, "I don't want to go. What's the use of a war, anyway?"

"Don't want to go!" Bob took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared. "Don't want to go, Dawson? I didn't surely hear you right! Say that again."

"You heard me right the first time," observed Dawney, his fingers wandering tenderly, of their own volition, toward the region where his belt-plate would have been if instead of being loosely habited in smock and overalls he had been snugly encased in the King's uniform. "What's the use of a fellow going to this war, and gettin' killed—or all crippled up, so's that he dies afterwards?"

"Why, we'd be fightin'—we'd see the world. We'd come back heroes, Dawson! What's come over you anyway? You ust to talk to me about nothin' else but that there Napoleon all day long. Don't you want to be like him no more?"

"How," Dawney enquired, for reply, "would you like to get a bullet under your belt? It wouldn't feel very nice, eh—would it? All for nothin', too. That's war."

"Yes, but we ain't all goin' to get shot, Dawson. Look at that George Pearce. All through the Boer war, and ain't got a scratch to show for it!"

"Yes, but that don't say you would get off that easy," Dawney said, turning half around. "You might get shot in your first battle,—not dead, but through the stomach, or somewhere like that. Then what?"

Bob put his pipe in his pocket, got up with immense scorn, and pulled down his coat-tail.

"Then you're scared to go?" he demanded.

"Well, it ain't that, so much," said Dawney, a little redly; adding equivocally; "you know how Pah's rheumatism cripples him up every fall I'm more use at home here than goin' fightin'. They'll never miss me over there."

"Your Dad's rheumatism ought to make you ashamed o' yourself for not goin,'" retorted Bob. "You know how he got the start of it. Sleepin' on the damp ground while he was away with them volunteers in '85. He wasn't like you."

Dawney writhed under this thrust. He knew that his father, rheumatism

The General says:-

Eggs *are* eggs—when your hens don't lay. A warm chicken house encourages the hens.

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Certain-teed
ROOFING

—The label guarantees it for 15 years—the three biggest mills in the roofing industry are behind that label.

No roofing "tests" can give you that assurance.

Your dealer can furnish *Certain-teed* Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by the General Roofing Mfg. Co., *world's largest roofing manufacturers*. East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa.

The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of Minard's Liniment

and all, was only held by his years from Valcartier Camp.

"I bet you ain't talked to him the way you're talkin' now," continued Bob. "If you did, he'd kick you out o' doors an' make you go. You know your Dad ain't no coward."

Dawney took dogged refuge in an old saying. "I'd rather," he said slowly, "be a live coward than a dead hero, Bob Halliday."

"Well, if that's how you feel about it," Bob's voice was level and full of contempt, "I ain't got no more to say to you. I bid you good-day!"

So Bob went away to the training camp. Two other heady young patriots from Oakburn went with him. The village escorted them to the station with a brass band; and the Oakburn publicity commissioner, to whose intense initiative he owed his appointment to a position that another might easily have made a sinecure, turned up excitedly at the last moment with a clipping which he read to the three heroes from a soap-box on the station platform.

"There you are, boys," he concluded, inflamingly, in the midst of a hurricane of anti-German howls, "that's what they'll do, if they ever get into Canaday here."

Dawney, sitting apart from the crowd on a truck before the door of the little freight-shed, felt ostracized and humbled to the dust; although as a matter of fact no one noticed him either favorably or unfavorably. His heart warmed transiently as Bob, who had not spoken to him since that Sunday, thrust a glowing face out of the car-window as it passed the point where Dawney sat, and yelled above the turmoil: "So-long, Dawson! See you after the war!"—but it was with loneliness and doubt knocking at his heart that he later turned his team into the long and starlit homeward trail.

Ten miles divided the Jenkins farm and Oakburn; and they were ten racking miles to Dawson. He turned over all his past (as one might take out an old copy-book and look in it for blots); and was half-comforted, although a little puzzled, to find himself unable to recall any incident that had proved definitely he was a coward. Was it cowardly to shrink from pain? Was a hero a person who could anticipate pain without that chilly sensation at the temples and that electrical thrill creeping upward from the soles of the feet, that had followed Dawney's reading of the passage from Kipling? Or was a hero merely a man who grew automatically intoxicated in the face of a threat (got "fighting-mad" all at once, was the guise this idea took, in the language of Dawney's thoughts) and hence had no time to weigh possible eventualities?

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Whitest White · Stays White
In the nursery, living-room, any room throughout the house Luxeberry White Enamel adds a touch of brightness and beauty.
Finger marks and spots never penetrate its snow white, durable, washable surface.
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INCORPORATED
World's Largest Varnish Makers
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Dawney reached home without having decided whether he was a coward or not—and the question was quite chased out of his mind, for the time being anyway, in the mad ride he had immediately to take back again to town for the doctor. His father had had a "stroke," and had been unconscious for over an hour.

In the mournful and grave responsibility which devolved upon Dawney with the death two days later of the work-worn head of the Jenkins household, he had little time for study or introspection.

He was so busy that he even forgot to be concerned as to whether he was or was not a hero. He was so busy that he almost forgot there was a war and that he had turned down perhaps the finest chance he would ever have to get his name in the Oakburn paper. For it was harvest-time in Wheat-Land—the wonderful golden harvest-time; and the wind of the war, with its vast ill in other directions, blew

That Lovely Complexion!

You need not despair of having a lovely complexion like that of your friend's. The daily use of "LA-ROLA" will give beauty to your skin and attractiveness to your complexion. "LA-ROLA" is a high grade cream used by women and men. Very soothing, Has a delicate perfume and is absolutely greaseless. Protects the skin from the ravages of wind and frost, keeping it soft and velvety. After a shave it soothes and refreshes the irritated skin.

Call at your druggist's to-day and get a bottle or order by phone.

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"In the Heart of Things"

Canadians visiting New York will find that this hotel not only offers unsual accommodation but that practically everything worth while is right at hand—theatres, department stores, the most exclusive shops of every kind, and various means of transportation.

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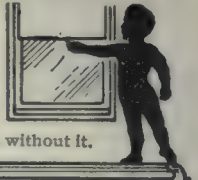

For 25 years this great invention has successfully withstood the attacks of all imitators, because of original merit and continuous improvement. Latest model requires no tacks. Wood or tin rollers. The inventor's signature on every roller. Look for it. Take none without it.

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That will develop into a good position if you are not afraid to work. We want folks with good, rich blood, with determination, with happy dispositions and the "bound-to make-good-habit." A beginner ought to earn $20 a week, and many of our representatives make double this amount. If you make good we won't let you go. If you want, clean, honest, healthy, out-door work, write to-day. Address

AGENCY DEPT., CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

beneficently upon the farmer. Man does not live by bread alone; but without bread he would be in sore circumstance indeed. Moreover the agrarian, in the cereal Gibraltar of his garden and his grainfield, with his spick, clean dairy at hand and his fat fowls and hogs and cattle around, can snap his fingers at "financial stringency" and kindred evils of war. He has all the elements in the dietary right on his own land and in his own barnyard, and is sure of a table well-spread whether his credit at the village grocery store is "good" or otherwise.

So, although Dawney as head of the family and heir to the Jenkins assets and liabilities was not long in learning that only the interest on the mortgage had been paid for several seasons, he did not commence worrying. He thrust his thumbs under his braces, looked across the splendid yellow acreage billowing away from the farmhouse door and saw many times the amount of the interest and the harvest wages of Jim Dover, the hired man, in the million spiked heads and awns that nodded under the auspicious August sky. The crop would pay the machinery notes and current debts: the cows, the potato-hills and the fat porkers would do the rest.

As Dawney, in the arduous days that followed, sat on his binder-seat, with the pitman-wheel roaring its iron tune and the grain-stalks falling on the table-canvas below, he found that he had not altogether lost his power to draw militant comparisons from homely things. Those stalwart stalks were sometimes to the whimsical eye of his visioning an invading host. His binder was a terrific engine of war, with which he laid them in swaths and bound them to await his pleasure. Many a day it was the old Napoleonic Dawney who flourished his whip, though half-amused at himself the while, and hummed with a vast destructiveness along the van of a countless army.

Meanwhile one Max Friesen, in his town office, divided his time between conning over certain fat bunches of interest-bearing documents, zoned with elastic, and reading with some chagrin but with a certain grim confidence at the back of it, the European war news (such as it was !) retailed in the daily newspapers. There were three stages to Herr Friesen's treatment of a Canadian newspaper: First, a fierce perusal, during which he turned the pages so vengefully that when he finished the sheets were a torn and crumpled chaos; second, a cramming of the mass into the waste-paper basket and a jamming of it to the very bottom thereof with his heavy boot-heel; third, a plentiful expectoration on it of tobacco-juice. These observ-

Get Real Tire Economy!
Motoring is two things---a pleasure and a business. One might say it was used sixty per cent. for entertainment and forty per cent. for commercial purposes. Yet no matter whether you use your car to get orders or ozone, your greatest economy will be the reduced cost of mishaps.
No accident ever befel an automobile but what the tires were forced to play a part in it. And no accident ever was averted but what the tires had a say in that, too.
If you will drive fast,
If you will make those sudden stops,
If the city will water asphalt,
If rain will make muddy roads;
Why then---the possibility of skidding will always be with you, unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires. When you think of how to avert danger in motoring you immediately think of . . . . . .
DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD.
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SEAL OF QUALITY
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Every Tire Trouble

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Tire efficiency has become so pronounced a science, that men no longer have to buy on conjecture or guess. To-day, most users know what to seek in a tire. And those who are experiencing tire trouble are surely coming to Goodyears, the tires that have long won and held first place.

Consistent Quality

Consistent quality has won for Goodyears. Where others must experiment and change at the expense of users, Goodyear tires continue to give utmost service through super-quality.

For Goodyears are well-balanced tires. Their quality and workmanship throughout are uniform. And the quality is always the same, whatever the size of the tire. Such master construction insures the tire economy and satisfaction that men have come to take for granted in Goodyears.

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When other tires fail they bring you nearer to Goodyears in this way:

Every rim-cut is bound to remind you that No-Rim-Cut tires avoid this.

Every blow-out should suggest that our "On-Air" cure ends a very frequent cause.

Every loose tread will urge reduction of this risk. In Goodyears—by a patent method—we reduce it by 60 per cent.

Every puncture suggests our double thick All-Weather tread. So does skidding. So does wear.

And Canada Made

And Goodyears are made in Canada, at our Bowmanville, Ontario, factory. Here exclusive methods and equipment and master workmen assure you of utmost value that can be put into a tire. The result is maximum sturdiness, the limit of safety, the minimum of trouble. You want the benefit. Soon or late that want will bring you to these matchless Goodyear tires. From that day on, you will never give them up.

Start now—when our All-Weather tread offers winter security such as no other tread can offer.

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MADE IN CANADA
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

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Head Office, Toronto, Ontario — Factory, Bowmanville, Ontario

ances over, he would reach a stron hairy-backed paw toward the elasti bound bundle of indentures, strip th band off each in turn, and flick it ope with a certain savage joy.

For it was a grave fact that most those mortgages were signed with plai British names, and that Herr Ma Friesen, if he continued careful to pu down his window-blinds and not attrac attention by his anti-British paroxysm held thus the incontestable legal whip hand of many Britons. But nation even those units of nations who presid over institutions so prosaic as court of civil law, are touchy and sentimenta in war-time; and Herr Friesen kne well that if it became necessary t appeal to the law for settlement i any of those loan cases, it would b more discreet to come as a Britis citizen seeking his rights than as German citizen seeking gratificatio

So it was "God Save King George with him by daylight, and whe customers were calling; but in th seclusion of his office, evenings, whe his aboriginal bookkeeper and stenographer had gone for the day, it wa "Hoch der Kaiser;" and in his dream and over his morning coffee, whi Canadian cocks crow in the fine Can adian morning, it was so; and so n less and unintermittently, until int his Canadian office came a Canadia man, with money or the securit therefor in his Canadian breech pocket. Then, and not till then, di Herr Max Friesen again transfer h allegiance grudgingly and temporaril to King George of Britain. And, a patriotism cannot be its real self whe exotic, and a patriot who can tran plant his essential quality like a cal bage is really no patriot at all, wh can blame Herr Max ?

It maddened him, as his stout soli body moved like a tractive tower alon the street, cleaving its steady heav way through the thickest crowd, t hear these puny, feather-brained alien about him declaim against the grea Fatherland and even say saucy thing about the Kaiser Himself; but Her Friesen would have been no Teuton he had not been able to mask the grea guns of his wrath and patiently bid his time. Many of the signatories o those mortgages he held had bee improvidently satisfied for several sea sons past to merely pay their interes and let the principal "go." Usually this is just what the holder of th mortgage wants (for one does not nee to lose sleep over delayed payment o principal when the security is goo Canadian farm land); but Herr Frie sen, who was a militarist and a kaise himself in all but opportunity, ha that in his veins which told him tha these blatant and unthrifty wester Canadians must be disciplined.

Excess Value In Abundance

The only ordinary thing about the 1915 Overland is the price.

In every other respect it is an extraordinary value.

The large tires—34 inch x 4 inch—are unusual.

So is the convenient arrangement of the electric controls.

The switches are on the steering column—right where you want them.

There is a high tension magneto.

Many cars have only cheaper and ordinary battery systems, but the Overland, like all the high priced cars, has the finest high tension magneto.

To be sure, other cars probably have some of these features, but only those cars which sell for very much more money.

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Overland Model 80 R	$1390	*Overland Model 81 R*	$1065
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RATES

Rooms with Running Water - - $1.50 per day
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galled him that he must go softly and tactfully about this disciplining, when he reached the stage of invoking the law; but the attainment of his purpose was, after all, the main thing,—not the manner of the attainment. There was more about him of Prince Bismarck than of Wilhelm II.

But, though he must keep up this farce of Canadian citizenship and all legiance to avoid the handicap of judicial prejudice, he could at least take to himself the satisfaction of being his own collector. In his own "blood and iron" presence, and under the imperious fire of his own ruthless Teutonic eye, would these farmers face the alternative of full back payments or immediate foreclosure.

So, in the apt season of stubble and winnowing, Herr Friesen installed his brother Peter in the swivel-chair by the desk of his town office and himself took a ticket, with stopover privileges at all points, to the yellow west.

It takes an old farmer, with years of experience, to estimate the return from a standing crop; and Dawney, although the season's yield was fairly good, found out on casting up the proceeds of his grain-checks that, when his cash was distributed fairly over current debts, it would leave for his mortgage payment so little above the amount of the interest, that his most convenient plan would be to let the principal "go" again this season, as his father had been in the habit of doing, and merely pay the interest. Then, next year, he would break some more land on the pre-emption, put in a larger crop, and forthwith start wiping off the Jenkins land debt. So he and his mother sat up late one night, hammering out a sagacious little note to accompany his money order in favor of the Friesen Loan and Mortgage Company. They finished it just on the stroke of midnight, copied it out neatly on a fresh sheet of notepaper, sealed up the letter, and placed it behind the clock, ready for Jim Dover to take with him and mail when he drove to Oakburn with the ploughshare next morning.

Buggy-wheels on a country trail where the dust lies thick, travel with a sound infinitely soft; and the footbfall of a horse on that soft gray dust-cushion is no more to be heard than the impact of water-drops on wool. So Dawney came out of the Jenkins stable next day before breakfast, having groomed and harnessed his team ready for the morning's work, without having received any auditory hint of the approach of the Oakburn livery rig which he now saw standing outside the farmhouse door. "Steady" Cornwall, the sheik of Cornwall's Livery, occupied the rain-washed leather cushion under the buggy-top.

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"'Day, Steady," said Dawney, as he slapped the nigh horse sociably on the belly and stopped for the little chat without which two never pass in Wheat-Land. "Out o' bed early this morning, eh? What's th' excitement?"

Dawney looked mature and responsible, now that he was the head and mainstay of the Jenkins household. He had broadened out, too, during that summer season, and was as well-set-up a young Canadian as one might see thereabout.

"What's up?" he said again.

"Invasion of the Germans," said "Steady," shutting one eye. "The Kaiser's got me hired for all of today."

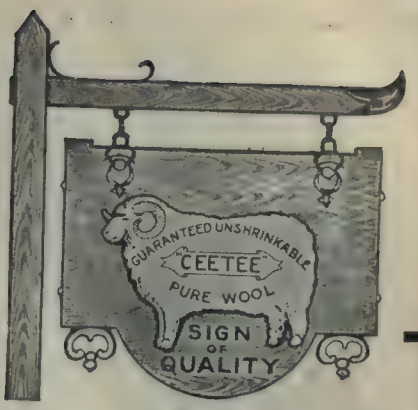
"Aw, talk sense," invited Dawney.

"Well, that's right," said "Steady," reaching into his pocket for tobacco and blowing his old quid down into the ragweed between the buggy-wheels. "He's makin' a trip with me around this district. He ain't said much; but from some questions he ast me, I figure he's goin' to make yous fellows rustle some money for Germany's war debt."

"I got to be goin', Steady, I guess," said Dawney, dryly; "you make me hungry." He took his foot off the hub and went leisurely on to the house. The door stood partially open; and as Dawney crossed the chip-pile, he pricked up his ears at a voice coming thereout—a voice that grated and rumbled by turns, like a howitzer drawn over harsh ground.

There is in the Old World (not alone in much-decried Germany, but in just and equitable old Britain itself) a less exaggerated sense of the importance of womankind than appears common in North America. It is therefore to be conceded that Herr Friesen, in presenting the mortgage situation somewhat strongly and rudely to Dawney's mother, was not to his own knowledge doing anything much out of the ordinary. Besides, most western women have as a matter of fact been a little spoiled by over-consideration and are apt to be somewhat short with the collector who is only after his just dues; and there is no denying that Mrs. Jenkins had received Herr Friesen's cold but moderate first advances with a highly untactful sharpness and loftiness. She was a little, quick-moving, hard-working, brown-eyed woman, with a wonderful tongue.

Herr Max Friesen had a heavy still face, of an excellent ruddiness at the cheek-bones, and two eyes that looked out unwinkingly and filled with a slow fire as he talked. His back and shoulders from the door looked elephantine, and the snap of his finger-nail on the paper he held was like the crack of a whip. Mrs. Jenkins was



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standing back in a corner, with her two hands resting on her broom-handle, looking for all the world as though she were about to use it as a weapon.

The attitude of the two misled Dawney. Herr Friesen had merely approached close because it was an impressive German habit of his to stand immediately over and to frown down upon those whom he interviewed, for the sake of the autocratic effect it had; but to Dawney it appeared as though this big invader with the thunderous Teutonic growl had backed his mother into a corner and was actually preparing to strike her.

He crossed the room in two hops and flung his muscular young weight upon the intruder so zealously and unexpectedly that Herr Friesen, big as he was, toppled and fell backward into a most undignified sitting position on the floor.

"Now," said Dawney, standing over him with sparkling eyes and fists hard-clenched, "what d'you mean by it, eh ? What d'you mean by squarin' up to my mother like that ? Who are you, anyway ?"

Herr Friesen climbed to his feet, dusted himself off slowly, and stared at Dawney with his pupils contracted to little glittering points of wrathful interrogation. He made a threatening step forward. Dawney, all in a pugnacious glow, raised his guard and oscillated his right fist eagerly, choosing a point to strike. But suddenly Herr Freisen drew himself up and laughed,—a great earthquake of a guffaw that shook the plates on the shelf.

"So," he said presently, pulling his face into gravity with an effort, "you declare war on Germany. Ho ! ho ! ho !"

"I give you one minute to get out o' here," jerked out Dawney, "You needn't to think you're goin' to come bullyin' my mother, an' then make a joke out of it. No sirree !"

"All the same," returned Herr Max, imperturably, "it is a joke, mein boy. It is one big joke. I was not about to hit the little mother."

"No, no," said Mrs. Jenkins, laying her hand on the arm of the excited Dawney, "he was just talking about the mortgage. He says he wants his money."

Dawney's fists unclenched and fell by slow stages to his sides. "Are you the man that holds the mortgage on our place ?" he enquired, a little diffidently.

Herr Friesen bowed, coldly and gravely, but with a certain twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, I—well, we—," Dawney began, haltingly, "we was only figurin' on the— the interest, like—"

"And supposing," Herr Max interrupted, suddenly, "I ask for one thou-

sand dollars, at once. It is my right. Shall I not then get it, boy ?"

Dawney rubbed his head. "I guess we could hustle it for you," he said slowly, "but it would pinch us quite a bit, as things is."

Herr Friesen, who seemed to be a man of quick, startling movements and queries, stepped forward with one sweeping stride, and stood over Dawney, his brows gathered in a kaiser-like frown.

"Look !" he said, measuring Dawney's shoulders with his hands and then placing his palms back against his own great shoulder-muscles, "I am wider than you, two span almost. I am higher than you, five inches. Yet you come upon me—from the back, so that I do not see you—and you pull me, a gentleman of Germany, from my feet on the floor down. What shall I say to that ?"

"Well," said Dawney, apologetically, "I thought you was goin' to hurt my mother."

"Nevertheless," said Herr Friesen, stripping off his coat with a deliberate movement, and turning back his shirt-cuffs from two great hairy wrists scarred with old fencing-wounds, "for what you have done, I shall now satisfaction demand. You shall have your wish, stripling. You shall now fight me—in the British way, with the shut hands !"

Dawney's first sensation at this challenge made him stare and swallow. Then it was as if one-half of him stood away, watching the other half as anxiously as ever Spartan father watched Spartan son before a first battle. Would his heart—now that the sustaining filial impulse was gone—turn to water, and his knees knock together ? Would he waver before this Goliath ? True, he had "squared up" to him before; but it is far, far easier to give a challenge than to accept one. Would he falter ? Was he a coward ?

For a moment, he had no reassuring sensation; and the sweat of apprehension broke out in small beads on Dawney's brow.

Then — then, with a joyful thrill and tingling in all his limbs; with a bracing warmth that, kindling in his heart like a coal fanned into flame, spread over him in swift glad radiation, till his cheeks glowed and his pulse raced and his brain swam in a kind of hot ether—Dawney Jenkins, dreamer and peace-lover, but child of a race of warriors and patriots, felt the spirit of intrepidity get upon its feet and dance within him.

"Yes !" he cried, with his cheeks reddening and his eyes sparkling, "I'll fight—an' I'll give you what's comin' to you, too !" He tore off his smock, whacked it down on the tool-chest, and turned to face the big German with his fists ready.

But Herrr Friesen did not advance upon him. The imperial frown, after a struggle, gave place to the smile it had been the means of concealing. Herr Max, with another of his brisk movements, turned to the table, drew an oblong document from the pocket of his coat, glanced at it, and thrust it into Dawney's hands.

"There, take it," he said, his voice sunken to the deep bass that goes most appropriately with an exhibition of magnanimity. "You the tongue of these contemptible British speak; but you have the spirit of a man withal. You take off your coat to fight with me; and, Donner und Blitzen, I could eat you !"

"Like hell you could," Dawney blurted, still glowing.

"Well," said Herr Friesen, clapping the boy on the back with a thunderbolt palm, "we will, as you would say, 'let it go at that.' I your mortgage

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give back to you, see—the token of a gentleman of Germany."

Dawney's feelings, as Herr Friesen turned apruptly on his heel and left him with the indenture comfortably enclasped in his right palm, were beyond analysis. The big German stopped, with his toe on the iron step of the livery rig, and turning, caught again the eye of the Canadian boy. His big hand, the fingers held as though grasping the spindle of a goblet, shot suggestively above his head.

"Hock der Kaiser!" he roared, his eyes twinkling.

"Not by a dam' sight," shouted Dawney, grinning back, "God save King George!"

The rig drove away. Dawney's mother took the envelope, broke it open eagerly, and scanned the stiff double sheet.

"That's it, sonny," she cried, "that's it! Here's your Pa's name on it, see. Well, he's a German; but it's a poor country where they can't raise some good ones, isn't it? Just think of the place clear at last! I wish your poor father was here to see this!"

But Dawney, still standing half-dizzily on the step, hardly even heard his mother's exclamations. His thoughts were far from mortgages. No Cortez, silent upon a peak in Darien ever stood in a balmier atmosphere of rapture than Dawson Jenkins; as, with the rattle of the Friesen equipage dying away in his ears and that delicious intrepid tingle still busking him, singing to him like matial music, he stood, pressing against his mental palate the orange of the discovery he had made—that he was alive, unenlisted, and yet not a coward. Had he not declared war upon Germany, and won—without striking a blow. Was he not, now and consciously, possessed by a feeling under the sustenance of which he could have grinned, with a dozen bullets in his spleen!

A theatrical advance agent, forced to lay over at a small junction point, was talking with the landlord of the village inn. "Do you ever have any shows here?" he asked.

"Wal—I reckon we do!" said the landlord. "Some of the best shows from New York play here."

"Is that so?" said the agent. "What was the last one that played this town?"

"I don't rightly remember the name," returned the hotel man; "but my wife, she knows. I'll call and ask her."

Going to the foot of the stairs, he called loudly:

"Marthy—Marthy—look in that back room and tell me the names on them there trunks!"

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VOL. XVII.
NO. 4

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
FEB.

Canada and the Drama

HOW LONG WILL OUR GREAT DOMINION REMAIN DIVORCED FROM DRAMATIC CONSCIOUSNESS? WHEN WILL CANADIAN ACTORS PLAY CANADIAN PRODUCTIONS IN CANADIAN THEATRES? WHY NOT NOW? THESE ARE SOME OF THE QUESTIONS MR. STRINGER ANSWERS IN THIS INTERESTING ARTICLE

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Woman in the Rain," "The Wire Tappers," etc.

"WILL you see the players well bestowed?" demanded Hamlet of the pig-headed old Polonius who was amazedly blinking at the absurdity of an actor weeping over his part. "Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time!"

Hamlet was right. He was right in the face of the fact that this same pig-headed old materialist had no inkling of what his mad young friend was driving at. He only knew that he was being scolded, the same as Canada was scolded when Robert Barr announced that this country of ours spent considerably less money on literature than it did on Scotch whiskey.

But Hamlet was right. The dramatist is, and always has been, peculiarly the voice of his age. The noblest and at the same time the truest expression of all national life has been through the drama. Era by era, from Euripides to Rostand, the great countries of this earth have articulated their greatness through the mimic world of the stage. From Sophocles to Sardou, the drama, holding the mirror up to nature and immortalizing in Art the thoughts and aspirations of the moment, has rendered the final verdict as to the rating of any given civilization. And it is England, we must remember, that can justly claim the supremest voice in all dramatic composition. Her Will of Avon stands unrivalled and unapproached. The creator of Hamlet has no equal: that much even the Germans will admit.

YET there is one other fact which we must remember. And with that memory must come down our last ensign of national pride. *Canada has no drama.* Our great Dominion, flung from sea to sea, with a national life as abounding in vigor as it is distinctive in character, with the stamp of bigness on both its accomplishments and its potentialities, is without a stage of its own, is without a school of dramatists, and is without even so much as a tradition of criticism. Canada has not one actor or actress of its own. Nor has it one dramatic composition in any way expressive of its wider issues of existence. Nor has it a tatter of true comedy or tragedy in any way representative of its social conditions. In other words, Canada is the only nation in the world whose stage is entirely and arbitrarily controlled by aliens. It is the only country of continental dimensions that depends on foreigners for that spiritual refreshment and inspiration which may and must be derived from theatric entertainment. And it seems the only country that, having achieved political independence, is content to stand divorced from dramatic consciousness.

Not that Canada is without interest in the drama. Over four million dollars' worth of new theatres were built in this country during the three years that ended with 1911. From 1911 to the end of 1913, it has been publicly announced, the sum of seven million dollars was spent for the same purpose. During the present season a provincial English company playing repertory in the mushroom city of Calgary (although headed, it must be acknowledged, by a London star of undoubted ability) is able to boast of weekly receipts exceeding twelve thousand dollars. Vancouver, the fourth city in the Dominion, is the proud possessor of no less than seven theatres. And in one season the city of Toronto, it has been conservatively estimated, spends one and one-half million dollars in theatrical amusement.

But we now approach the remarkable phase of this somewhat remarkable situation. Canada, it is true, spends its money lavishly enough on the theatre, and the Canadian city is as ready to proffer housing to the itinerant apostles of Thespis as is the rural town to lend a vacant lot for the tented glories of the visiting circus. But in the creation and control of that will-o-the-wisp chain of spectacles which flit like a stream of Halley's comets across its horizon, it has no voice and no influence. Its plays are sent to it by unseen powers, doubtless beneficent, but at times inscrutable in their ministrations. At the door of the Canadian city, drama is dumped ready-made; and it must take what is given or go hungry. In the offices of kindhearted Hebraic gentlemen along that far-off canyon of noise and vulgarity known to The Profession as "Broadway" are manipu-

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lated the strings of Canadian dramatic destiny. From the theatrical standpoint, our Dominion is a mere appendage of New York. And sometimes, from the metropolitan standpoint, the most that it can be called is an appendicle.

It may be claimed, of course, that to be taken in arms by its older and wealthier neighbor is a matter of much luck for Canada. It is the luck of the youth so perfect in figure that he is never ill-commoded by the fit of the ready-made hand-me-down. Among other things, it saves money. The machinery for the exploitation of dramatic effort is a costly one. Then, too, co-operation and combination of interests is an undeniable tendency of the times. And under such circumstances it is well that "Broadway" should stand as a Clearing House for all theatrical organizations, weed out the incompetents, and duly distribute those which have won the seal of popular approval. For in a country of vast distances and sparse population, engrossed in the making of homes and towns and still oppressed with many of the burdens that obtain with pioneer conditions, it is indeed a fine thing to have sent from city to city well-trained companies and well-equipped productions, with the glitter of their metropolitan organization all about them, coruscating with the names of those stars who swim into our ken with the newest *modes* on their backs and the newest songs and slang on the tips of their tongues. It is a fine thing to have these big names and bigger companies swing into your city, and cater to your wishes, and swing out again overnight, demanding nothing but a few bits for an orchestra-seat and recognition of the fact that the ladies of the chorus, having crossed the Line, are now considerately waving the Union Jack, at the grand finale, in lieu of the Stars and Stripes.

It is a fine thing, but like all fine things that come too cheap, it has its flaws. Canada has no greater and closer friend than the United States. But the Winter Garden is not Columbia and that portion of Broadway which lies between Herald Square and Longacre of the Electric Signs is not all the Republic. Then, too, the drama is something more than a business. It is an Art, the one Art, notwithstanding what its noisier practitioners have done to it, that has remained expressive of nationality. And to have an Art such as this administered from either foreign soil or foreign sky-scraper-offices is not good for any country. In the first place, such a condition carries with it the invariable tendency to Americanize public sentiment. There is the equally constant practise of cramming down Canadian throats a type of character with which the Canadian does not racially sympathize, and of parading before him traits and tendencies to which he is fundamentally opposed. He may dream that he is ignoring them, the same as he ignores the superlative Italian labels on his olive-oil bottles, but the mere toleration of un-Canadian sentiments and the mere endurance of ideals that are exotic is not without its insidious results. It involves the continuous danger of denationalization. It alienates us from an Art in which we should be intimately and personally interested. It develops a country-wide parasitism which leaves us invertebrate and passive in the most vital of cultural issues. It coerces us into the acceptance and encouragement of a literary product whose failure or success is determined by the critics and audiences of a country which is not our own, and a country, furthermore, astutely manipulated by the centralized and none too scrupulous interests of that motley aggregation of managers known as "Broadway." And since it comes to us ready-made, and not fitted to our tastes and our needs, we face the choice of adapting ourselves to its general tenor or going without theatrical amusement. To the enterprising Syndicate of New York, and to its equally enterprising rivals captained by the Shuberts, the territory that lies between the Rio Grande and the Saskatchewan is one and only one united democracy of Art roughly known as "The Road." Our provinces are parcelled out like so many states, and while self-aggrandizement may be one of the functions of the theatre on strictly home territory, it is not adding to the richness of Canadian national life when the children of the maple leaf sit in patient silence through those patriotic passages which the American audiences naturally enough can swallow whole and a George M. Cohan can so unctuously festoon with that glad Old Rag yclept the Stars and Stripes! We share with the United States many of the social and economic problems of the century. We speak the same language, and in our relationship there exists a *camaraderie* unknown between any of the powers of the Old World. But Canada is Canada, and our flag is not the flag of the United States of America.

Yet theatrically we are a colony of those states; we are in a position of subservience to them. This was never so forcibly brought home to me as when a Toronto author, who had written a really excellent war-drama dealing with the Wolfe and Montcalm conflict at Quebec, explained that Frohman had agreed to accept his play on condition that he give it an American setting and revamp it into a war-drama of the Revolution. That Toronto author (when not toiling at his desk as a newspaper editor) had written many plays and spent many laborious nights in his efforts to master the technique of the drama. But he has not yet known a single production. And the chances are ten to one that he never will know a production—for he was narrow-minded enough not to jump at the chance of switching overnight the Plains of Abraham for the sisterly slopes of Bull Run. That Toronto author, who declined to sell his birthright for a mess of box-office pottage, (and probably feels a bit sorry that he couldn't) wants to be a dramatist and at the same time he insists on being a Canadian—which is both an absurdity and an impossibility. Before he can be identified with the stage on this continent he must first denature all his primal impulses of patriotism. He must de-Canadianize himself, as every actor and actress and playwright who happened to be born north of the Great Lakes has been compelled to do.

There have been both play-actors and play-writers born in Canada, it is true, yet the only benefit which either they or Canada derive from this event seems to be the lubrications of the duly-posted advance-agent, who gets free advertising by periodically loading up the local press with what is known in the vernacular as "Old-Boy Guff." The phrase is inelegant, but not half so much so as the practise. One road actor, it might even be mentioned in passing, has been born in no less than seven different towns in Ontario. Season by season this astute man of business, emulating Homer himself, duly honors each of his natal towns with a professional visit, gives out interviews on his boyhood life, and after dilating on the old Swimming-Hole down by the big buttonwood and counting up the gate-receipts in Canadian silver, almost forgets that he really emanates from the East Side of New York and possesses a working knowledge of Yiddish! If May Irwin and Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin and Edgar Selwyn and James Forbes and Viola Allen and Ernest Shipman and William Courtleigh and Marie Dressler all happened to be born on Canadian soil, they swarmed from their native country very much as rats are said to swarm from a sinking vessel. To-day, either as actors or as dramatists, they are contributing nothing whatever to the distinctive culture of the country which gave them birth. The only time they seem to remember that country is when their route-list takes them across its border. One member of this company publicly wrote to a New York publication announcing that he was touring

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The Voice of One Crying

By James Church Alvord

Illustrated by Charles Dean Cornwell

"OH—Oh— Oh-O-O-O"

The sun was setting behind Look-off mountain. A riot of scarlet flared across the horizon, melting into a primrose glow in the East. The gaunt crest smudged up against the dazzle, purpling through a hundred shades, transfigured at its top into violet edged with gold. Far below the wide plain was stolidly white with snow, but the black water of Minos Basin caught glints and flashes from that gaudy sunset. Out of the whiteness farm-houses and church-spires pricked splashes of ink. The world was very cold and very magnificent. On the flanks of the mountain a girl walked alone.

"Oh—Oh—O-O-O,—"

Jedidah Tillotson stopped her scurry. Her face quivered, her body shivered with fear; yet something in her Nova Scotia soul steadied her. Her long inheritance from Puritanism bid her listen to that human cry for help out of the white silence. Yet she had lived but one year on Look-off mountain and was horribly afraid.

Suddenly another sound whiffed down the wind: the scudding feet of a horse. Twitching her skirts this way and that she crept into the brambles beside the road. The girl thrilled with panic. Then with a flash of iron against a stray flint in the road, a cast-up sprinkle of icy particles, a horse with wide-swinging stirrups flashed past her hiding place, flung himself downward towards the village below. In a moment the rumble of his flight dimmed in the distance.

The girl crept out from her bushes, hesitated, gazing up the road, down the road—then tottered after the terrified animal, villageward. She was more panic-stricken than he.

For a rod or more she fled. Then a jerk came into her speed—she faltered—turned abruptly around. With flushed girlish face she harkened. Not a sound came. So, sturdily she began to trudge back along the lonesome road she had come. The line of gold died off its violet crest, the wilderness turned ashen, the dark waters of the Basin lost every flash. Only the snapping of a frozen twig, the tumble of snow loosened by the day's sunshine, spluttered through the quiet. On she plunged, shaking with every step—up the long slope—over into the dip beyond.

A boy lay across the rude bridge which spans a brook. He seemed to the girl extraordinarily beautiful, his golden curls glimmering in the softened light, his blue eyes staring, his slim

HER MOTHER SNEERED GRIMLY. "STOP MOONING OVER A HANDSOME FACE, SILLY"

figure huddled against the snow. A wound jagged above one eye. His jacket, crumpled up beneath his arms, a fluff of frost on his curls, proved that he had been dragged after being thrown. He did not move. He did not even groan. Leaping at him Jedidah caught him into her lap and began to splash his face with handfuls of snow.

He moaned at last, attempted to sit up; then slumped back into a second swoon. A moment later a shiver shook his body, almost a convulsion. Again he attempted to rise, gropingly. Realizing the presence of the girl he stifled down his cry.

"I fell," he stuttered, "the horse slipped." He blinked around, "I must go—I—I—I must see her—see her right away."

He tried his right foot on the ground gingerly. Jedidah caught him with a swift tenderness as the pallor flashed back into his face.

The sky was as gray as farmhouse shingles when the two set off down the road. The windows of the scattered upland homes alone blazed like factory furnaces under the refraction of some invisible light. The boy half-hobbled, half-was-dragged, leaning against the girl. His arm clasped her shoulders, his hot breath palpitated against her uncovered neck. She had never been so embraced by a man. He mumbled thanking her. Once she stopped to unloose his shoe and rub the swollen ankle with the snow. The flesh puffed instantly. She could not draw on the shoe again.

"I must see her—must see her—" he mumbled and limped wretchedly on. All the woman in her welled towards him.

Half-a-mile from the village he collapsed and she was forced to hitch herself between his arms, dragging him across the crust as though he were a sledge. It was thus that Jud Slocum came upon them, laughed, yanked the boy up between his lusty arms, dropping him at length down on the Widow Tillotson's best bed in her best room.

"Gee," sniffed Jud, "I'd a carried th' critter five mile. He's that light." He stripped the insensible youngster.

When the poor fellow slipped back from the land of dreams to the land of facts he sprang up in bed.

"I must go," he babbled. "I must see her—" He shrank back at the sight of two strange women.

Mrs. Tillotson fluttered over, motherhood in arms. "Lie back in the bed, Laddie!" she cooed, "Doctor'll be here in a minute."

"Laddie?" he tossed it back at her in high dudgeon, "What do you know about that? I'm twenty-five and I've a man's job on hand—Laddie!" A naked foot dropped out from between the sheets and flashed the color into Jedidah's cheeks. The older woman laughed outright.

"You can't," she temporized.

His eyes danced up at her. "Cant's dead. Will is up and kicking."

"Kicking?—not with that foot."

His face radiant in the candle flutter was vibrant with an unchanged pur-

pose. "O, please—" he begged, "I must go. On my own horse, if he's to be found; on another if he's flown for good." He stretched the wrenched foot to the floor, trying his weight upon it cautiously; but Jedidah swept across the room at the sight of his sick pallor.

"Perhaps we can carry the message," her voice fluted like a bob-o'-link's in June. "There are nine houses and six horses in Scrabble Hollow; something can be found."

"There's a girl I must see," he answered, "a girl of Scrabble Hollow. Perhaps she'll come to me." His eyes glinted with hope.

"Who is she?" the face drooped over him tenderly.

"Jedidah Tillotson."

There fell a dull silence into the room. The girl incarnadined painfully, the blood gushed over her face in spurts. She guessed his errand at once. But the look of the other hardened. She still wore her smile of motherliness but it turned wooden. She sat in her low rocker her mouth petrified into the curves of some stolid, painted, smirking manikin propped up in a shop-window to hang clothes on. She lost for the nonce all humanity in the ugliness of that grimace.

The boy turned from one to one as if astounded that they didn't know. "Why," he cried, "she must be here. She's lived here over a year now. Her father was the preacher over at Wolfboro, the Presbyterian parson."

The older woman allowed the smile to ooze from her lips. "You can't see Miss Tillotson;" she explained patiently, "she went off to visit her grandmother last week." The minister's widow was keeping within the strict grounds of the literal truth—and lying brutally as she did so.

He sat up with a jerk and his face, twisting from one to the other, struggled to plumb the mystery of their changed aspect. "When will she return?" he demanded.

"Those Tillotsons are awfully close-mouthed;" croaked the widow, "nobody knows their business." A prankish malignity glittered in her eyes.

The lad saw it and misinterpreted it. In his turn he blushed cruelly. "Yes," he confessed, "you've guessed right—I'm Jack Galt's brother. I'm Ben. But you needn't draw back so; I'm clean. I don't see why I shouldn't say I'm clean, if I am. Jack went wild. Did you know his wife—Mary Tillotson?"

SHE HITCHED HERSELF BETWEEN HIS ARMS AND DRAGGED HIM AS THOUGH HE WERE A SLEDGE

"Yes, we knew her well," the girl nodded.

The boy's voice rose unashamed. "Jack didn't kill Mary Tillotson," he affirmed. "Jack may be bad; but he isn't the murdering kind." He faced the two women defiantly and for a moment even the grim mother shivered under the fierceness of his regard. Gray ashes were no more like fire than she like womanhood in that dour moment.

"I was flat on my back during the trial," the young voice went on,—"typhoid. I only sniffed out-of-door's air six weeks ago. Mother's dead. Mother's name was Annie; that means gentle. Father's name isn't Annie though." He sniffed amusedly at the well-worn family joke, despite his rush. "Father said, 'Let him die the death'—so did Fred and Wilfred and Jonas. But I—I guess my name *is* Annie; for I've come down to nose things out. Jack doesn't know what happened; for Jedidah found her first, all alone in that lonesome farmhouse. Jedidah knows—knows that Jack didn't shoot Mary. She swore on the stand that Mary left no word; but Jack watched her face as she swore. So he knows she knows. I must see her—I must beg her on my knees to tell—I've got testimonials any way for the Minister of Justice. He's here, here in Wolfboro, only he leaves to-morrow for Boston. I must get those testimonials to him. They're rippin'." He flung the bed-clothes from him bounding out upon the floor. "It's late—late! Jack dies to-morrow night."

Jedidah caught him. Her mother sat stonily by, that malign glint quivering beneath her lids. "You mustn't," protested the girl and in fact he was faint with pain, "I'll find somebody to send. Leave it to me." She tucked him in again with deft touches and her mind was far away from Mary and her dim tragedy. The boy was hers, she had snatched him from the very jaws of the valley of the shadow of death—hers—hers—hers. "I can get Jud," she began.

"Daughter!" boomed out the Widow Tillotson, her voice was as crass as a No'easter rumbling over Look-off top.

"The papers are useless anyway," Jedidah hurried on intent to stop her mother from further outbreak. "Women testified that way at the trial, dozens of 'em. Women always will for a handsome fellow. They look and then they leap—for the witness stand. Mother says so anyhow." She dropped her eyes to his face and decided that this Galt was the handsomer of the two. Of her mother she was not afraid. She knew that her mother always overestimated the weakness of her character. Her father had been adored by his parish and run by his wife, so Mrs. Tillotson was incapable of comprehending the drop of her own blood inside this gentle re-incarnation of her husband she owned as daughter. But the iviest kind of an ivy vine can grow a trunk that's stiff.

When the girl returned from her search the Doctor was ah-ah-ing over the patient, spattering about those polysyllabic phrases with which physicians delight to mystify ordinary facts and mortals. It was a wicked sprain and wouldn't heal for weeks.

"It's sixteen miles to Wolfsboro, a bitter night and the last train gone," she leaned over the bed-foot stating her discoveries, "but Jud will make the drive, catch the train that comes along after midnight, see the Minister at the Halifax Station—"

"But will Jud be certain to do it

right ? I must go—foot or no foot—I must go myself. I—"

"Rank nonsense," roared the doctor, "incredible folly !"

"Jud will do the thing for ten dollars," Jedidah went calmly on regardless of both interruptions; "I gave him your papers, the money also. He's gone."

She followed her mother downstairs and watched the doctor into his coat and out of the door. With the slam she caught the widow by her skirt, trembling, her whole face soaked with tears.

"O, mother," she cried piteously," "it's wicked. We can't do it. We must tell."

The woman's face sneered grimly. "And who's to trot off with your confession?" she whispered, "Talk's a fine thing; but 'can't' is 'can't'—and you can't reach the Minister in time."

"I'll go," shrilled the girl.

"You can't. You can't have Smith's horse—he's a milk-router. So's Jenkinson. Parsons is in Halifax with his wife and his span. Old Maid Sparhawk never lets her mare out nights. Jud's gone." She set her foot on the stairs but glanced back for a scornful moment. "Stop mooning over a handsome face, silly! Mary was trapped that way and a life he led her. He deserves hanging for it—I hate him—I hate him. Every blow he struck her, every vile name he called her, every wild tear he bruised out of her, I suffered. Do you think I can forgive him for the night he drove her through the snow, bare-footed, in her nightgown? Do you think I can forgive him for the money he stole from me and beggared me until I live here on this hill, an outcast, a pauper ? Do you think I have forgiven him for the baby's death. That wasn't murder in the eyes of the law. It was in the eyes of the Lord. Justice is mine, saith the Lord—you know how the Bible goes. We've just kept still and the Lord is repaying John Galt for all his sins." Standing there, her candle casting strange shadows across her piled up heaps of snowy hair she was the embodiment of wrath, a wild prophetess who knew no mercy and who would glut her soul red with revenge.

For a minute longer she eyed the cowering figure in the hall below, then tossed her handsome head with a curt command for bed and swept upstairs. She'd nipped Jedidah short. Sufficient unto the night were the impossibilities thereof.

But the girl went back to the sick room. For a minute she busied herself with wee arrangements, fussing with the medicine glasses, bringing water, heaping on logs. It was a charming room, filled with quaint mahogany, stately mirrors, dim engravings. The firelight winked coquettishly from polished brass of knobs and andirons. At last she came to stand beside the bed.

The boy reached out and seized her hand.

"How lovely you are," he whispered, "how lovely !"

But Jedidah wasn't lovely, only dovelike, dainty. Her great eyes had the shy softness of a woods' creature and, turned towards the fire, flamed now with a mystical glow. She had the air too of long breeding. One saw that she'd had grandmothers.

The boy pulled softly at her hand, pursing out his lips. For a moment she did not resist and her own drew nearer—nearer. After all he was hers, she had saved his life. Then she snatched her hand away and fled. As she fluttered over the threshold he called to her.

"I never kissed a girl in my life," he swore.

She believed him.

Not that it mattered. She fled from joy. She had been brought up to believe it wicked to be so happy. It had come to her—it had come to her—her heart sang with the rapture. It had come to her, this love which sanctified the humble homes in her father's parish, which lay around the worn lives of old and weary women like the aroma from islands of romance, which had driven Mary to declare she'd rather be beaten by Jack than cossetted by any other man. She had plucked her lover out of his most dreadful hour and he was hers. She had not yet begun to love him, perhaps. She was in love with love. Stretched across her bed she quivered with ecstacy.

"Oh—Oh—O-O-O—"

The cry rang through the night. She slipped through her room with mouselike steps. The hallway fluttered with shadows. From the garret above droned down the rumble of Old Molly's sleeping as that one servant snored from the depths. From Ben Galt's bedroom quavered out the scream once more, "Oh—Oh—O-O-O—" Dragged in dreams behind his furious horse he called again for her.

She stood trembling in the bitter cold.

The boy groaned, once—twice—three times—she counted mechanically. Then silence. The high clock in the

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"I NEVER KISSED A GIRL IN MY LIFE," HE SWORE; AND SHE BELIEVED HIM

SNAPSHOTS OF PETROGRAD
(1) Hotel de l'Europe; (2) Church of the Resurrection; (3) Along a Canal; (4) Museum Alexander III.; (5) Roofgarden of our Hotel

Five Days in the Land of the Tsar

THE FORTUNES OF WAR HAVE MADE COSSACK AND CANADIAN FIGHTING-MATES. ALSO RUSSIA SENDS US THOUSANDS OF SETTLERS. CANADA, THEN, SHOULD KNOW RUSSIA FROM THE INSIDE

By Rosamond Kershaw

Illustrated from Photographs

TIME: an evening in July. Place: the court in the Hotel Bristol, Berlin.

"Why don't you come with me to St. Petersburg?" (now Petrograd).

The remark was addressed to us, a Canadian couple, by a chance-met but very congenial English friend.

While certain parts of Europe have almost been my home from childhood, I had never thought of going to Russia. It is not on the way to anywhere. It had never called to me in the early months of the year, when Italy seems almost a necessity. It had not lured me on in May or June as England does with its perfect spring. Even my globe-trotting friends had never said: "You must go to Russia." The very name had meant to me all things disagreeable:—Siberia, the cruel knout, the massacre of the Jews, the blood-thirsty Kossaks, the brute-like people of whom Gorky writes, the Nihilists and their bomb-throwing proclivities. Nothing pleasant, to my knowledge, except caviare and sables, had ever come out of that land of ice and snow.

We had not recovered from our surprise, nor had my husband had time for more than a half-hearted "Impossible," when the Englishman went on:

"Only thirty hours; good trains; and a man in our office there to take you sightseeing. I have a charming friend who will be delighted to see us, only, as it is summer and his wife is away, all the entertaining will have to be done in the hotels."

It was agreed that we should obtain our passport—quite an equal division of the labor, as we found later—and that our friend should attend to wagon-lits, hotel reservations, in fact, everything else; and never in the whole course of my short but much indulged life have I known a more thoughtful man, nor one to whom the taking care of his friends gave so much real pleasure.

Ten o'clock the next morning found us at the British Consulate.

When we explained the nature of our quest we were told curtly that two months were required to secure a passport.

My husband said: "But we must have it to-day, as we leave to-morrow morning for St. Petersburg."

Then we were told, grudgingly, that an emergency passport could be obtained at the Embassy. As we were going out the young man called after us, that we would have to return to the Consulate after obtaining our passport and get a certificate of our religion, for which certificate a fee of ten marks would be asked.

There was only a secretary in charge of the Legation. He was an obliging young man, who spoke English with a German accent and German with an English accent but was most willing to serve us, and after perusing my husband's card, said that no other references were required. His description of my stalwart Canadian husband makes me laugh even now, as I see the passport lying before me; it is so deliciously vague; even I would not recognize him from it.

The oath of allegiance to Great Britain was administered, and we were sent to the house of the attache to secure his signature, the Ambassador being absent.

With that on our valuable document, it was necessary next to visit the Russian Consulate.

The man in charge was a Russian, of course; one of that suave kind with that lovely habit, made famous by Uriah Heep, of seeming to wash his hands incessantly. When we took our place in the line, a Russian professor who spoke German and had a life passport (seemingly very unusual, to judge by the manner of the official), was asking the Consul to visé his passport. It was made out to the pro-

fessor and his wife; the latter having died recently, the father wanted to take in his son on the same passport. The oily Russian assured him that anything that he could he would do for him, but that it would be very difficult. Would he leave his passport, as in the meantime others were waiting, and the office hours were so short ? Then, with an added touch of oil to his oily manner and a smile even oilier than the manner:

"Of course the Government exacts a fee—thank you, thank you."

The next man was a Russian, and handed over a much worn passport; a little, greasy book like a bank passbook, with many signatures. I was sorry that I could not understand what passed between them. The official did not waste much of his servile, ingratiating manner on his countryman; he reserved that for the Frenchwoman who bustled up next with her little book. But she had no time for him; left her book and her fee and was gone.

It was our turn next, and to our almost foolish question: did he speak English, he gave just the superior sort of: "Of course," an answer that we might have expected. His English was good; fluent and grammatical, as had been his German and French. He asked our religion, and, by the way, that was the only allusion that was ever made to our religion then, or at any other time.

At three o'clock that same afternoon our passport was returned to us; we celebrated our last night in Berlin by going to Luna Park.

The next morning, at twenty minutes to ten, saw us en route for Russia, armed with books, pillows, chocolates, thermos bottles and domino cards to while away the time until twenty-five minutes past eleven that night, when we should reach Eydtkuhnen, the Russian frontier.

It was the usual German train, the usual German meals, the usual German country. The Fatherland is so methodical and so orderly; it lays out the roads and plants the trees on the highways in the same beautiful precision that distinguishes its marvelously modern capital.

We arrived on time in Eydtkuhnen. Swarms of porters dressed in homespun, homemade linen smocks and black trousers stuffed into knee boots, talking the usual polyglot language of the frontier town, seized our hand luggage. It is the only word to use. There was no asking "By your leave," which we should not have understood in any event.

The military element predominated here as everywhere else in Russia.

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PERISTYLE OF THE HERMITAGE ART GALLERY

At the door of the station, or rather customs room, our passports were taken. As in all frontier stations, long low tables for the examination of the luggage formed a square in the room. In this case the wolves stood inside the fold and we, the sheep, outside. There were many officials; to me the number seemed out of all proportion to the number of travelers arriving. These officials, mostly undersized, were decked out in dark uniforms with much gold ornamentation, making them appear even shorter than was Nature's design. One porter must have been seven foot tall, and several of the dapper looking aides who went back and forth with the passports, and much clinking of swords, and clapping together of spurred heels, had tall, fine figures, and handsome, manly faces, but the majority had more than a suspicion of the Mongolian in face and figure; add to that their beards and their heathenish language and the ensemble is not prepossessing.

Even at the risk of offending some dainty-minded reader, I must speak of the curious odor that my peculiarly sensitive nose scented out at once. At first I thought that it was disinfectant, but the sudden proximity of a porter in a rather clean linen smock, impressed it on my mind that it was just native. I met it again later, when it drove me out of a church, but I am anticipating.

A certain number of passports were handed to each official. We, being English, were reserved until the last, and a suspicious looking official fell to our lot. But looks are deceiving; he only just opened our bags and our one box and affixed the green stamp on them. At the same time a check was given to us and on leaving the room we exchanged this check for our passport, which had been decorated with about three square inches of printed Russian matter.

We found ourselves in the waiting room and everyone regaling him or herself with tea served in glasses. Lemon was not in evidence, nor was cream. The tea was very good, even if it burned the Englishman's tongue and mine.

At one o'clock, Russian time, our train was due to leave and we collected porters and luggage and, with much clatter and confusion everyone rushed out to the train as soon as the doors were opened.

We had been unable to secure anything in the wagon lits, so had three compartments in the ordinary car. In the corridor stood a half-dozen officials ready to take any compartment that had not been ordered in advance. As we had not rushed or pushed as hard as the others, I think these officials hoped that no one was coming to take possession.

Our two compartments were communicating, and with the doors, which were in the middle of the rooms, open, we had quite a good space. Imagine our surprise when our thoughtful Englishman corraled the porter and paid him four marks for sheets and

pillow cases for each berth; then another mark each for towels. The washing accommodations at the end of the cars were atrocious, so different from those on the German train, in which we had traveled that day.

But we had our beds made and our windows opened, and, finding nothing more that he could do for us, our friend left us.

The train started. About five minutes later there was a knock at our door. I opened it and there stood a very tall official with enough gold lace on him to have made him a field marshal. He asked for our berth tickets, and when they were given to him, he told us in German that we had four spaces and tickets only for two. I knew that it was not true but my husband speaks only his native tongue and was quite useless, and I too tired and in too much of a negligee to argue even in my fluent German with such an imposing creature; particularly, one who was apparently bent on levying a little graft on two defenseless strangers. So I sent my husband down to our Englishman's room, and at once matters took on an entirely different aspect. It was curious, of course, that the official should be so unfamiliar with tickets which he sees every day, that he could not read what was written on ours; but then he apologized when he found we had a defender and bowed himself away.

The country through which we traveled next day was flat, and uninteresting, save in the evidence that it gave of the inhabitants and their mode of living.

Germany had been so neat, so checkerboard-like in the precision of its fields and highways; the villages so cheerful with their clean houses and attendant gardens, bright with flowers, clustered about the Rittergut, a remnant of feudal times, and to the villagers an emblem of protection. The church steeple seen in the midst of the red roofs indicated a peaceful, comfortable religion, demanding little and giving much. The very storks on the gables of the houses lent an air of well-being and prosperity.

How in contrast to that scene is Russia ! The fields there are marshy and barely cultivated. What incentive has the farmer to till his little patch, since whatever he makes in profit, he must pay out in taxes; or it may be that his land will be taken away from him when it is flourishing and given to some political time-server.

Nothing is more civilizing that good roads. A whole chapter could be written on road building, and on the characteristics of the people who build good or bad roads, and on the effect of good highways on the morals of the people. The Tsar's roads are abominable; unkept, muddy, straggling. They are not roads in the provinces and country towns, just broken out ways that are vehicle-destroying and leg-breaking. There is an amusing fiction that the property owners are compelled to keep the roads in order, and another—most satirical—that the Government devotes a certain sum yearly to the well-keeping of its highways. But that we know is a joke. The Government, not wishing communication among the villages, goes about in this negative way to discourage intercourse. Intercourse would mean talking over their common lot, and some leader might arise, some Garibaldi spring up among this downtrodden people, and fire even their dulled minds to demand and obtain some measure at least of freedom.

The houses composing the villages are tumbledown and dirty. The thatched roofs in various stages of decay, have sunk in the center and add to the general air of desolation. If there is a church it is very gaudy and much too magnificent for the village to support, and its bright silver or gold dome, scintillating in the fitful sunlight, must offer but cold comfort to a people lacking every necessity.

Every village of course boasts a shop where vodka can be bought on highdays and holidays, when it is sanctioned, and on every other day besides, whether it is sanctioned or not. But even in a village or government town of some pretensions, where there are two or three churches to every hundred inhabitants, and as many government grogshops as can be crowded in, the shops for the sale of the commonest necessities are scanty by comparison. In the small villages there are no shops of any kind, some one inhabitant supplies all the bread. The villagers either garner the coarse grain for themselves and their cattle, in bins behind their tumbledown huts, or there is a com-

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THE IMPERIAL WINTER PALACE

mon granary which can be drawn on in times of famine. The women weave and spin all their own clothing.

It had been raining before we reached St. Petersburg, but the sun came out and gave us a feeble welcome.

The friend of our Englishman was there to meet us, and to judge by his semi-French, semi-Italian manner, was delighted to see us. No doubt a breath from the outside world is refreshing to a Frenchman, making his home in St. Petersburg for seventeen years. It always seems to me that the French more than any other nation, long for their sunny land and lighthearted, gay compatriots.

We four hopped into a taxi which did not "taxi." At least it taxis, but no one pays any attention to that, as the bargain is made before engaging the vehicle. The passenger with one eye looks out for the object he is most likely to dash upon, with the other sees that he is not being taken in the direction opposite to his destination.

The station is at quite a distance from the center of the town. We were fifteen minutes or more en route over frightful cobbles. It had begun to rain again and the rain dripped down on us through the leaking roof. The windows being closed and the straps missing, we were all possessed with an insane desire for air. We strained every available and unavailable muscle in our bodies trying to open a window, but without success.

My mind was so taken up with the thought of actually driving down the Nevski Prospect, the glimpses of the wonderful churches, the canals and the marvelously fat cab drivers, that we were before the hotel in what seemed a very short time.

The Hotel de l'Europe, or Gastinitza, to give it its Russian name, has its entrance on a street on the right of the Nevski. It is not remarkable on the outside for anything but its size. It looks large but is badly planned out from our viewpoint of using all room to the best advantage. But it is airy and clean and boasts a roof garden both enclosed and à l'air that would do credit to any New York hotel. The two lifts were modern and it was not their fault that I was always going up when I wanted to go down, and vice versa. I finally resorted to signs.

Our cab door was opened by a formidable looking person in a shortwaisted, longskirted black coat trimmed all over with silver buttons and ornaments resembling cartridges. A silver dagger was stuck in his belt and a little Astrakhan cap perched on his head. The usual breeches with high boots pulled over them completed his warlike costume. He was a Kossak out of service but still allowed to wear his uniform.

A gorgeous person dressed in red blouse, knee breeches and top boots grabbed our hand luggage. I shall have to speak very often of the knee breeches and top boots as they are a part of so many Russian costumes. Red is the favorite Russian color, the same word being used for red and beautiful. On his head was a round cap with turned up brim, into which all around were stuck peacock plumes, shortened so that only the "eye" could be seen over the brim. He was the head porter and was assisted by two replicas in miniature about eleven years old, who took life very seriously as bell-boys. These attendants ushered us into our rooms, which we found most comfortable; large and well furnished, having every modern electric light convenience and plumbing device.

One small boy of the peacocks' feathers reappeared, demanding something which we took to be our passport and which we handed to him.

There is a passport office in every hotel. The passport lies there after being vised by the police and can be obtained temporarily for the purpose of sightseeing. The passport is vised again before leaving the city and twenty-four hours' notice is required by the manager of the hotel, so that the police can be notified.

Again this Russian atom returned, presented to us a blank to fill out, which contained interrogations of our life's history. I thought that having been cheated on the passport in which I did not appear, my time had come now to figure prominently in the police annals. Again I was disappointed. My husband filled out a few questions pertaining to himself and the paper was whisked away by the boy, who waved me aside as of no importance after I had been designated as "Wife." Women are of no moment in Russia.

Later we took a taxi, crossed the Neva and drove out to a fashionable restaurant. It being summertime and society away from St. Petersburg, there were not many guests. The room in which we dined was large, even comparing it with the largest of New York restaurants, but what is not large in St. Petersburg? It must present a very gorgeous scene in winter, filled with the aristocracy decked out in their semi-barbaric splendor.

The orchestra, composed of real Tziganes, was also large; these swarthy players were dressed in costumes resembling white pajamas, embroidered in the blue and red cross-stitch made familiar by the Russian embroideries. The leader was a handsome man. He thought so himself; dark, with beautiful eyes that looked unutterable things at me, since I was just then the only woman within range. I am afraid that I was not at all impressed by him, but very much interested in his masterly playing of the violin, and when he played Dvorak's Humoresque I applauded the playing but not the man. The pianist perused an English illustrated paper of recent date instead of his notes, and then passed the periodical on to the 'cellist, who also enjoyed it, without in any way letting it interfere with the soulfulness of his playing.

My attention was called to the waiters, who were all Tartars and looked like brigands. Being Mohammedans, they are temperate men and very desirable.

Our dinner was delightful. It had been especially arranged to give us some essentially Russian dishes, beginning with the Zakuska, a magnificent form of hors d'oeuvre.

The Zakuska comprises smoked fish, usually three kinds, salads of all sorts, and cheese, which begins the dinner in Russia instead of finishing it. The center dish of this appetizing conglommeration is caviare, and caviare seen at its best in its native land is large, fresh and gray, not the pressed down, salted paste as we know it. Vodka and other cordials are offered with this course, which is made complete with the black rye bread spread thickly with rich butter that accompanies these delicacies.

Little pies, called piroki, filled with fish or meat, were served with our soup and again I could have made a meal of that course.

We had some little birds tasting not unlike our partridges, and some delicious celery root salad.

The fourth in our party, the charming Frenchman, spoke very little English. He understood it but was a little shy, I think, of talking it. So our conversation was carried on in a mixture of English, French and German.

At a table opposite to us sat a couple: a man in the diplomatic service and his wife. She had been some one else's wife, and he had appropriated her and there had been a scandal, but not a hint of it was given in their high-bred faces. His shirt front was fluted and soft and frilly, and a red ribbon with an order hung from his neck.

After dinner we took two little droskeys and drove down to the Aquarium. Why Aquarium, you will ask me when I tell you that it was a large amusement resort, comprising an enclosed theatre, an open air stage, and a restaurant where another performance begins, when the first one in the theatre closes, at midnight. But not a fish did I see to justify so strange a name. The restaurant remains open until three o'clock; and the company is very mixed at these open air gardens.

To judge by the theatres that I saw, they are neither modern nor clean, and the performance lacked in most part refinement. It was better than the German vaudeville, but then that is damning it with very faint praise. There was a good deal of barefoot dancing, the bareness not limited only to the feet, and there was some singing in French by would-be ingeniously ingenuous ingénues, that was really appalling.

The audience, composed for the most part of officers who kept on their caps, and dark, coarse featured women, seemed delighted with the songs and the singers. But our party breathed a sigh of relief when the last one disappeared. Knowing French is not always a comfortable accomplishment in a foreign music hall. One very pretty blonde woman, dressed in one of the many Russian national costumes, sang Russian folk songs very pleasingly. For vocal purposes the Russian language is most harmonious. All the Russian songs are sad; even the words are sad, I am told. I am not emotional, but her singing brought a lump into my throat and I felt all the pathos of a people held down by a despotic government, aided by a more arbitrary and superstition-ridden religion.

When we drove home in the early hours it was not yet dark. It is broad daylight till half-past eleven o'clock from the middle of May till the end of July, then comes a semi-twilight, and at one o'clock it is again bright day. There were as many people about as at noon. Our chauffeur brought us over one bridge and then thinking that none of us knew much of the city, tried to take us back over the next one so as to increase the fare.

Sunday was all sunshine. We four went for a walk along the Nevski Prospect to get a general idea of the city. The needlelike, fine, tapering spire of the Admiralty is at one end of the Prospect. This is the real centre of the city. Three streets radiate from there and three canals cut these streets, running semi-circularly. This is the plan of the town as I have it in my mind.

The Nevski is three miles long, two of its miles being in a straight line. It is one hundred and thirty feet wide. That meant nothing to me, and would not to the average woman, until it was explained to me that Fifth Avenue is one hundred feet wide, and then I had a good deal of respect for the Nevski, at least for its width. It is the Regent Street, the Unter den Linden of St. Petersburg, and resembles the latter very much. It has a double line of carriage way, wood paved, and foot-paths ten to twelve feet wide. A part of the outer driveway is cobbles, and makes crossing the street very hard on us of tender feet. But then the Russian capital was never made for pedestrians. Russians are inordinately proud of their Nevski Prospect, just as the Scotch will boast of Princess Street. I found neither typical of their countries: the shops on the Nevski were most European and looked actually transported from Paris or Vienna. The houses are large, low and regular; the stucco and plaster used on their frontages to imitate dressed stone, have fared badly in the severe climate and look yellow and crumbly. The tall church spires seen in all directions, save the city from architectural monotony.

We walked down one side of the Nevski, part of its length, and back on the other. Returning we came to the Imperial Library; it contains one of the largest and most valuable collections of Europe. Russia, in her numerous wars with Europe and Asia, garnered many spoils. From France she acquired many of the most precious state archives, which were scattered abroad at the time of the Revolution and bought by a collector for very little money. There are letters there from that ill-fated Queen of Scots, Mary Stuart, to the French king and one of her missives with marginal notes reviewing her unhappy life.

A little further on we passed into the semi-circular colonnade of the Kazan church, resembling St. Peter's in Rome in miniature. It is named from an ikon set up in it, which is a copy of the miracle working ikon of the Holy Virgin, our Lady of Kazan. Peter the Great brought this ikon from Moscow to his newly built city. Its value is estimated at fifteen thousand pounds and it is gorgeous in its gold and enormous jewels. We tiptoed into the magnificent marble interior as service was being held, and worked our way around to the wrought silver barrier three feet high, which shuts in the sanctuary. We were told this silver had been melted down from plate captured by the Russians from the French, but on further inquiry we learned that the plate was originally Russian church silver and had first been stolen by the French.

The congregation was collected in the center under the dome, all classes standing together, as no one sits. The moujik in his red shirt and untanned hide boots was cheek by jowl with the best dressed. A priest in a gold robe was preaching in Slavonic which almost none of the worshipers understands. The appeal of the church is to the senses and emotions. It is a sad thought that autocracy has so long defied a revolution by trading on the deeply religious feeling of the Russians. The Tsar is the head of the church and hence the temporal as well as the spiritual power; how can they rebel ?

I did want to stay to hear the music of whose remarkable beauty I had heard so much, but I could not.

When we could breathe again we continued our walk along the Nevski, passing Armenian, Lutheran and Roman Catholic churches. So many religions are represented by the churches along the Prospect that it has earned the name of Toleration Street. Almost every nationality and a good many of the costumes of Europe and Asia we met on our walk along the wide thoroughfare.

We pursued our way to the Admiralty, one of the handsomest buildings of St. Petersburg, along to the Palace quay and gazed in wonder at the immense Winter Palace, the Hermitage and the rows of grand ducal palaces. Opposite the quays are the numerous islands forming the delta of the Neva. The Stock Exchange is on one of them. The Fortress church of St. Peter and Paul is on St. Petersburg Island, the oldest part of the town. Numerous bridges connect mainland with islands.

We left the quays and turned through a street back again toward the city and as we walked along discussing the city and its inhabitants, our French friend showed me with a great deal of interest a piece of the cord which strangled Gapon, the expriest and soi-disant leader of the revolutionaries. Everyone remembers how zealous he seemingly was in the people's cause, how he betrayed them to the Government, and was strangled by the other leaders when he approached them to share with him in the spoils of the betrayal. Rather a gruesome reliquary to carry about !

We walked through the Liteinaia where are the imperial stables; past the other beautiful entrance of the Hermitage museum on the Mala Millone, where live the millionaires. I looked in vain for any outward magnificence. Here as everywhere the sewage system was most primitive: the sewers were of wood and old, the earth in consequence absorbing the moisture and forming a hotbed for all sorts of fevers. No one who can get away from the capital between June and August, remains there. The heat and dust and the pestiferous odors of the canals drive people away, and yet these wide canals are very handsome, and they add a great deal to the beauty of the city, but make residence in hot weather a torture. No doubt they have accomplished the purpose for which Catherine built them: namely, to drain the marshes and modify the intense cold of the winter weather.

To be continued.

Strictly Scientific

BEING THE STORY OF THE DYE THAT WOULDN'T COME OFF, AND THE SETTLEMENT OF AN OLD SCORE WITH THE BAIKIE APES

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

"INDIAN'S ticket to Galt? Not much! You're no Indian." Pride too intense for words was expressed in gesture and attitude as the very straight-backed boy standing at the window replied by flinging down a bill, pocketing his change uncounted and striding haughtily out to the platform.

At the mention of Galt, Gabby Wilkinson, who, with Harry Freeman, was waiting at Brantford station for the train which was to bear them on the first stage of their return to school, nudged his companion.

The eager look on Gabby's face betokened the generous soul that must needs share his crust of knowledge.

"He is an Indian," he whispered to Harry. "I know who he is. I've seen him drive in from the reservation with Chief Smoke and I bet he's his son. All the same I don't blame the new agent for charging him full fare, do you? He's not so very dark, is he? Mighty nice looking fellow—" and Gabby would have gone on like the brook had not Harry stopped him with the practical suggestion, "Let's speak to him."

But the new boy would say very little. His name was John Smoke, he was going to school at Galt and he considered it a personal insult to be told that he did not look like an Indian.

Inasmuch as Spinal Maginnis, but for John Smoke, might never have thought of the adventurous enterprise which led up to the greatest of all Baikie fights, unique in the distinction of being pulled off in the presence of the head-masters of the two schools and a representative gathering of the citizens of Galt, and memorable as the one bright spot in a shameful year during which the lid had been tightly fastened down on interscholastic fighting; inasmuch, I say, as all this, it seems fitting to begin the story of Spinal's perpetration with an account of the young chief's coming.

He assumed an air of dignified reserve and all the efforts of Gabby and Harry and of the riotous mob which they found waiting at Harrisburg Junction were unavailing to make him unbend.

The train from the east was late and the train on the Galt branch was held until its arrival. There were about twenty of the boys from Brantford and the west gathered at the restaurant upon the hill, where:

"Pie, cake, biscuit, cheese, liquor and cigar" were, according to the sign, visible from all trains, "always kept for public use at old Jake's bar."

John Smoke had gravely accepted the invitation given him by Yankee Dickinson, and, after a libation of pop at that worthy's expense, had insisted upon buying out the entire stock of gingerbread.

Each boy was holding an enormous slab in his hand and Gabby was explaining to Harry that it could not have been "the price of the ride," but "the pride of the ryce" that had made the Indian boy sulk about his railroad ticket, when the train from the east gave a piercing whistle and all ran pell mell down the broad stairs, bolting their gingerbread as they ran.

A crowd of boys came piling off the train, excitedly seeking old friends among those on the platform. An angular, rangy youth in knickerbockers and a glengarry cap, whose most noticeable feature was a peculiar, quizzical grin, jumped into the midst of the gingerbread eaters who shouted, "Spinal Maginnis, by all that's crazy!" "Who else have you got there?" "Where's Chummy?" "Is Satan on board?" and a volley of questions which Spinal answered by filling his mouth with gingerbread grabbed from Gabby's slab and pointing speechlessly to the car from which Chummy Jones was emerging, dragging the ever guileless Satan Nixon. That obliging youth had put on a fringe of fiery red galways which Chummy had produced on the train, and as the heartless wretch, assisted by Spinal, had promptly manacled him with handkerchiefs, he still wore the decorative hirsute appendages. Chummy introduced him to the crowd as the new Irish master.

"Schmurtz," so called because he had never succeeded in breaking his tongue to the various gaits of German pronunciation, remarked to Bryan Boru that this was the greatest piece

"MACPHERSON, YOU HAVE LONG BEEN THE MOST REMARKABLE ETYMOLOGIST IT HAS EVER BEEN MY PRIVILEGE TO KNOW"

of enterprise the school had ever undertaken. He had always longed to study Irish and——"

"Ye dumb idiot, ye. That's Satan. What does he know about Irish? Saint Patrick drove him out wid the snakes."

And Satan was triumphantly marched over to the Galt train, Chummy meanwhile assuring him that he must be presented to Dr. Tassie before his whiskers could be removed.

John Smoke had stood aloof while this nonsense was going on, gravely taking it all in. He still held in his hand the slab of gingerbread, at which he had nibbled temperately while the others were ravenously stowing theirs away.

Every now and then an accidental jostle would bring a flash to his eye and a quiver to his nostrils. A great writer makes one of his characters say of another Iroquois who found himself in an equally disorderly mob and similarly shrank from contact:

"Indians won't risk being hit."

"What do they do if they are?" the teller of the story was asked.

"Kill, of course. That's why they have such proper manners."

John's Indian blood was diluted a shade below the purity essential to the practice of this ancient virtue, but it surged up in his breast and showed in his face.

Spinal had with difficulty managed to escape from Gabby's eager discourse on John Smoke and his nation,

and began to make the acquaintance of the young chief, destined to be his unwitting partner in crime.

"Rough lot, aren't we? What's your name?"

"Sakayingwaraton," was the unexpected but delightful answer—John's thoughts were on war and, for the moment, the pale faces' translation of his name was nothing to him.

"Oh, I say! That's a bully name. What does it mean?"

"The haze that rises from the ground on an autumn morning and vanishes as day advances. But people don't have time to say that, so they call it 'Smoke'."

"I'd like to learn the Indian name to call you that, for I think it's great."

"Come on. All aboard for Galt!" Spinal led the way, manfully demolishing the slab of gingerbread which John hesitatingly pressed on him.

He kept his new friend cornered during the half-hour's run and, thanks to his insinuating manners, had materially added to his large and varied assortment of Indian lore by the time "Galt" was announced by the brakesman.

"Ah! Ye're like the young bears—all your troubles before ye," was Mrs. Tassie's time-honored and enigmatic welcome to the new boys who were dragged in for her inspection.

If there had been a diarist among the irresponsible lot, the next entry in the journal of the schoolboy Pepys would certainly have been: "Then to the kitchen window," where smiling, willingly deluded Aggie handed out pieces of pie, with a pretense of stealth, to her favorites, who were practically all comers.

John Smoke, when telling to Spinal's sympathetic ears, how the ticket agent at Brantford had affronted him, had expressed deep regret that he was not darker. He explained that the Six Nations had considered it their duty in times of war to adopt into the tribes many white children whose parents had been killed, and no doubt some of these were among his ancestors. This, Spinal thought, was interesting, but unfortunate, and he brought John that evening a bottle of dye which he said was guaranteed to make any skin a deep copper color and was infallible. The word passed unnoticed, John not being as yet familiar with Spinal's peculiarities of speech, but he had reason to remember that word afterwards.

"I got Mellish to mix it up for me. It's a great business. I'd like to be a desecrator myself." John little thought as he marvelled at Spinal's language, how true a word that was to prove.

John was wise enough to try the dye on his hands first, and the effect was too startlingly aboriginal, even for him. So the bottle was put away in Spinal's locker and John said he was content after all to have white blood in his veins, since Osceola the noble Seminole and Thayendinega, the great Mohawk, whose civilized patronymic, Brant, had given the name to John's native town, had both been similarly handicapped.

CITRIC ACID, THE DRUGGIST SAID, WAS THE THING, AND SPINAL, AFTER LAYING IN A LIBERAL STOCK RETURNED BY AN UNFREQUENTED WAY

In due time John, much to his delight, learned of the wigwam-building instinct of the boys which asserted itself every fall with unfailing regularity. Then he was in his element and before long the League of the Kanonsionni was formed.

It came about in this wise.

On a hazy autumn afternoon, a dozen kindred spirits were resting from their labors and lazily admiring the finished result—a graceful structure of cedar bark.

John broke the silence.

"You, Spinal, led us here and showed us how to build it. It is a true 'long house' such as my people used to build, and such as gave the name to the nation, the Kanonsionni—the metaphorical long house stretching from the Niagara to the Hudson, where they lived when they were in their glory. You should be called Shononhsese—he has a long house."

"Why not give us all Indian names?"

"Yes! yes!" all the others chimed in.

A far away look came into John's brown eyes as he said: "There can be no desecration in revealing the rites of the great league when now they are but a sad memory. We will form a league—the Kanonsionni, the long house, as my people were named when Ayonhwahtha joined them in a treaty of peace long ago. Listen to the rites with which the memory of his work is preserved, as I have learned them from my father.

"Gather wood and build the council fire.

"Our forefathers made the rule and said, 'here they are to kindle a fire, here at the edge of the woods they are to condole with each other in few words.'"

Under the Indian boy's direction, all formed a circle, sitting around the fire.

"The law says this: 'Now the council fire is lighted by Ayonhwahtha.' You, Freeman, will be Ayonhwahtha. Now the smoke rises and ascends to the sky that everybody may see it."

. . . . . .

The temptation is strong to recount the impressive ceremonies of the Iroquois condoling council as they have been handed down through the centuries from chief to chief, confirmed by records worked in wampum beads and committed to memory amongst midnight shades around the council fire, when the long roll of departed heroes was called and after each name the encircled warriors chanted.

> This was the roll of you;
> You that combined in the work;
> You that completed the work;
> The Great Peace!

But these and many other beautiful and curious records of a vanishing race are more fitly told in the Iroquois Book of Rites where they have been faithfully recorded as taken direct from the words of the last of the old chiefs. And those who love such things will find them there.

Strange that Peace should be the theme of the sacred book of the dreaded Six Nations, but so it is written.

As an illustrious name was given to one boy after another and the chant rang out, "This was the roll of you—" Spinal was finally constrained to exclaim: "Say fellows, isn't that incompatibly grand?"

"Now I have finished!" John shouted. "Show him to me! Ayonhwahtha!"

Harry stood up.

This was the roll of you;
You that combined in the work;
You that completed the work;
The Great Peace!

rang out under the trees, John's Indian gutturals giving a strong, rough tone to the chorus, and it seemed as though the shades of departed warriors were thronging around.

Spinal, who was visibly affected, commented. "Thoroughly opprobrious selection. Harry is a perfect reincarceration of the old hero" before Chummy succeeded in shutting him off.

"Reincarnation is the word, Spinal."

"It isn't either."

"Spinal ! Spinal !" the much tried Chummy implored, "if you must talk in the idiom of a vile Baikie, refrain at least during this sacred ceremony."

All through the following winter they gathered around the fire in the "long house" and drank in Sakayingwaraton's instructions in the ceremonies of the Kanonsionni. Many traditional rites were unfolded to them and by spring they considered themselves as true Iroquois as any to the manor born, and never a word of it all had been divulged to the outside world.

On Queen's birthday the annual lacrosse match with William Bill's team of Six Nation Indians was played, and the stalwart "first twelve" of the school, captained by Bulldog Wallace, won, through dogged determination, a hard fought victory by the narrow margin of one goal.

The town boys had turned out in force to see the game. Spinal, who had led the young chief to the opposite side of the field, was holding him persuasively by the arm and emphasizing his argument by an appeal to the evidence of the faces of their traditional foes.

"Just look at those Baikie apes. They're clean crazy over it. You fix up with William Bill to arrange a game between them and his Indians and I'll guarantee the rest. Guess we're as good Iroquois as they are, any day."

John Smoke permitted himself a dry smile, and carelessly moved in the direction of William Bill, whose manner to the son of his chief was delightedly respectful. They remained in earnest colloquy some time, and shortly thereafter the Baikies had a game arranged with a Six Nations team of younger boys, hitherto unknown by the townfolk.

The boys of Baikie's school, who had only taken up lacrosse since the Queen's birthday game, began to practise every day, and when they announced that they had arranged through William Bill a match with a team of Indian boys, the townspeople, who, it was said with pity, were all either related to some Baikie ape or else were friends of his family, decided to attend in a body.

Of course their sympathies were with the home team, but those redoubtable fighters who, in the good old days when fights with the Tassie Apes were winked at, had faced the foe on many a stricken field, were in no need of sympathy. It was evident that they had quite a distinct advantage in weight and, while not as practised lacrosse players as their opponents, they were old hands at "shinny" and soon realized that hard and indiscriminate slashing was the most effective game for them to play.

The "Indians" promptly showed a disposition to mix it and the game ended in a free fight before it had fairly begun. It is best to draw a curtain over the details of what followed. The Canadian national game can be as gentle or as otherwise as its players desire, and I would not give carping critics arguments against it. Suffice it to say that the lacrosse sticks, painted as was the fashion among the boys of that age, proved effective weapons and were decorated with a new and more brilliant crimson stain before the combatants could be separated and the Indians hustled off in their bus.

During the "game" the young braves had uttered no words save unintelligible Indian jawbreakers, but as the driver, fiercely urged by the threatening warrior perched beside him, whipped up his horses, this somewhat unexpected language might have been heard,

"Sanctuary all right."

"If you refer to the vehicle, your language is well chosen, but if, as I imagine, you mean the game, sanguinary is the word you intend to use."

"Gee !" said one grinning savage, as he was divesting himself of his feathers and finery. "That was like old times. The best Baikie fight in years."

"Good thing," added another, "that we remembered all those Indian names. They must have sounded like swearing all right. Don't think anyone caught on, did they ?"

"Say, Spinal," an eager lot chorused, "where's the stuff to take this dye and war paint off ?"

"There isn't any," Spinal complacently assured them. "It's infallible. Has to wear off. I'm an artistic desecrator all right," and he looked around at the brilliantly striped faces with pride.

It would be hard to say whether dismay or disgust was more evident in the faces of his team mates.

HE BROUGHT JOHN THAT EVENING A BOTTLE OF DYE GUARANTEED TO TURN ANY SKIN A DEEP COPPER COLOR

This was in the town hall dressing room where William Bill, after his team's evening war dance entertainment, given after the Queen's birthday game, had left a full outfit of feathered and beaded trappings for John Smoke's use.

Fortunately no immediate action was necessary as the young chief had obtained permission for himself and his friends to look after the comfort of the Indian boys, and see them safely on their way. He had represented, quite truthfully, that the parents of the boys would expect him and his friends to take good care of them.

So there was nothing for the boys to do, until darkness would permit them to reach their rooms, save to consume the provisions brought in by the town hall caretaker and to revile Spinal, to both of which they did full justice.

And this was heard in the backroom next morning amid much splashing.

"Say, Spinal, how do you get this stuff off ?"

"I've been scrubbing for half an hour."

"Lend me that pumice stone."

"Yes, pumice will take it off all right," and the speaker exhibited a raw, abraded spot on the tip of his nose.

"What did Mellish put in it anyway, Spinal ? Some madder you say? You'll be some madder before I get through with you."

Continued on page 266.

Making Good on 163

By John Fleming Wilson

Illustrated by A. O. Fischer

"IF THE GALE VEERS, USE THE ENGINES"

"THE loife of most childher really begins whin their legs hould thim up to do mischief," said Chief Engineer Mickey O'Rourke. "But a lightship is different from all other childher and ships. It ain't a light-ship if it's movin', and whin it sta-arts to move, misther, it usually soon stops bein' a ship. Ach-ho-o-oh!" His sigh rose to the faint note of the wind overhead. He was talking to Captain Rasmussen of Columbia River No. 195, and they both stood on the after grating of that vessel staring at the tender Heather, returning to harbor at Port Arthur from putting No. 195 on her station amid the gray currents of Lake Superior. It was a dull day in February, lit by a declining sun that burned behind the eternal bank of clouds that lies in the west.

The captain echoed the engineer's thought. "I think she'll hold her moorings," he remarked. "This time she's got a good half mile of cable to ride to, chief. And good cable—the commander tested it himself."

The Irishman at the rail bristled, fierce mustaches skyward. "She has been returned to this station six toimes to me knowledge," he remarked. "And though ye've a new logbook, misther, and this is Voyage No. 1 in the register, we all know that No. 195 is no more an' no betther than old 163 whom fear of God nor the British Empire cud not kape to an anchor. She's a prodigal daughter, sor, and with a new crew and yerself, misther, all new besoides ould Mickey O'Rourke who always had the luck of a priest in new parish, she'll be a prodigal yet and she'll—"

Rasmussen's face glimmered with a smile. "Shut up, Mickey," he said affectionately. "It's a fresh start all around. No. 195 never yet went adrift in a gale; none of us were ever on her when she was 163, and stop your croaking. Here we are, taut and tight on our station, and the weather good and plenty of fresh meat in the galley. Of course the crew is a new one and we—"

"We don't know whether they'll shake into a friendly mess of bhoys with no fights or feuds, or hould a fair ivery night with clubs and harrd worrds," the chief concluded for him. "'Tis all in the dark for us all. Saints kape us from harrm and make new 195 betther than the ould prodigal of a 163, which was niver right and always astray over the deep watters or nosing into the wickedness of the beach."

Rasmussen sighed, too. The vessel they were on bore an evil reputation. Men had died on her by accident. Men they knew had been crushed under her gear when she misbehaved. She had parted her moorings a dozen times, and once she had flung herself bodily into the threatening maze of reefs off North Head. Now she was renamed, rebuilt, sent out as a new ship to redeem herself. He heard the hum of the power in her big boilers, the thrashing of a pump below, the clang of a shovel in the stokehold. A plume of steam waved from the exhaust pipe. A strand of smoke curled from the galley skylight, showing that the cook was busy. He gave voice to his thoughts:

"I don't know the crew, but I reckon they'll settle down all right. A lot of 'em were never on a light-ship before. But they look all right."

The chief engineer nodded, bright eyes on the stumpy masts. "We're all prodigals togither," he said. "I niver knew the sailor who wasn't, poor fool! We're no betther than the ould

"SHE'S A PRODIGAL DAUGHTER, SOR," SAID O'ROURKE "WHOM NEITHER FEAR OF GOD NOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE CUD KAPE TO AN ANCHOR"

ship, misther. But we'll stick to our station and obey the commander and—but why borrow throuble whin it's always on the doorstep like the milk in its little pail? I'll go below and see me bhoys and inform thim that they are a set of wastrels and fools. Thin they'll know I know their faults and have done with it."

He departed, casting a last bright glance of encouragement at the captain as he swung down the companionway steps. Rasmussen shook himself inside his jacket and addressed the mate, who came along to see to the lighting of the big lamps. "Have you figured out sunset?"

"Four-thirty-one," said the officer. "Looks to me like a gale coming."

"Always a gale coming," growled Rasmussen. "But we have a fresh nip on the cable, a tight ship and nothing to worry over."

"I'm not worrying," the mate retorted, resenting the suggestion. "But there isn't a man in the crew that knows the work. And these lamps aren't fitted with the canvas jackets, and they'll blow out on us if it pipes."

"Better make some jackets for them to-morrow," Rasmussen assented. "And go easy with the crew for a day or so. Let 'em get settled down in their quarters. There'll be work enough for us all before the winter breaks."

"There goes North Head light," said the mate, suddenly leaping into activity. To his shrill whistle the lamps slowly rose from their houses and crept up the masts till they swung just under the trucks. Rasmussen gazed at them critically, saw no dimness nor sign of neglect, nodded to the mate and went below, thrusting his great bulk carefully through the booby hatch. In the little cabin he found the messboy engaged in scraping up a white heap of sugar from the deck.

"The whole place is greased, sir," that wretched functionary complained. "And I can't keep foot on a spot for a second at a time, sir."

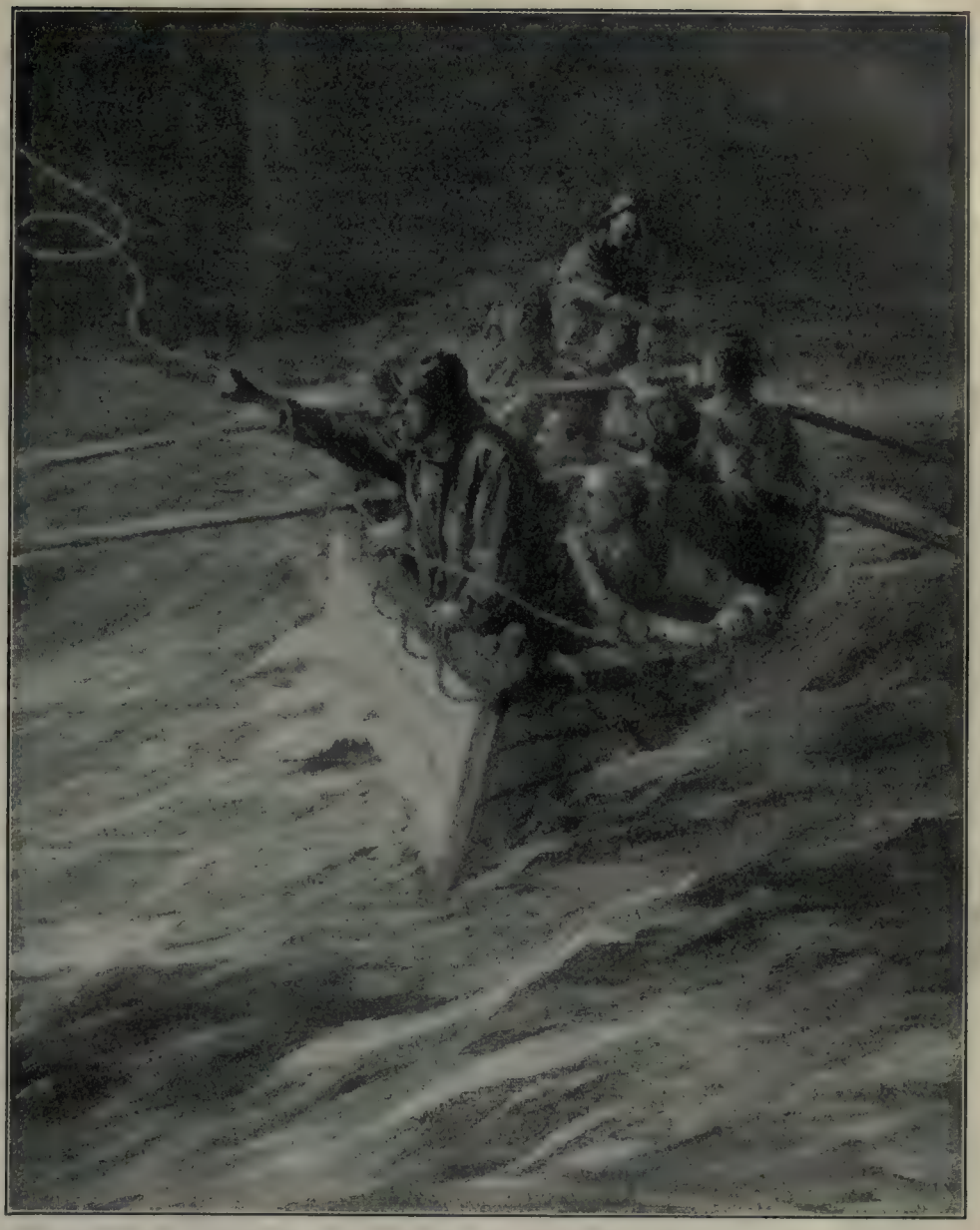
Rasmussen nodded and went on into his own little room, where he surveyed himself in a six-by-eight glass and caught a look of disgust on his own face. He pulled himself up sharply. "None of that, cap," he soliloquized. "This isn't any ship to be getting cross on. Just keep your temper and smile!" He came out again and cheerily hailed the boy. "Lucky that sugar spilled on the deck and not into the soup," he remarked. "Has the cook a good dinner for us to-night?"

The boy smiled back, suddenly unconstrained. "Awful good, sir. But—"

"But what?" Rasmussen drawled.

"He says this ship is old 163, sir, and she's hoodooed!"

The captain's drawl did not change a particle. "Just tell the doctor that so long as the hoodoo keeps away from his pots and pans, it won't hurt him." The boy vanished, catching the meaning of the smile that concluded the remark.



ANOTHER CREST FLUNG THE LITTLE CRAFT INTO MOMENTARY CALM AS A SECOND LINE WHIPPED DOWN TO THE HUDDLED HOPELESS GROUP IN IT

At dinner Rasmussen surveyed his officers. The mate he knew as an excellent seaman newly come into the Establishment, a silent, slow-stepping man, who, rumor said, had spent two wild years in the Antarctic. Mickey O'Rourke, chief engineer, had been in the Establishment twelve years, and concealed under Irish wit and irrepressible spirits the dogged skill and unwavering competence won by an honorable career in countless ships. O'Rourke's assistant, unknown to the Establishment, seemed experienced and capable. Rasmussen took them all in with a frank glance. "The cook is all right," he said.

"So long as the teeth are busy the tongue is idle," said the chief, reaching for the meat platter, which sidled between the fiddles. "Feed the men well and the divvil yawns."

The mate took his teacup from the messboy and glanced at his superior. "I gave the men for'ad leave to rig up a place for their talking machine," he announced.

"They had b tter take care it doesn't get smashed," the captain remarked. "It's going to blow before morning—hard."

As if to emphasize his statement No. 195 lurched heavily and came up against her cable with a jar that rattled the cabin fixings. It was followed by a second wild plunge that spun the messboy across the deck and into his little pantry, whence issued restrained groans and strong lanuage. O'Rourke got up from his seat and departed for

his engine room, the door slamming behind him. His assistant thoughtfully helped himself to more biscuit and then said gently, "Are we to keep up a full head of steam all the time, sir ?"

"Yes," said Rasmussen. "The commander doesn't want this ship to go ashore. Orders are to be always ready to turn the engines over so that if the the cable breaks we can stand off and make port."

"I've heard this ship is somewhat of a prodigal," the assistant engineer said, rising.

The captain frowned. Then his brow relaxed. "Mickey has been telling him," he thought to himself. But he winced at the word now several times said in his ear—*prodigal*. It seemed to him expressive of something vaguely distasteful, of tainted loyalty, of deliberate treason to the great Establishment. And, too, it seemed to mark the crew of 195 as men unbound to each other by a common service; as if he, Rasmussen, had been put out on this station with a mere collection of unreliables, impossible to weld into a unified and disciplined body. He rose and went on deck.

His sharp glances swept the sea from the faint glimmer of North Head to the south in which Tillamook light should have burned like a star. But apart from the single faint needle point of light to the north he saw nothing. Above, the overcast sky seemed to be breaking into great billows of cloud. The shrewd wind out of the southeast was whipping the long, even rollers into sparkles of spume. The intermittent jerk of the anchor cable told of a steadily increasing current. As if a breath had extinguished it, North Head light vanished into the darkness. Rasmussen instantly became alert. He called the sailor on watch by the forward lamp house and said, "Tell the chief engineer to start the whistle and bell." The man disappeared.

While he waited, Rasmussen stared over his little vessel by the gleam of the swinging lanterns. He recalled with impatience the history of old 163, wondered why, after all, they had thought it worth while to remodel and rename her after that last time she was wrecked. "Better to have sent her to the boneyard and built a new one," he mused. "Still——"

The great whistle above him gave forth a resonant bellow, thrilling into the night like a vast sound of pain. It ceased, and he counted the seconds of the interval. As he reached "twenty" the blast blared out again, sounding the steady, invariable note that throbbed seaward in warning to befogged ships. From the engine room he caught the quick *clack-clack* of the engine that ran the mechanism and timer of the whistle and another more laborious and restrained note—the beat of the submarine bell compressor. From the depths of the water overside it came up—*One-Nine-Five. . .One-Nine-Five. . .*

He counted the quick bells, verified the intervals between signals and relaxed with a sigh. All was working as it should. No. 195, the prodigal, was on her station once more—vigilant, obedient, serving the great Establishment with faith, and sincerity.

Later that night Rasmussen stood in the long alleyway that led from the cabin under the steel deck past the lit engine room and into the berth deck forward. His huge bulk swayed easily to the plunge and toss of the light-ship. His hands in his jacket pockets, his shoulders squared, he watched the scene under the swinging berth-deck lamps.

The cook, white face adorned with huge spectacles, was reading, crouched on one of his own meat casks under a small lantern. His old and seamless countenance shone with the unguents of years of cooking. His white arms slipped noiselessly back and forth across his protuberant chest as he cradled his book between fat hands. Beyond him a seaman was lashing his box under the iron stanchions of a berth. A second seaman was peering into the recesses of a big boot, apparently hunting for some trifle stored therein. Over the thwartships table the messboy rubbed a greasy rag, doggedly trying to remove spilled kerosene from the table's surface. Two firemen lounged against a pillar, pipes in mouth, caps rakishly on the backs of sooty heads. And above them and among them roared the intermingled sounds of the laboring ship, the creak of plates, the screech of the preventer-blocks on the great windlass, the sullen, coughing jar of the cable as it answered the pull of the buried anchor. At constant intervals the boom of the whistle swept down under the low deck, stilling all other sounds. Far down the vessel's side the submarine bell tapped unweariedly its message—*One-Nine-Five. . .One-Nine-Five. . .*

Rasmussen sighed gently. A touch on the arm made him glance round. The chief engineer stood by his side, bristling mustache gleaming like froth above his lips. "The bhoys look at home, misther," he said gently.

"Will they stand for the months of this, though ?" the captain mused, half to himself.

"They'll shake down all right," was the cheerful assurance. "Though I've seen ships—ships—ye know what I mean, misther."

Rasmussen knew. He remembered those dark, half-told stories, mere whispers caught out of the dark, of light-ships whose crews fell asunder and fought interminably in their tossing hell, of vessels on lonely stations out of which poured to the grim and heedless sky a constant and mortal mutter of shackled hatred, of pregnant and travailing malice, their reeking decks trod by weary men who peered eternally out of raging eyes for the smoke of the tender that was to come and release them from misery and agony. Yes, he knew. His eyes caught the engineer's suddenly pitiful expression. He laid a vast hand on the old man's arm. "Mickey, there'll be no such—I guess we'll make the boys—we've both been pretty lucky—and it's up to us to keep things going right."

Mickey turned bright, old eyes on his superior. His hands, grimed by forty years of toil, went out in a single passionate gesture. "Oh, misther !" he breathed, suddenly caught in the grip of memory. "I cudn't stand it, sor !"

Rasmussen's shoulders squared till his bulk seemed to fill the alleyway. "The boys will be all right," he said cheerfully.

They parted silently, half afraid of their own thoughts, for certain things are never spoken of in the Establishment. And to have even suggested to each other these fears bore the aspect of treason.

The long night wore itself out and the scanty dawn came with gale and rising seas. The lamps were swung down, and the ship roused itself to the day's business. The mate labored incessantly with diligent care for the boats and deck gear. From the engine-room drilled upward the steady whirr of the little engines, for both whistle and bell were still sounding their alarm through the driving mist. And in the middle of the day's work things broke down, with appalling suddenness. Rasmussen listened to the mate's low-toned explanation with bitter lines about his mouth.

"The cook and that putty-faced fireman got in a row this morning over the hot water," the mate related savagely. "That started things, and I took the knife away from the cook, and then that thrice-condemned lamp cleaner had to spill oil in the galley, and now the whole crew is up in arms. Say, this ship is——"

Rasmussen stared thoughtfully at his mate. "Let things settle themselves," he said presently. "But keep an eye on the cook. Tell him if I catch him using that knife, or any knife, he'll sweat in irons."

Slowly as the day passed and the storm increased in violence, Rasmussen drew his officers together for offense, and defense. The cook had spoiled the midday meal, and the crew, wrangling among themselves, were growing

uglier and uglier under the stress of streaming decks, wildly lurching ship and enforced crowding into the odorous berth deck. Master and mate, with O'Rourke's ready tongue, tried to soften asperities and maintain their own aloofness for discipline's sake, while at the same time bringing the sulking crew to better mind. But at dinner time O'Rourke voiced their discouragement: "The cook shud be biled in his own fat, misther. If iver I ate worse or less, may neither priest, book nor bell be widh me whin I die."

Rasmussen grimly surveyed the half-cooked mess that filled the big white bowl before them. He grimaced over the tea, scowled at the sodden bread, and said, "That cook goes ashore first boat."

"But we've got to put up with this for two months, maybe," the mate growled. "Is there anybody else aboard can cook ?"

Rasmussen shook his head. "I don't know of anybody; and this cook is all right, too. I wonder whatever stirred up the row ?"

O'Rourke brushed his cap back with an awkward hand, and for the first time discovered that he had been at table covered and apologized contritely. "We're all mixed up and muddled, like a bride's first cake," he said. "But there ain't anything the matter, sor, but the—the *ship*, misther. God forgive me for saying so, but it's thrue."

Rasmussen shook his head. Then he clinched all argument by remarking, "The wind is hauling into the south'ard. We're in for a week of this."

"I've starrved before," the chief engineer remarked grimly. "Me stomach has cost me nothing but expinse and worry all me loife, and now it can go hang ! If 'twere not for its being a new vessel we could sup on the smells of last voyage's dinners. But niver a perfume can I pick out excipt red paint and new rope; and thot's a poor prospect—to ate red lead and hang yersilf, misther." He departed.

When the cloth was cleared away the captain sat down to write up the log, in which duty he was interrupted by the mate, who came from the deck to say, 'It's getting thicker and thicker. And the sea is running up from the sou'west. D'ye s'pose the ga'e will veer into that quarter ?"

"If it does," Rasmussen answered, frowning, "we'll need those engines. The links aren't made that hold against that kind of a wind and sea. But I don't think we need be afraid of a sou'wester. They usually stay off shore— What's *that ?*"

They leaped for the door and plunged up the steps and into the howling storm above. Crouched in the lee of the lamp house, they listened for a repetition of the sound that had brought them up. But all they heard was the steady blast of the whistle, and the *ting-ting* of the submarine bell. The mate bent his lips to his superior's ear. "It was a signal of some sort, sir."

Rasmussen nodded, shielding his eyes against the scurrying gusts that came round their little shelter. Then his heavy hand clutched the mate's arm. They stared at each other, and their simultaneous cry went ringing down the companionway, "Turn out, all hands !"

Within five minutes No. 195 was ready for any emergency. In the engine room O'Rourke was carefully warming up his engines, between whiles exhorting his firemen to be careful of the coal. His assistant labored over pumps and valves, grinning up at his superior from pure delight at a chance for excitement. O'Rourke caught him by the arm as he dived down the steps, wrench in hand. "La-ad, if we're run down by that steamer that's yappin' out there in the fog, kape the foires goin' as long as you can." And in the passing of that word the whole engine room settled into disciplined quiet; firemen thoughtfully watching the gauges or checking the speed of overlaboring feed pumps.

On deck Rasmussen clung to the rail in the full blast of the tempest. His eyes were searching the darkness for some light that would tell him what and where was the vessel whose bellows of distress roared out of the gloom, bull-like, plangent, imperative. His mate, crouched in the lee of a lamp house, listened for those overtones that can be heard only (like the sea in a shell) in some slight shelter. Here and there a seaman hung to a pin or a rail, vigilant and ready to leap into activity.

Suddenly the whole ship seemed to relax. Rasmussen dropped away from the rail, the mate came out of his shelter and the crew gathered more closely together. A flicker of light glimmered in the cloudy, spumey darkness just ahead. Rasmussen sought the mate's ear. "If she hits us, try to clear away a boat," he said calmly.

"I'll try," said the mate simply.

A sailor clutched his fellow's arm. "My God, if she runs us down, nobody'll ever get out alive." His companion turned his bleak face to him. " 'Nd that's what this light-ship business means," he snarled. ' They said it was all easy pickings and nothing to do ! My Gad !" His raucous complaint was whipped from his blue lips by the storm.

Slowly they watched the glimmer glow into brilliancy. As the single glow suddenly separated into many. Rasmussen sighed. "They've got her under some control," he remarked to the mate, "At any rate, we've got a show to save our vessel."

"What an easy thing it would be to slip our cable and run," the mate said to the night. Rasmussen paid no attention to this, accepting it in the spirit it was given, a mere reference to the great rule that no light vessel must ever quit its moorings under any circumstances. They watched the slow progress of the bellowing steamer till master and mate both leaped forward. "She's sinking !" they yelled. "Stand by to heave a line to their boats !"

It was true. Rising and falling on the great, slithering seas, this unknown vessel gradually swung in a manner that showed trained eyes that she was preparing to launch boats. Rasmussen groaned. "If they manage to get a boat away in this sea they're wonders!"

The mate sought counsel. "Shall I be ready with our boat to pick them up if they don't make it ?"

"You can try," said the captain dryly, thereby sending the mate down among the crew with swift orders, at first misunderstood, then balked at. "No boat can ever live. . . Couldn't even launch one in this sea. . . Send us to sure death. . . Let the steamer try it. . . Not us that's going Mister Mate ! . . . ."

The mate glared into the murk. "Volunteers ?" he managed to croak in his wrath.

A loud roar from Rasmussen shot through the tumult. "They lost that first boat !"

The mate stepped into an angle of light from the soaring lamps. "Volunteers ?" he croaked again.

A man shambled forth, lost his balance and was dragged to his feet by the mate's outstretched arm. "I'll go," he mumbled.

Other men tumbled, ran and slipped to join the first one. The mate got their growls: "Sure . . . poor devils . . . maybe there's women . . . *sure* . . . ." The mate cast them an order: "Clear off the canvas and get ready !" They swarmed up and over th big boat, fast locked in its chocks.

But Rasmussen was sending his keen gaze unswervingly at the steamer rapidly drifting down. He saw the brilliant lights die, heard the boom of its whistle gurgle into silence and knew that the fires had been swamped. Two or three pallid lights shone out—lanterns wavering in the shelter of strong hands. He dimly saw a second shadowy boat drop into the seething lee, saw dark figures tumbled down into it, caught the glint of white faces. His triumphant roar rang down the light-ship's deck. "They got their boat away ! Stand by to cast 'em a line !"

Men rushed to the rail, battling for hand hold against the driving crests

that swept up and over No. 195. The mate, with upthrown arms, dispersed his boat's crew to find lines and be ready. The steamer's lights suddenly faded and there was a dull muffled boom of boilers exploding and heavy fabric riven. A boat darted out into the pale radiance of the high lamps, a boat half awash, dominated by a man whose grim face was upturned boldly to Rasmussen's. A line whipped out from the light-ship and settled across the small boat. Hands grasped at this, a sailor yelled raucously from the forward murk and a second line hissed out into the wind to replace the one that parted. The man at the steering oar seemed to drive his whole weight to one side. A huge crest flung the little craft almost level with Rasmussen's eyes, and let it sink like a swallow. Then Rasmussen leaped for the after grating. The boat rode below him, swamped, crushed, filled with figures that seemed paralyzed and numb. He flung another line and saw it made fast.

In the next half hour the light-ship's crew worked furiously. It was impossible to lift the crushed boat and its living freight to the deck. Under the terrific impact of the racing seas it was a mere matter of time till the frail line would snap and the sinking boat be driven back into the darkness. But Rasmussen saved instants: his orders were obeyed with alacrity and miraculous swiftness. A whip was rigged. A rude bos'n chair was dropped down into the careering small boat, and a passenger hauled out and to the deck. The men at the tail of the whip waited, panting, for the order to haul away, and ran down the slippery deck, to their waists in thundering water, dragging their prey from the sea. The last person was on deck. The wrecked sinking boat swung fiercely at the end of its tether. Rasmussen peered down into it.

"Nobody left," he roared in the mate's ear.

The shipwrecked huddled in the warm cabin, dripping, panting with cold, blue-faced, shuddering, glaring wretchedly at each other and their saviors. The captain of the wrecked steamer was wrapping up a wounded hand. A woman crouched on the quivering deck, trying to unwrap her wet shawl from about her child. Rasmussen surveyed them all pityingly.

"We'll warm you all up," he said through cracked lips. And as he spoke a white oily face was thrust in at the cabin door. It was the cook.

"I've got hot tea and bread and soup for them, sir," he announced in an abashed voice.

Behind him the messboy arrived, laden with dry clothes. "Sailors for'ad thought as they'd need some togs, sir," he explained, stammeringly.

Rasmussen nodded. "Feed 'em up, Doctor !" he told the cook, gratifying that functionary with approving tones. "Tell the crew these people do need their clothes. Now let's see if we can't fix 'em all up comfortable."

As he went forward the captain looked into the engine room. Mickey O'Rourke was at his station above the slowly revolving engines. The firemen were down before the glowing furnace doors. The assistant engineer glanced up from the air compressor. Rasmussen nodded.

"You can shut down," he said gravely.

The assistant raised his voice: "Done with the engines, sir !"

O'Rourke looked up. "Did the steamer get by, misther ?"

Rasmussen stopped and peered down. "We got thirteen passengers off her, Mickey !"

The old man's face split into a smile. "Bedad, who says this ain't a lucky ship ? Sind thim down to git warrm be me foires, sor !" Master's glance met engineer's in mutual affection. As Rasmussen turned away he found the mate at his elbow. "The crew behaved splendidly," he muttered.

"Best ever," said his superior. "That was the *Eagle*, out of Tillamook."

"Did we get 'em all ?"

"Three men lost in the first boat," was the brief answer.

The mate's face fell. "Maybe I'd ought to tried for 'em," he murmured.

Rasmussen's heavy hand fell on his shoulder. "Ye ought to see Mickey," he said gently. "He don't know yet what's happened. He was down there at his engines, expecting every minute to see the bow of a steamer ramming into his machinery. That's Mickey for you—right on the job and not trying to do everybody's work. Ye couldn't have got those three men."

At midnight the solitary woman passenger off the unlucky *Eagle* laid her child down on Captain Rasmussen's bed. "He's asleep," she said softly.

The chief engineer peered at the little one, mustaches bristling.

"I've me own borrn sister has a child, too," he whispered. "But I doubt—sorra take me for going back on me own family—I doubt much, missis, whither it's as good-lookin' as yer own there." His rough finger touched the curls. "We're all black and wickud, ma'am, us Oirish fellays. And it's only the wimmen of us have the good looks."

"But you're so brave !" the woman said softly. "See, you've saved us all when we were dying !"

"Brave nothing," said Mickey stoutly. "We're King George's light-ship bhoys, all prodigals, ma'am, with neither woife nor childher to our names, but always at the sarvice of thim that has."

In the door of his galley forward the cook lounged complacently. In the berths usually occupied by the sailors the shipwrecked men lay breathing contentedly the warmth, undisturbed by the steady, intermittent boom of the whistle or the rapid, weariless *tang-tang* of the submarine bell far down the ship's steel side. The odor of coffee lingered in the air and one ravenous salvaged one munched on a hot loaf. The cook took his blackened pipe from his lips. "There's more bread bakin'," he announced.

The sailor nodded. "Say," he mumbled, "this ship is all right. Say, it's comfortable. But I heard that this was that old hoodoo No. 163, and you've got No. 195 painted all over it."

The cook grinned at the two firemen coming up for their midnight coffee. "Forget it, son," he said magisterially. "This is No. 195. There ain't no hoodoo on this old hooker."

"You bet there ain't," roared a tall sailor, coming forward with his cup. "This here craft is all right, ain't it, Doctor ?"

The cook laid down his pipe and was lavish of his coffee. His genial eyes took in the whole light-ship crew, now jubilantly jamming their half-clad bodies into his doorway.

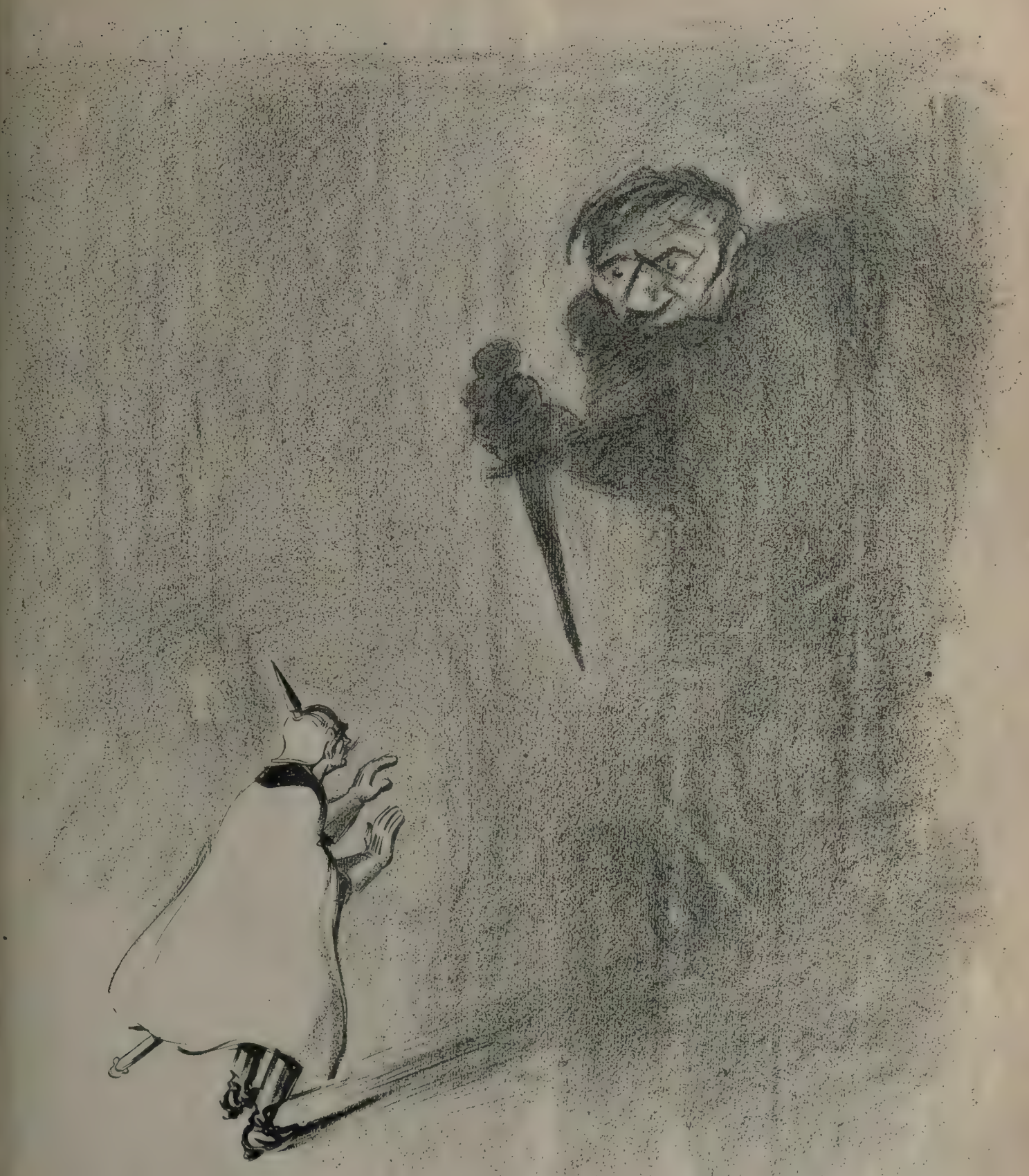
"You bet," he answered, flourishing the coffeepot. "We'd ha' saved even a dog off that old tub of theirs if they'd given us half a show. Say, did that kid in the cabin get enough hot milk ? Here you, boy ! (The messboy leaped forward busily.) Go aft and tell that lady in there just to sing out if there's anything she wants. Cap'n, like a cup of coffee, sir, and a hot roll ?"

Rasmussen swung one hand up to the beam above him. "Doctor," he drawled, "you're a wonder, you old prodigal !"

"This is sure a lucky ship, sir," said the cook, swiftly pulling a roll out of the hot chest. "I guess they won't pooh-pooh old 195, will they, sir ?" He handed the captain a plate with a flourish.

And the light vessel, her past forgotten, swung into the thrilling southerly gale, booming her hoarse warning seaward, throwing into the darkness and murk the radiance of her well-tended lights, no longer a prodigal, but, with her crew, one of the vast family of the great Establishment.

Far below the submarine bell clanged: *One-Nine-Five . One-Nine-Five* the signal of renewed life and service.



The Kaiser : WHO ARE YOU ?
———— : I AM TO-MORROW.

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the living really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Clare Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Jeffrey laughed. "I appreciate the distinction," he said. "Go ahead."

"There'd be no use taking such a thing," the lieutenant went on, "because it wouldn't be possible to dispose of it. No regular fence would know what to do with it. If a man had stolen it, the only thing for him to do would be to get into communication with you and try to make you ransom it. And what should you pay money to ransom it for, when you can paint another?"

Jeffrey concealed his grin this time, and said demurely enough:

"Then the next step in your reasoning would be, I should think, that since pictures of this sort are never stolen, it follows that mine wasn't."

"Exactly," replied the lieutenant. "That's the way I figured it out. It wasn't stolen at all. It was borrowed."

We both exclaimed at that.

"Borrowed," repeated the lieutenant impressively.

"The borrower hasn't been in any hurry to return it," said Jeffrey with a laugh.

"He meant to return it," said the lieutenant, "but he couldn't."

Jeffrey looked around with a quick frown of interest.

"I've been expecting to catch up with you every minute," he said, "but I'm as far behind you as ever. How did you settle in your mind who this borrower had been?"

"You gave me the clue to that," said Richards. "You told me you had painted the portrait from a photograph of a lady who is dead. Do you remember that I asked you how much they were going to pay you for it? You thought the question was none of my business and you only gave me a general idea of the amount, but it was enough to go on. And then you said that as soon as you finished it, you went away on a three months' vacation."

"Do you mean to say," asked Jeffrey, "that the amount I had been paid for painting the picture helped to guide you to the discovery of the borrower of it?"

"It's like this," said Richards. "Anybody who would pay as many thousands as that for a portrait of a person who is dead must have a good deal of interest in that person and must have a lot of money left for other purposes.

"Now, anybody with lots of money and with exceptional interest in a person recently dead is particularly good game for one sort of crook. That crook is the spiritualist. You haven't been in the city the last few months. If you had and had kept up your interest in the doings of the police, you would have known there was a crusade on against the spiritualists.

"There are a number of very clever ones in the city and they have pulled off some pretty big hauls. When they picked old man Morse clean and left his heirs holding the bag, they went a little too far and we got after them. It's wonderful how much they know; how carefully they watch people. That's the whole thing in their game, of course. They're prepared to take advantage of any opportunity that comes along."

The lieutenant got up, walked across the studio and threw open the door into the reception-room.

"I thought I'd see if your Jap boy had come back," he said.

"Come back?" said Jeffrey. "He shouldn't have gone out. He ought to be here now."

"He slipped away just after he let

me in," said Richards, "and I've an idea you won't see him again unless you want him for something. And in that case you'll have to come to us to find him for you. He's just the sort those people try to get hold of. They can pick up lots of interesting things, because people talk before them as they wouldn't before any one of their own sort."

"Well," said Jeffrey, "that's one on me. I've talked before him myself, as if he'd been a plaster image. Goodness knows what he may not have found out about me. But I'm beginning to get the idea, I think. My Jap tips it off to some spiritualist that I am painting the portrait of a young lady who died a short time ago; that the person who commissioned me to paint it is wealthy, and then, by a lucky coincidence, that I was closing my studio and going off for a vacation.

"The spiritualist pays for the tip, comes up and borrows the portrait, with the idea of getting it safely back in place before my return. But before he gets through with it his place is raided and the portrait seized. That's the chain of reasoning, isn't it ?"

Richards nodded.

"And when you'd thought it out as far as that," Jeffrey went on, "you went up into some sort of lumber room up there at police headquarters and hauled it out from a heap of other junk you'd confiscated when you raided their place."

"Right you are," said the lieutenant.

"It's even possible," Jeffrey went on, "that you remembered that that very picture had been brought in ?"

"What if I did ?" said Richards. "I had to figure it out that that picture might be yours, didn't I ?"

"Yes," said Jeffrey, "and it's a good job."

"I still don't see," said I, "what the spiritualist wanted to borrow the portrait for."

"Why, to make up a ringer from, of course," said the lieutenant.

"Don't you see," said Jeffrey, "with that picture to work from, they'd be able to produce a materialization that would be mighty effective. They get pretty good ones just from hearsay reports of what people looked like. But with a portrait that showed the color of the hair and eyes and the type of complexion, that even reproduced, in some detail, a dress that had belonged to her—"

He broke off short and stood staring at us for a minute. Then, without another word, he rushed over to a big wardrobe and began pulling out its contents. They were very miscellaneous. All sorts of costumes, dresses, bits of drapery, old shawls. One at a time he flung them into a heap on the floor. It was a simple, but efficacious way of looking for something, and, to as unmethodical a man as Jeffrey, the only one.

"Well," he said at last, turning to face us when the wardrobe stood empty, "they must have got that, too. They gave me the girl's own dress to paint the portrait from," he went on. "I posed a model in it for the figure. They evidently took that, too. By Jove ! That's almost as awkward as the loss of the picture."

"Oh, well," said Richards, "I can probably get it back for you. You will have to come down to headquarters and identify it. But it's undoubtedly there with the rest of the junk. You can see how slick the game is. With the gown itself and the portrait to make up from they could have made the old lady think she was seeing ghosts, all right, once they got their hooks into her."

Jeffrey paled a little and spoke to me with an uncertain little laugh.

"More ghosts !" he said. "It's queer the way it all fits in, isn't it, Drew ?"

I nodded. For my own sake, as well as Jeffrey's, I was glad we had that earring — the one solitary, material assurance we possessed that we weren't dreaming or worse. For no mind, not even a solid, prosaic mind like my own, can resist a series of coincidences for very long. The notion that this portrait of the ghost girl that had so mysteriously disappeared had been found again in the parlors of a spiritualist gave me a queer sense of discomfort.

The lieutenant was looking from Jeffrey's face to mine in a puzzled, interested sort of way.

"More ghosts ?" he questioned. "What do you mean by that ? Have you been seeing them, you two ?"

Neither of us had an answer ready for him, and before we could think of one there came a ring at the bell.

"That's probably the portrait now," said Jeffrey.

He had guessed right. For there in the doorway stood a big policeman carrying in his arms what was evidently a big canvas, wrapped in brown wrapping-paper.

"I told them to do it up carefully," said the lieutenant. "After I heard the price they were going to pay for it I began to see things different. I didn't think it was anything so very much when they brought it in."

Jeffrey laughed. "You're very much like everybody else, when it comes to art-criticism. They all want to see the price on the back before they know whether to get enthusiastic or not."

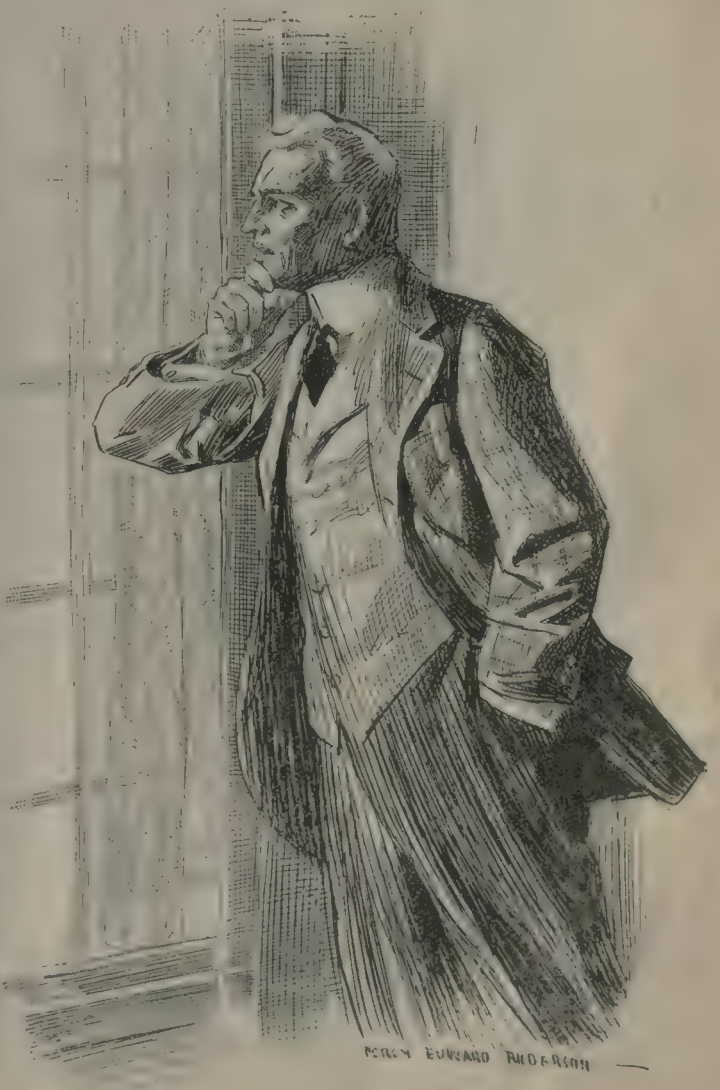
"Well," said the lieutenant, "when I went back this morning and took another good look at it I could see that it might be something pretty good."

Under his directions the policeman brought the canvas in and leaned it against the wall.

"That's all," said Richards.

The policeman saluted and turned to go. I heard the clink of coin as Jeffrey slipped his hand into his pocket and followed him out of the door.

"Now," he said as he returned a moment later. "Now for a look !"



"OH, LAUGH, LAUGH," SAID THE LIEUTENANT. "GO ON, DON'T MIND ME"

He carried the canvas, still in its wrappings of paper, over to his big studio-easel and set it up. Then, carefully and eagerly, he began cutting the strings that held the paper in place. Then, with a single motion, he stripped the paper away and stepped back to get the full effect.

He looked at the thing. At first with a stare of simple incomprehension; then his face turned red, and with a snort of anger he wheeled round on the lieutenant.

"What sort of a fool joke is this ?" he demanded.

For my own part astonishment held me for a moment, just as it had held Jeffrey, and then I burst into a shout of uncontrollable laughter. For of all the ridiculous daubs that ever disgraced a canvas, this particular atrocity was certainly the worst. You have probably seen in the show-window of a department store a painter turning out "genuine oil-paintings" at the rate of four or five an hour, to be given away to the store's patrons with every five dollars' worth of purchases. Well this oil-painting looked a good deal like that, only it was very much bigger and very much worse.

"Isn't it yours ?" asked Richards.

"Mine !" shouted Jeffrey. "No, I should say it was not mine."

"All right," said the lieutenant. "All right. I don't see anything to get sore about. It was there and it corresponded to the description."

"Corresponded—" Jeffrey looked at him blankly for a second, then looked back at the canvas. And then he too began to laugh. "You're quite right, Richards," he said when he got his breath. "You're quite right. It does correspond to the description. It's a blonde girl—at least she's meant for a girl—and that yellow swab stands for blonde hair. And that ghastly mess of white paint may have been meant for a white satin gown."

Jeffrey got his breath with difficulty. "It's all right," he assured the lieutenant. "You did your best and it was very clever of you, really."

"Oh, laugh, laugh," said the lieutenant. "Go on; don't mind me."

For Jeffrey was overcome at this point by a fresh paroxysm.

"You didn't think much of it when you first saw it," he gasped. "But when you had another good look, you saw that it might be pretty good."

"They all look alike to me," said Richards, "and I thought if some nut would pay six thousand dollars for it, there must be something there."

"Drew," said Jeffrey, "hand the lieutenant a fresh cigar and get him a drink. We'll all have a drink," he said, "to the brilliant future of the painter and to the long life of his subject."

The lieutenant began to get his good humor back again.

"Well, my boy," he said, "I'm glad you didn't paint it, that's the truth. Because I was thinking that if you got six thousand dollars for a thing like that, you painters must be almost as ripe for a raid as the spiritualists."

He settled back comfortably with his fresh cigar and began rolling the joke around in his capacious head. He was enjoying it more and more every minute.

Jeffrey, on the contrary, seemed suddenly sober. He paid no attention whatever to the lieutenant's jokes, but stood in front of that atrocious canvas, his hands deep in his trouser-pockets his head sunk forward from his shoulders, staring at it in thoughtful abstraction.

"Coming to see something in it at last yourself, are you?" asked Richards.

"Yes," said Jeffrey seriously, "I am."

He lifted the stretcher from the easel, turned it around and looked at the back of it; rubbed his fingers over the canvas, then replaced it on the easel and stared at it a little longer. Then, with a sudden air of decision, he went over to his paint-table and came back with a big tin pot of unpleasant looking, blackish-green salve. In another minute, with the aid of a palette-knife, he was rapidly smearing this stuff all over the surface of the canvas.

"Hold on !" said Richards. "That thing may not be much good, but it's somebody's darlin'. I can't let you spoil it."

The hand that held the palette-knife went on all the faster.

"Don't you worry," said Jeffrey. "I'm not spoiling it. I'm increasing its value about twenty thousand per cent."

There was a ring of excitement in his voice that I couldn't account for. But whenever Jeffrey spoke in that particular tone I stopped trying to interfere with him. He knew what he was about when he talked like that.

Richards still looked uneasy.

"Don't you worry," said I. "I don't know what he's doing, but he does."

In another minute the canvas was completely covered with a thick, greasy, blackish-green smear. Jeffrey dropped the pot on the floor in his eagerness and fairly ran out of the studio into a little bathing and dressing-room that was partitioned off in the corner.

"He may have improved it," said Richards dubiously, "but I doubt if the man who painted it would think so."

The next minute Jeffrey came back with a bucket of water and a big bath-sponge.

"Now you'll see," he said.

He dipped the sponge in the water and began washing off the stuff he had just put on. It seemed to be taking the paint with it. And then I got a clue. As his sponge swept over the horrible pink daub that had been a hand, another hand appeared under it —an exquisite, slender hand, painted as only Jeffrey himself can paint them. The next stroke carried away a whole section of white paint and underneath it showed through the shimmer of satin in long, broken folds.

"Well, I'm damned !" said Richards. "The real picture's underneath."

"You've solved the mystery," said Jeffrey excitedly. "It is."

He hadn't got to the face yet. He seemed to be leaving that to the last. But already we could see in the simple grace of the folds, the beautiful painting of the figure, the exquisite tones of the background, that the picture was one of extraordinary beauty.

"Let's see the face, man," said Richards. "Let's see the face."

"In a minute," said Jeffrey.

Faster and faster flew the big sponge and more and more of the disfiguring paint that disguised it came away, leaving the original picture intact under its protecting coat of heavy varnish.

"Now !" said Jeffrey. And with a last stroke of his great sponge he wiped the pink and yellow daubs away from the face and hands.

"There she is," he said at last. "What do you think of her ?"

He rung out his sponge, tossed it away and began wiping his hands on a bath-towel before he became aware of the tense silence; of the sudden mystery that was holding Richards and me spellbound.

We stared at that face and from it back into each other's and then at the face again.

"Well ?", said Jeffrey. "What's the matter with you fellows ? Speak up. Was the person who paid six thousand dollars for it such a nut, after all, Richards ?"

But the question passed unheeded. The lieutenant's face was grave, but his eyes were shining with excitement. For myself, I was trembling all over and I found it hard to speak steadily.

"You recognize it, don't you ?" I asked in a low voice. "It's the face—"

"Not a doubt about it in the world," he said. "It's the face. I couldn't forget that face in a thousand years. I saw it, you know. Just after they found it."

"What do you mean ?" said Jeffrey. "What are you talking about ?"

"That," said Richards—"that's the girl they found frozen in the ice. The girl that nobody has been able to identify."

To be continued

In the Forefront

NOEL MARSHALL, KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS; MRS. L. A. HAMILTON, SUFFRAGIST AND "CHIEF OF RELIEF;" COLONEL FARQUHAR, THE MAN OF MEDALS; COLONEL KETCHEN, WHO EARNS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT

Noel Marshall

Busy Knight of the Red Cross who can stop to give a hand to Jimmy of the Juvenile Court

By Irene Wrenshall

IF YOU want to see Noel Marshall at his happiest—financier, philanthropist, coal king, charity baron and Knight of the Red Cross—you will want to drop into his office at the Standard Fuel Company on King Street, Toronto, about nine o'clock in the morning, when he is opening the first batch of the three hundred letters which form his daily average as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Red Cross Society. The only other occasion when you could catch the precisely same brand of smile would be that on which he lifts his hand to start off the procession of motor cars which, each year, carry about five or six hundred orphan children from the various institutions about the city on an outing which fills them with unalloyed delight, and gives them something to think of for the rest of the year. For this is his chief hobby—to get the best out of life by doing something for others, and this is the reason why, busy man that he is, he has practically given up his own work that he may devote his entire time to that of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

"Tell you something about Noel Marshall," said Col. Ryerson, the president and founder of the Red Cross Society of Canada, recently. "Well, I can only tell you that he is the very best, the only man for this work and I have known him for many years."

Most of us would rather shun the reception of three hundred letters a day, even though a great many of them did enclose a cheque for our pet charity, but not so Noel Marshall. From their endless variety—letters from business men, letters from anxious mothers with sons at the front, short notes of inquiry or offers of service or material—he draws the greatest pleasure. But most of all does he love the letters sent from the various Women's Institutes, small societies in scattered hamlets in Northern Ontario, many of them, or from women in lonely farm homes, whose hearts are full, for their only boys have gone off to the war, and there is nothing left for them to do but knit and sew, that the boys may suffer as little as possible from hardship. One of these touching little letters, rather worn from much carrying, reposes in an inside pocket with Mr. Marshall's note book, after having been read to many a boy who is going to the front.

NOEL MARSHALL OPENING A BATCH OF HIS ENDLESS VARIETY OF LETTERS

It's the keenest interest of all that Noel Marshall has in these preparations for comfort for the boys, for his eldest son has already gone to the front with the first contingent, and having given of his best, like the lonely women on the farm, he thinks little of giving whatever else he has.

It is a matter of no surprise to those who have known and worked with Mr. Marshall to find him toiling away so enthusiastically for the Red Cross, and spending his whole time in and about the Society's headquarters on King Street. For a great many years, he has never been out of charity work, now on the Board of the Home for Incurables planning for the annual outing of the patients; gathering together enough autos to take everyone of the hospital inmates for a glorious afternoon of fresh air and sunshine and delightsome excitement; planning for a similar outing to be given by the Motor League, of which he is the President, to the orphans of the city; or, in the stress of a coal famine, offering twenty tons of coal to be given to the needy of the city—not the poor who are constantly in receipt of help, but the poor who never make their wants known.

As President of the Motor League, Mr. Marshall has been able to achieve the keenest pleasure from his ability to give delight to many empty-lived little ones. His chief joy is to be here, there and everywhere among them on the days of the annual outing, arranging the loading up of each luxurious automobile, handing out flags untiringly,

Continued on page 253

COLONEL FRANCIS D. FARQUHAR, COMMANDER OF THE PRINCESS PATRICIA'S CANADIAN LIGHT INFANTRY

Leading the P. P. P.'s

Francis Douglas Farquhar, Commander of one of Canada's Crack Regiments

By Madge Macbeth

AT the age of twenty-two, Francis Douglas Farquhar joined his regiment—one which has familiarized itself to us by a reading of the heavy casualties sustained throughout its intrepid ranks. The history of the Coldstream Guards shows it always to have been where the danger was greatest, where the fighting was fiercest. Its roll of honor shows all along a heavy draining of its ranks. As a Prussian general once said when the Prussians and the British fought side by side,

"I have reserved for the Coldstream Guards, the honor of doing what no other regiment could do," and by this speech he meant that the regiment was to meet the fire and dislodge the enemy, numbering something like two thousand five hundred against seven hundred!

A Coldstream Guard means—a fearless, loyal English gentleman. The name was taken from a small Scottish town in which the regiment originated. Coldstream bears somewhat the reputation of Gretna Green as a haven for runaway couples. But that is merely in passing, and has nothing to do with the fighting men who banded themselves together in 1660 under Lord General Monk and marched with him into London.

A king given his crown, a people their freedom, Charles II., disbanded the whole army with the exception of General Monk's men—the Coldstreams. For a long time after the general's death, they were known as the Queen's Regiment and were given precedence, following just after the First Foot Guards. When William of Orange came to the throne, and the famous Dutch campaigns were in progress, the Coldstreams distinguished themselves in a particularly brilliant manner. It is scarcely a platitude to remark that history repeats itself, for it was at Namur then, as it is to-day, that their charges were so gallant, their toll of death so appalling. And so gallantly did this regiment fight, that William forgetting for the nonce, his preference for the Dutch troops, exclaimed aloud:

"Look! Look at my brave English!"

A peculiar coincidence remains, that these same brave English, have during the history of their regiment, taken up arms against the very Allies with whom they are fighting now, and have fought side by side with the present enemies of Great Britain! For instance, they fought against the French at Waterloo, and with the Prussians, they took up arms against the Russians at Inkermann, Alma and Sevastapol.

In 1882 a battalion went to Egypt under the command of our Royal Governor-General and distinguished itself in many battles, but that was before Colonel Farquhar's time.

He saw active service in South Africa, going out in 1899 winning a D. S. O. in the following year and also a promotion. He was mentioned in dispatches and was awarded the Queen's medal with five clasps; he served with the Chinese Regiment of Infantry, and in '03 joined the Somaliland Expedition in which he again was distinguished for bravery and for which he received another medal with clasps. Upon his return to London he was taken into the War Office (General Staff) but he has always been particularly interested in the Intelligence Branch.

Personally, Colonel Farquhar is a man of great nervous energy. His quickness of speech and movement bespeak the life and love of action. He infuses a desire to accomplish something into not only his subordinates but all those with whom he comes in contact. When not engrossed with soldiering, he rides, being an enthusiastic and expert horseman. He has ridden in many renowned races, and has won numerous valuable trophies upon the hunting and racing field. He is not particularly fond of golf or angling as so many of his countrymen are, but takes his first pleasure, as has been said, in the saddle.

He married Lady Evelyn Hely-Hutchinson in 1905 and is the father of two beautiful little girls. It is also a coincidence, that last year at the Fancy Dress Ball, given for the children of the Capital by Their Royal Highnesses, perhaps the most striking costumes (certainly the ones evidencing the greatest trouble in the making) were those worn by Colonel Farquhar's children. They were dressed as *Russian nobles*.

Instead of joining his own regiment, Colonel Farquhar was accorded the honor of commanding the crack Canadian regiment known as the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry. As to how nobly these thousand odd veterans are acquitting themselves and bringing honor to their commander—glance at the press headlines.

The Serving Suffragist

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton Has Held the Highest Honors Within the Gift of Her Sisters

By Diana Moore

SOME years ago it was felt that to be a believer in Woman's Suffrage, to include it even among a great many other important beliefs, was to stand branded as a sort of female terror, a spectacled individual with unkempt hair, tweed Norfolk suit, walking hat, and a cane, who talked loudly, and tried in a feeble sort of way to emulate all the rougher qualities of man, the very qualities indeed which civilization is trying to eliminate from man's composition.

Of late in England, the Norfolk suit has been superseded by the fluffiest and cheekiest confection that the West End modiste can produce. But the semi-harmless cane has more than counterbalanced the sartorial improvement, by turning into a window-smashing hammer, or a long snaky fuse for country houses, or even a butcher's cleaver, warranted to slash every nought off the price of the choicest masterpiece.

But all suffragists aren't imitative Sylvias and Christabels. More often than not we find women professing this belief whose personalities and whose lives give a flat denial to all one's preconceived opinions.

One of the most outstanding members of the Women's Patriotic League, one of the most prominent in its Relief Work, is Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, who since her arrival in Toronto years ago has maintained an enthusiastic stand for woman's suffrage, and has held the highest honors within the gift of her sister suffragists, being President not only of the Equal Franchise League, but also of the Canadian National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

Mrs. Hamilton's present attitude on the suffrage question, however, is in direct opposition to that of Christabel Pankhurst, now self-expatriated and touring the United States. It was a matter of no surprise to those who knew the Canadian President when she decided that in the face of the serious conditions of war and lack of employment, other matters than suffrage should hold the attention of women, that the duty of each woman was to help others, and that this principle of service was best carried out just now by direct personal help, rather than by a propaganda of freedom and justice, important though that might be in its later effects.

For with Mrs. Hamilton, the vote has always been a means to an end, and that end the good of humanity. If, in the present emergency, that end can best be served by listening over the 'phone rather than by talking on the platform, by signing one's name to a check rather than by making one's cross on a ballot paper, then Mrs. Hamilton is all for writing dollar marks and letting the X's wait.

That she was right has been proved by the avidity with which her suggestions have been taken up, and, in Toronto particularly, there is hardly a needy woman or a child who does not know her personally or has not learned that her word can be depended on.

From early morning until late at night calls are coming in to her, for she has identified herself completely with the needs of the unemployed women and girls—girls from offices where the staffs have been reduced a half or three-quarters, girls from the factories whose output has been stopped by the war, and girls from other employments which have ceased on account of the cutting out of luxuries.

When you look back over Mrs. Hamilton's life you begin to realize from what she drew her inspiration for service. As a child she lived near a mining district, in England, and as there was always a great deal of poverty among the miners, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for those near them to help them, and even as a very young girl, Mrs. Hamilton worked among the wives and children. During two or three years of dire poverty, she was one of a family who thought of nothing else than doing for the poor around them.

In Winnipeg, after her marriage, Mrs. Hamilton, who had just returned home from a German conservatory, used her musical ability as an aid to charity, performing at charity concerts and working in all sorts of ways where music could be of assistance. At that time Winnipeg was not the city of culture which it is now, and many a musician and many a budding musical club would have had a hard struggle had it not been for the woman who, with her own ability and her splendid training, was able to give, and enthusiastically did give, her help wherever it was needed.

It was while in Winnipeg too that she became interested in the foreign population. Being possessed of an intimate knowledge of three or four languages she had many opportunities to be of great service to the overflow of Europe that has been pouring into

MRS. HAMILTON HAS NEEDED ALL HER GREAT EXPERIENCE THIS WINTER IN DEALING WITH THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED

our country in increasing numbers each year. Anyone who has even a bowing acquaintance with Winnipeg knows what that city was up against a few years ago with her foreign element; the problems that had to be faced, and the helping hands that had to be given, not the variety of help that writes cheques in the library of the River Avenue home—but the heart-warming kind that gets on the plane of sisterliness. Maybe it's an interpretation to an irate landlord who is out of patience with these people whom he cannot make understand, and maybe it's only a smile, but it is human friendliness—this is the sort of thing Mrs. Hamilton has done and is doing. She will laugh when you call this social service.

"Oh, I didn't look on it in any such advanced light," she will tell you, "I was just drifting into usefulness in one way and another."

Her real opportunities began, she feels, when she undertook the establishment of the Girls' Hostel at Lorne Park, now under way for nine years, a practical experiment that has demonstrated that a factory hand, a nurse, a stenographer or a school teacher may secure a healthful holiday, a tanned cheek, a steady hand and a full pocket book all at once if she is willing to go in for picking berries in a patch instead of shooing mosquitoes off a porch, when she takes her vacation.

There is another subject closely allied with the Girls' Hostel that is near to Mrs. Hamilton's heart, and that is the work of getting the women on to the land.

"But you must go slowly there," she says, "for it would be the worst of cruelty to take some woman who didn't know the first thing about country life and leave her on a farm to struggle as best she might."

There are a number of semi-trained women, however, who have undertaken farms and are doing well, and from these Mrs. Hamilton receives most encouraging letters which lead her to believe that there are opportunities which are especially good for girls who know something of farm work, such as those from the Hostel. To this end, she longs to see other women's training farms established in the near future.

But Mrs. Hamilton's feminist day dreams haven't ended with picturing the woman farmer. She has also sketched in the state-paid housewife, the recipient of the much hoped for Mother's Pension. And if the platform and polling-booth energy of the Canadian suffragist can make this happy figure a reality, Mrs. Hamilton will be there helping to do it. And the facts and figures collected from her Relief Work experience will furnish excellent campaign arguments.

Then, too, there is the ideal of domestic service, as a *real* service, helpful to both the giver and the receiver. Never perhaps has there been a better opportunity in Canada to try out such a theory than is accorded to Mrs. Hamilton by the present crisis and her official position in regard to it. For this she is working day and night, interviewing those who come to her personally, and looking over piles and piles of letters which crowd in by every post, letters from efficients and letters from inefficients; from women who have held good positions and who have lost them through no fault of their own; and,—in greatest quantity of all,—from girls who have gone into factories as little children without any education, and then, when war closes the factories, hardly know which way to turn. So closely has Mrs. Hamilton united herself with this movement that it is not too much to say that she takes a keen personal interest in each applicant and, studying from the other side—the long mailing list of those requiring domestic help—she tries to fit each to her position. How she has succeeded, and is succeeding, the next few months will show.

In the meantime the Chief of Relief is much too busy to be interviewed, although everywhere the interviewer goes he runs across her, whether it be at a meeting of down town clergy and social workers in the centre of "the ward"; at a caucus of the highest generals; or scouting for district captains who will find out, by personal investigation, how many of the needy there are in the city and which of the first ones to ask a hand-out are not to be trusted with their desires.

There is a misapprehension abroad about Mrs. Hamilton that we may not claim her as a Canadian, that she is English bred, with the ideals formed by English conditions. But this is incorrect.

True, she first opened her eyes in England, did this service-giving suffragist, but since a very small girl she has lived in Canada, moving with her family to a ranch in British Columbia twenty-seven years ago. Indeed, from her sojourn in the West, both before and after her marriage, from her many trekking months-a-year spent under canvas while her husband went up and down for the Canadian Pacific Railway choosing spots for settlement, she has probably gained a better knowledge of conditions in the newer parts of Canada than is possessed by a great many Eastern Canadians. And every bit of this knowledge, and every tingle of human sympathy that came tied up with it, will be needed this winter as Mrs. Hamilton grapples with the thousand-angled problem of the unemployed.

Now Col. Ketchen

He Starts the New Year Right—by Being Promoted

By Gwendolyn MacLeod

SOME men can afford to be good natured, and are; others can afford to, and aren't. Both kinds, to win, must be possessed of a capacity for work. Mere good nature rarely gains its owner any material advantage.

With which wandering philosophy as my introduction, I will say that Huntly Douglas Brodie Ketchen has been rewarded for his unfailing good temper and his inexhaustible capacity for work with a well deserved promotion. When he went to bed on New Year's Eve, he was Major Ketchen, L.S.H. (R.C.) When he came down to his club on New Year's morning he was Lieutenant-Colonel Ketchen, and with the promotion came the announcement of his appointment as acting adjutant-general.

For the last year Major Ketchen served in the latter capacity, but it was an honorary post, as no actual A.A.G. was officially appointed, but his excellent handling of the militia affairs for the largest military area in Canada has been recognized in this substantial manner at Ottawa.

Colonel Ketchen's popularity is attributed not only to his efficiency and the evenness of his disposition, but to his great understanding of the weakness and frailty of human nature. It takes a really big man to realize that time taken from his over-full day to listen to Bill Smith's account of the success of his crippled daughter's operation will result in a loyalty to the work in hand that could be obtained in no other way.

Ketchen was born in India, and is the son of Major-General Ketchen. He was educated at Wellington College and Sandhurst, the famous English military college. He was a lieutenant in one of England's crack cavalry corps, but came to Canada, where he saw a larger field. In 1894 he joined the Northwest Mounted Police, and the Lord Strathcona Horse in 1900, and was with them through the South African war. In 1901 Colonel Ketchen was in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, D.S.A., 1904, D.S.A. of M.D. 10 1909 to 1911. He was selected to go to the King's Coronation, and was adjutant of the contingent. He wears the South African Queen's medal, with three clasps, and the Coronation medal. He was appointed a major in 1912.

The Cache in the Forest

By W. A. Craick

ALL ABOUT AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR AND TWO ENGINEERING STUDENTS WHO DODGED A RAIN STORM ON THE NOVA SCOTIA COAST, RAN INTO SOMETHING WORSE, AND BECAME STRONG PRO-ALLIES THEREBY

Illustrated by V. L. Barnes

WHILE it is quite correct that a few rumors, bordering on the truth, had some circulation at the time, the affair at the Rockland Mine was so promptly and effectually suppressed by the military authorities at Halifax that the actual facts of the case never came to light. Even now I would not be at liberty to disclose the story were it not that an abrupt change of policy has been decided upon by the War Office. In the opinion of the officials no good purpose can further be served by hushing up the matter, and a full statement of all that happened at the Mine on the afternoon and night of August tenth last will undoubtedly help to impress on the public mind the deep gravity of the situation.

It was entirely owing to Dr. Galetta's strange mistake that we became mixed up in the affair. The Doctor, who is known to fame as Professor of Geology in the great American University of P——, was spending the summer, as had been his custom for several years, at a resort on the Nova Scotia coast about twenty miles from Halifax, employing his time in frequent excursions to various points of interest in Halifax County. My chum, Hilary Dean, and myself, Andrew Howich, two students of engineering at McGill University, chanced to be boarding for a week or two at the same hotel, after a strenuous three months' work on the new eastern counties railway. We had struck up quite a friendship with the eccentric old professor and, when nothing better offered, used to accompany him on his prospecting trips into the rugged interior of the County.

Six days after war was declared in Europe and when the first wild wave of excitement was at its height, the Doctor, who seemed in no way discomposed by the stirring events of the time, suggested an expedition inland to the Rockland Mine. The Rockland had been one of the first gold mines to be developed in the province and for a time had produced a very fair quantity of the precious metal. Then, doubtless because the process was too expensive to be profitable, it had been abandoned and had lain neglected and forsaken for many years. During the summer of 1913, however, a new company had taken it over; new machinery had been installed and operations resumed.

WE AGREED TO LIE ON THE CAMP BEDS WITH A GREAT SHOW OF RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT, AFTER LOCATING THE SHAFT

"They were just getting ready to begin again when I was over there last September," explained the Professor, "and I want to see how they are succeeding. It's a bit of a walk, but on a fine day like this a tramp of eight or ten miles won't hurt anyone. The mine people themselves get into the property from the other direction. I understand they have a spur line from the Intercolonial. Still it will be shorter for us to cut straight across country."

We had advanced perhaps five miles through a region left bare and desolate by the ravages of forest fires, when on the broad rock-strewn expanse of a plateau forming the top of a considerable hill, Dr. Galetta came to a sudden stop, a look of mingled surprise and perplexity engraved on his face. We, who followed him in single file along the trail,—Old Denby, loaded down with the Professor's specimen bags and scientific instruments, Hilary Dean and myself,—halted, too, and wiped the perspiration from our dripping foreheads.

"It's clean escaped me," declared Dr. Galetta, "whether the right road strikes to the left or right of that big boulder."

"To the right, I should say," interjected Hilary, with all his accustomed effrontery. "The right to the right and the left to the left. Eh, what ?"

"Bah," grunted the Professor, darting a look of disgust at the offender, "such smartness is overwhelming. You, Andrew, can perhaps grasp the difficulty. Often as I have come this way, I swear I never before observed that white boulder. It's disconcerting to say the least of it, and, as you may readily note, it stands right in the middle of the trail."

Dr. Galetta's perplexity at the sight of the while boulder was the first indication we received that we had strayed from the path to the gold mine and were now following another road. So barren and desolate was the region that landmarks of any sort were difficult of location and once away from the road it would be exceedingly hard to strike back again. For a long time the Doctor persisted in his assertion that he knew where he was, but at length he had to admit that he had lost his bearings.

"Drat it all," he exclaimed, "who would have thought I could have made such a slip? There's nothing for it but to fall back on the compass and strike straight across to the woods. Then I may be able to locate the track again."

After nearly an hour's hard tramping, rendered all the more difficult by the absence of any path, we approached the dense hardwood forest that skirted the northern edge of the barren. In the shelter of the first scattered trees we were glad to throw ourselves down for rest and refreshment. It was by now well past noon and the sun was already perceptibly beyond the meridian.

"Well, Doctor, what's the next move ?" asked Hilary, after we had completed our repast. "How about sending Denby up a tree to locate that lost road of yours ?"

"Quite unnecessary," protested Dr. Galetta, "all we need to do is to skirt the edge of the woods to the right and before long we'll encounter the road, or I'm very much mistaken. If you lads are ready, I think we'd better make a start; that western sky is looking a little threatening."

He was right. While we had halted, great billowy thunder-clouds had been steadily piling up behind us and, though the sun had not yet been overcast, its brilliance could not much longer remain undimmed. The lowering aspect of the heavens made haste imperative and we quickened our steps behind the excited professor, who for his part dashed along among the boulders and through the bushes that grew thick between, at a surprisingly rapid rate.

We had not covered more than a quarter of a mile when the almost imperceptible traces of an old wood road running into the forest were noted by our leader's quick eye.

"It's not the right trail," he declared, pausing to peer into the woods, "but I declare I've a mind to follow it. The chances are it's heading for the same place. What's more, if it starts in to rain, we'll stand a better chance of finding some shelter here than if we keep in the open."

So saying, he turned to the left and hurried into the woods. And that is how, by missing our road and being driven to cover by a gathering storm we plunged headlong into an adventure, which only a short week before we would have deemed incredible.

The road led deeper and deeper into the woods, which at this point were extremely dense and impenetrable, and our curiosity as to its probable destination was becoming acute, when our course was abruptly stopped by a high barb-wire barricade strung across the narrow road and extending, as far as one could see, for an indefinite distance on either hand. As if to emphasize the obstacle, a large signboard was fastened to a tree just beyond the barrier. It bore these words:—

Trespassing Absolutely Prohibited

Strangers are warned that the property of the Company is guarded by armed men, who have authority to use their rifles in defence of the mines, if necessary.

Rockland Mining Company, Limited

"Well, what do you think of that ?" gasped Hilary.

"Rather surprising," murmured the Professor. "For a Nova Scotia gold mine, it sounds somewhat presumptuous. Evidently the Rockland people have struck it rich."

"What's to be done ?" I queried. "I for one don't fancy getting soaked here just for a measly warning like that."

"Nor I," agreed Hilary. "I vote we brave the armed men."

"It's a bit risky," commented Dr. Galetta. "Still the warning may be only a precaution on the part of the management to keep undersirables off the property."

We clambered gingerly over the barb wire, not without sundry rents to our garments, and continued on our way cautiously through the forest. It had now become extraordinary dark and rain was beginning to fall noisily on the leaves overhead. If any guards were abroad, they like ourselves would be more likely to run for cover than remain in the open. It was doubtless to this circumstance that we owed our unimpeded approach to the clearing at the old South Shaft.

It was at best but a tiny hole in the forest but it contained a rough wooden building, or rather series of buildings, that seemed to offer a welcome shelter. Hurriedly crossing the open space, which was now being deluged by a fierce downfall of rain, we took refuge under the roof of the first shed. The latter adjoined a small engine house and beyond it was another structure situated at the mouth of one of those abandoned shafts, which had been sunk here and there on the property.

Until it grew lighter and the rain fell less heavily, our small party remained contentedly enough under the shelter of the lean-to. But just as soon as he could see again, the Professor was off poking around among the machinery and examining every nook and corner of the premises. For the most part the equipment was in desperate condition, being badly rusted and broken, fit only for the junk heap. It had not been used for years and was like never to be used again.

At length Dr. Galetta wandered out of the engine house and into the adjoining building which covered the mouth of the old shaft. Hardly had he crossed the threshold than an exclamation of surprise escaped him. We hurried towards him.

"Look at this," he exclaimed. "I verily believe they've been trying to work this shaft again."

Sure enough, the scene at the mouth of the supposedly abandoned mine presented a striking contrast to the picture of desolation behind. All the pulleys and gear were brand new, the casing round the mouth of the shaft was freshly constructed and near at hand a powerful gasoline engine had been erected and attached to the lifting apparatus.

"Listen," commanded Hilary, whose quick ear had caught a sound that had escaped our attention. From down the shaft came the distant clanking of steel on steel, with the occasional sound of voices mingling with the metallic noises.

"Queer business this," commented the Professor, speaking in low tones. "I've a mind to climb down and see what's going on. Yonder's an iron ladder and the shaft can't be more than thirty or forty feet deep."

Neither Hilary nor I said anything, though even yet we had failed to note anything unusual in the surroundings. However, a descent into a gold mine was not an everyday occurrence and the little adventure appealed to us. First the Professor clambered over the edge and down the ladder; then, at an interval, Hilary, and finally myself, Denby electing to remain above.

Of the events of the next few minutes I have but a confused recollection. I suppose I was only half way down the ladder, when the reverberating discharge of a pistol arrested my feet. Next moment, the light of a lantern played around me and a rough voice from below bade me climb down. As I reached the bottom of the ladder, I came upon my companions standing pale and uncertain against the rocky side of the shaft and facing them a group of half a dozen burly workmen in oil-stained overalls, who regarded the newcomers with glances in which astonishment was mixed with deep resentment. For aught else in the surroundings I had no eyes, though I had a hazy notion that the shaft spread out into a wide open space, lighted by numerous lanterns.

"How came you here ? Did you not see the sign ?" demanded one of the men, who appeared to be the leader.

"I am Dr. Galetta," announced the Professor in tones that astonished me by reason of their unusual tremor. "I came to see the mine on the invitation of Dr. Hansberg, the mine superintendent, who is an old acquaintance of mine. Such a reception as you have given me, will assuredly be resented by him."

"Yes, yes, all very good," commented the man, "but you have no business here and I can't see yet how you came."

"The simplest thing in the world," answered Dr. Galetta. "We took shelter in the shed above from a heavy rainstorm, and, chancing to hear voices down here, descended to see what was going on."

"Hum," responded the man. "But where was Blicker that he permitted you to enter ? Blicker should have stopped you from prying. Blicker will be brought to heavy account for this," he added fiercely, turning to the other workmen. "As for you, Herr Doctor, and your two friends, I shall conduct you at once to Dr. Hansberg, with full explanations."

In strange perplexity, for I could not yet fathom the mystery, I suffered myself to be hurried up the ladder and through the engine-room to the open air. Thence we were conducted along a dropping wood road for perhaps a quarter of a mile, when we emerged on the large clearing in which the main buildings of the Rockland Mining Company were situated. No opportunity was given us for the interchange of a single word, each being kept away from the others through the careful attention of a guardian workman. Denby had been captured at the mouth of the shaft, though he had made no attempt to escape.

Dr. Hansberg, a tall, heavily bearded man, was sitting at a desk in the office building, when we were announced. He was on the point of extending a boisterous welcome to the Professor, when something in the aspect of the big workman who had questioned us in the mine, restrained him. His color went momentarily pale and a strange glint flickered in his eyes. Notwithstanding he held out his hand cordially enough to Dr. Galetta and asked agreeably after his health.

"One moment, Doctor," interposed the big workman and drew the mine superintendent aside for a hurried colloquy. When he returned to us, his voice and manner showed undoubted agitation.

"This is a most lamentable occurrence, Galetta, most regrettable," he exclaimed. "You have seen ?"

"Yes, I have seen," said the Professor sadly.

"Ah, if you had only obeyed my sign, Doctor, your welcome here would have been pleasanter. As it is, it is my most unpleasant duty to detain you,—and your companions. I will do the best I can for you, make you as comfortable as possible, but this is war-time and I have a heavy responsibility."

"How long, may I ask, Dr. Hansberg, is this proposed detention to last ?" demanded the Professor, with rising heat.

"That I cannot say at present," was the reply. "I sincerely hope it won't be for long."

"I give no parole," cried Dr. Galetta, angrily. "I am an American citizen, detained here against my will. Up to now, I had an open mind. To-day my sympathies are firmly and irretrievably with the allies."

"I regret exceedingly, exceedingly," murmured Dr. Hansberg. "Still I have no choice. You hold our secret and I must see to it that that secret is not disclosed. Wilhelm, place Dr. Galetta and his friends in the storage shed under lock and key and see to it that they are well guarded. To-morrow they had better be moved to the guard house at the magazine. Give orders to have the place prepared for them, After doing that, send Blicker to me. He must be made an example of. For a few drops of rain no man should dare to leave his post."

When at length we found ourselves under the dingy rafters of the storage shed, I turned to the Professor and implored him to enlighten me on the happenings of the last half hour.

"Did you not see, Andrew ?" asked the Doctor in surprise.

"No sir, I have seen nothing but mystery ever since we climbed over the fence," I replied.

"You don't mean to tell me, Andy, you didn't see those big guns down the shaft?" cried Hilary.

"Guns ?" I exclaimed all amazed.

"Yes, sir, guns. We're right plump into a hornet's nest here, I can assure you, and how we're to get out without being stung, I for one don't know."

I must have been extremely dense, for even with this revelation the true significance of our plight did not yet dawn on me. My look of bewilderment evidently attracted the Professor's attention for he vouchsafed a further explanation.

"They're not mining gold over at the South Shaft, Andrew. They're putting big guns together. If you had had your eyes open, when we were down there, you would have seen what was going on."

"But why, why ?" I demanded.

"Why should a German mining company hide big guns in a supposedly abandoned shaft within twenty miles of Halifax, blockhead ?" interposed Hilary, impatiently.

"But the Rockland Company is not a German company," I protested. "It's Belgian."

"I fear the Belgian side of it has been a blind," remarked Dr. Galetta. "Hansberg is certainly German by birth, though he always assured me he was a naturalized American. At all events we've accidentally uncovered as pretty a conspiracy as was ever hatched. I suppose they imported the gun parts as mining machinery and have been putting them together secretly. Evidently a raid on the coast is contemplated as one move of the war and, when the time comes, they'll run these guns around behind the Halifax forts and take the garrison by surprise. It never entered my head that the business was really so serious."

"What's to be done ?" asked Hilary anxiously.

"At present, nothing," answered Dr. Galetta calmly. "But under cover of night, much may happen. I haven't poked around this mine the past three summers for nothing."

It was nearly five o'clock when we were incarcerated and darkness did not fall until after seven. Acting on the Professor's advice, we conversed quietly until night had descended on the clearing and the machinery of the stamp-mill had stopped. Some food of a fairly appetizing character had been passed in to us at six o'clock and men had later brought in four camp beds with blankets and a lantern. It was clear that we were not to be treated with any undue harshness.

"Now, boys," whispered Dr. Galetta, when at length night had closed in in earnest, "if my memory serves me correctly, there is a simple and easy way of escape for us from this improvised lock-up. I have a notion that

Continued on page 255.

A Stake in the Game

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated from Photographs

MAN is an appalling paradox. He can wrap himself ten-deep in furs and tear its secret from the Pole: he can lie hid in steaming jungle, under the Line, and pot an elephant that could crush the life out of him with one careless forefoot. He can rise to Titanic heights of sacrificial sublimity: he can sink to unplumbed Germanic depths of ferocity and bestiality. He can cheer himself hoarse, sob himself blind, spend himself broke: and then—amazing elasticity of soul—he can settle down to live sanely to-day under the very conditions that produced yesterday's psychic explosion.

In other words, at this date of writing, it is the one hundred and seventy-fifth day of the War.

And we bake bread, and eat it; we make bargains, and keep them: we write questions to Cynthia Grey of the Daily Advertiser, and she replies patiently as of yore.

Vienna, with it hundred thousand wounded overflowing the hospitals and turning the streets into sickening charnel houses, Vienna with its last gasp hopes and its twenty-cent eggs—Lorraine, with its Rose and Marie who killed their German chemist-husbands, to save their village—London, with its million electric globes painted three-quarters down, to fool the Zeppelins—Birkenhead, with its 2,400 little men, all volunteering in one day, to join the Bantam Regiment—Berlin, with its menace to which there can be no name, its mystery deeper than the secret of the Pyramid—these have become part of the mental horizon of the average Canadian who reads the stark, black head-line night by night, and wakes to grope next morning for the switch and the War Summary.

The American reads, idly, speculatively, from the bleachers. North of the Forty-ninth, we know that the world's choked heartbeats are *OUR* heartbeats; the tearing, shrieking shrapnel speeds *OUR* battle-cry; the simple, heroic death list is *OURS* too. And in this sense, as in that proud-vaunted boast of ours, "we hold a vaster empire than has been."

For no one, since Adam walked in the Garden, has lived in such tremendous days as these.

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KING'S MESSENGER STARTING FOR THE FRONT WITH MESSAGES FOR BRITISH COMMANDERS

And no one really lives to-day, who hasn't a stake in the game, a man at the Front!

The Front?

Do you want to see it, winter-stricken, bomb-scarred, utterly, hideously, hellishly desolated?

"At Louvain I met a Senator," writes a man just returned from Belgium, to his friend, CANADA MONTHLY. "He was a gentle old nobleman, who belonged to the City Council and used to be among the leading people of his town. He was one of the few survivors of the hostages the Germans had taken there, the reason of his escape being his presidentship of the Local Red Cross. This dignified old gentleman kept roaming through his city of gone glory, looking into the houses and heaps of debris for his fellow-citizens and friends, exactly like a puzzled faithful old dog, seeking his master.

"There are some things that the human mind cannot think through, and remain capable of further thought. He had seen the Prussian guards with chalk in their hands, march carelessly through a throng of once-notable civilians, and make a white cross here and a white cross there, on an inoffensive back.

"There had been suspicion of retaliation because the Germans had reduced the town to a network of paths among heaps of debris. Such retaliation would have been justifiable surely. But, in most instances, it had not taken place. Shots heard however, constituted good and sufficient evidence. The officers, steeped in Kultur, didn't enquire whether the rifles belonged to the cross-marked Louvainians or to drunken Prussian joy-shooters. The cross-marked were led out, stood in a file and shot. I take Louvain as an example, but the remarks apply equally to Malines, Lierre, Namur and Visé.

"In the country, agriculture will be resumed by and by. For the present, the trench lies like a scar across the sugar-beet field, the little graves, each with its cross atop, dot the roadsides. And he was a lucky man who had a grave to himself.

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SACRIFICING SMART MILITARY APPEARANCE FOR WARM GOAT SKIN COATS WOULD BE THE LAST WORD IN COMMONSENSE IF ONLY WATER-TIGHT BOOTS WERE FURNISHED AT THE TIME

"As we whirled through the country in our motor, we noticed the villages, each a straggle of houses, set along one side of the highway. The first two or three struck us with the chill of death. For there was not a roof in the whole line, just walls around the firegutted interiors. But as we passed through another and another of these strange, silent skeleton hamlets, their very monotony became its own excuse, until it seemed as though villages should be so.

"Between Malines and Brussels, one continuous train of foot passengers was to be seen, making the road look as if some festival was in progress. But every man carried a bundle of goods—blankets, foodstuffs, or the snatched-up tools of his trade. Every woman was loaded with babies and clothes. And there wasn't a song, nor a flower, nor a smile—nothing but that strange, inward look, that remote, searching, horror-gaze that had dwelt in the eyes of the Senator of Louvain.

"It must be understood, however, that not all the elements of the German army are behaving themselves in the same manner in Belgium. The Bavarian reservists seem to be on a better footing with the Belgians than the Prussians do, and many a bellied Munich-beer-drinker told me that he detested the course that things had taken and that he felt ashamed whenever he had to do with the natives. Some of these fellows did what they could in order to comfort the unlucky population, but it was a heavy task even for a kindly disposed Bavarian family man, to soothe a nation where husbands have been shot before the eyes of their wives, and where only, women, children, and aged people remain in gloomy sadness, hardly appearing from their houses, where every window still bears a white flag."

That's the Front.

Now for the Man—the Canadian man, Salisbury-trained till he strains at his leash.

Here's what CANADA MONTHLY'S own correspondent, Pte. H. R. Gordon, writes from the muddy Plains.

And, as you'll see, though rural England, scanned by khaki-clad Canada, fills the foreground, bleak Belgium peers over its shoulder.

"Sixty of us have had a pleasant relief from camp life for the past few days. We're technically on 'fatigue duty', unloading sheet iron and steel bars for huts and stables at Wishford Station. Really, we're having a dandy holiday.

"We're billeted in a quiet, out of the world, old village. We've had a unique chance of seeing what rural England is like. We've also had a view in miniature of the War. We've met wounded men from the Army, Belgian refugees, and a marine on leave from one of the dreadnoughts of the Grand Fleet.

"Wishford is a typical English village. Its street winds irregularly along the valley of the River Wyelye, from the 'Swan' inn to the 'Royal Oak.' Five poplars stand by a shelving beach where "arses' (as the Wiltshire dialect has it), may be watered in the river. A stone church encircled by a graveyard, a new brick mansion, the home of a retired colonel, a smithy, and a score of thatched houses make up the village. Most of the houses have gardens, enclosed by whitewashed walls topped by thatch.

"Three of us are billeted in the household of the head keeper of the Wilton Trout Fishing Club, Edwin Canning.

"We tell them about skating, and log drives, and thousand acre wheat-fields. They tell us about thousand year old Wishford and its unchanging customs.

"The big man of the neighborhood is the Earl of Pembroke, and all the people look to him as their leader. He, like most of the men of position in England, has not been found wanting in the present crisis. He went across to the continent, and was with his regiment at the victory of the Marne, and the desperate fighting in front of Ypres. While we were at the village, he came back for a three days' furlough, and took an hour or two off to interview his head keeper about the trout stream.

" 'We got above Newton village,' said Mr. Canning, 'and the Earl, 'e turned to me and said, 'Look how pretty and peaceful it is! Over in Belgium I've seen villages that were once like that but are just heaps of rubbish now. Newton village 'ud be a rubbish heap too, if the Germans got over here.' "

"We saw three people from Belgian rubbish heaps last Sunday. The rector had invited the whole party, sixty in all, up to tea. Among those who passed around tea and cake to us as we sat around on grain sacks in the loft of the big stone outbuilding were three people, two of them young lads, the other a middle aged man. One of our chaps was able to carry on a broken conversation with the man by repeating German words till the man could get Flemish words akin to them, and by a free use of gestures.

"This Belgian, had, it appeared

been a truck farmer in a small village seven miles from Aerschot. He grew asparagus and celery and potatoes on his fifteen hectares of land, and was able to raise enough to pay an annual rental of seventy-five francs per hectare, and live in comparative comfort in a neat little cottage. Then the War came. One day a 'lift ship'—airship—appeared. A little later German cavalry came along. They shot twenty-seven inhabitants of the village and burned every house down. This man fled. Now he was living in a cottage provided by his good friends the English, to whom he was teaching the secret of making two heads of celery grow where one grew before.

"Wishford has not been slow in following the lead of the Earl of Pembroke, and doing something to give the Belgians their own country back again. The total population of the parish is two hundred and forty five, and thirty-five are now serving with the Army or the Navy. Only three young men are left in the village. Two of these were rejected by the doctor and the third was in Government employ, and was not allowed to volunteer.

"One of the Wishford men at the Front has been killed and two wounded. One of the latter wears a silver plate in his skull to cover the place where a shrapnel bullet crushed in his forehead. He is subject to dizziness and fainting spells, and we did not see him. The other man was scored across the thigh by a piece of shell in the trenches before Ypres, and was almost well enough to go back to the Front. He was once in the band of the Wiltshire Regiment, and he played the cornet at a dance which the good landlady of the hotel got up in our honor. With difficulty we made him tell us some of his experiences. Like most regular soldiers he had little talent for description.

"Once, when off scouting he was almost trapped by the Germans.

" 'We had to throw our packs away,' he told me, 'I had a pair of field glasses and a revolver in mine that I'd got off of a German officer. When we got away, the first thing my mate said was, 'Doesn't it feel good, walkin' without a pack.'"

"We asked about life in the trenches.

" 'I saw a bloke fall sound asleep loading his rifle,' was one thing he told us. 'Once, water ran short ; we were two days without water. The first night two fellows went back with half our bottles. They never came back. I 'spect snipers got them. The next night, two more tried and one got through.'

"Finally he told us how he was wounded. 'I was sitting down in the dug out munching a bit o' biscuit and some jam I had. A shell burst right in the trench. It tore the head off the bloke next me, and nicked me across the thigh.'

"He would not tell us how he got to hospital from the trench except by saying, 'Oh, I crawled back after dark.'

"At last we asked, 'How do you like the idea of going back ?'

"He hesitated a moment. We had gathered, as much by what he didn't say as by what he said, that the trenches before Ypres had been, simply and literally, hell.

MILITARY COOKING WAGON CAPACITY 77 GALLONS, CAPABLE OF PREPARING MEALS FOR 250 MEN, USED BY THE SECOND CONTINGENT ON ROUTE MARCH

' 'Go back ?' he repeated, 'Well, I'm game.'

"The marine from the Grand Fleet came home for a couple of days' leave while his ship was having a routine refit at 'Pompey', otherwise, Portsmouth. He was rather silent too. From what we could gather, life in the Grand Fleet since the beginning of the War has been a time of hard monotonous work in severe weather, of coaling at sea every few days, of battle practice in heavy gales, and, at the back of every man's consciousness, the thought of the possibility of instant death from the torpedo of an unseen foe.

"One fine morning, the marine told us, his ship was towing a target for another ship to fire at when a German submarine was sighted.

" 'Some of us thought we were in for it,' he said, 'but we kept on towing the target. The torpedo was fired but passed ahead of us.'

"Once the whole fleet lay stripped for action just out of sight of Heligoland, on the strength of a report of activity in German harbors flashed back by a scouting seaplane. But the German High Seas Fleet Admiral evidently thought better of it.

" 'We hoped they'd come out and we'd have a go at them,' said the marine, 'but they just wouldn't.'

"All these first hand stories of the War make us even more impatient to get across the Channel. Sometimes we all feel happy over a rumor that we're to go shortly after the New Year. Then another rumor has it that we'll have to wait till March, and we wonder how deep the mud will be on Salisbury Plain by that time. Most of us have ceased to expect anything or speculate on anything. We know we will go when Kitchener thinks we're ready, and when that time will be, only Kitchener knows."

Even as the Salisbury men strain to get off to France, so do the fellows of the Second Contingent stare eastward from Montreal and Toronto and London, and the West. There are twenty-two thousand of them—up at 6.30, drilled in the miniature and service ranges, trained on the frozen fields in 'cross country route marching, learning to live on the pound of meat a day, and the pound of bread, and such vegetables, butter, jam, and tea, as His Majesty and the Hon. Sam will provide.

London holds the Eighteenth Battalion—eleven hundred men—and a battery of a hundred and fifty.

One day, with a zero snap in it after a January thaw, I walked through the gates of the Exhibition Grounds, displaying a military permit in place of a quarter.

From rim to rim, the great open

space where in the fall, the Midway buzzes and sings and hustles and shouts and blazes and flaps, was a single sheet of ice, with here and there a khaki-clad messenger skimming across. The two-to-three parade was over; the three-thirty to four-thirty parade was not yet; the men were resting in the two big bunkhouses that used to be called the Transportation and the Machinery Buildings.

Br-r-r, but it was cold! Even the man in khaki with the coronet on his shoulder straps acknowledged that much. The sudden fragrant warmth of the cookhouse was delightfully welcome as we pushed open the door.

There were the long tables we remembered at Fair time, the dim stoves in the background where the Ladies' Aid earned weary dollars for the new church carpet. Now, there were no feminine pictures, no mussy-artistic bunting, but instead, there was a new and not unattractive stand-at-attention air of tailormadeness that extended even to the white enamelled plates and cups, piled mathematically at the table ends.

"What did you give the men for dinner to-day?" the head cook was asked.

"Roast meat, sir, and boiled meat, potatoes and beans, bread and butter and tea."

Not a word wasted, nor a bean, you may be sure.

"And what will they have for supper?"

"Rice pudding, sir, and prunes, bread and cheese and tea."

Well, they won't starve. Neither are they having the loafers' rations that some white-feather artists aver.

High and clear through the frosty air, chiller than the north wind, the bugle sings!

"There they go," says our guide, "want to see them?"

White sheep, black sheep—young, old—country, town—poor and not-so—out they march, clear-eyed, clean-limbed, big, splendid, alert. They don't sentimentalize about themselves any more than they idealize the job before them. They're no "thin red line o' 'eroes" but, say, look at them, swinging down on you across the ice with the pale north sky behind them! Aren't they *the stuff*!

Quickly they separate into squads. The nearest group begins the one-two-three lunge that would spell death to the Germans if every rifle carried the imagined bayonet on its tip. Others are marching, the barked commands coming thin and shrill across the ice.

Still another squad goes to the miniature range in the Horticultural Building—think of the irony of it!—to learn how to sight and shoot, to

Continued on page 272.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

HERE we are verging towards spring, and still the war goes on. In a few months the daisies will be growing over those immense pits in which our bravest and best are lying over there in Europe. Of course the war may be over before these lines see print, but nearly everyone understands that articles for periodicals cannot be written over night. We have ceased reading any war news but headlines. The sensational and expensive paragraphs captioned as "cable despatches" are either "repeats," repetition or "fakes." The correspondents used to fake sensational paragraphs while they waited in Key West for transportation by some means to Cuba, at the time of the Spanish-American War. One day it would be a boy snapped by a shark off a rock as some press boat flew by; the next a monitor blown up in the harbour, or some extraordinary catastrophe such as the scuttling of a wandering Spanish craft in the Gulf. And the dear doormat public would read the news under big black headlines in New York next day, and the reporters would laugh and go turtle fishing somewhere around the Keys. Not that the one woman correspondent indulged in such doings. I think the woman reporter is more honest or reliable under certain conditions than her brother craftsman, or, it may be that she is only more timid. In any case no press woman could endure to sully her work by fake despatches. This much I will say for the very often misjudged and underpaid newspaper woman.

THE HYSTERICAL NOTE

ONE is becoming tired of what may well be termed the hysterical note of late apparent in some of our British newspapers. There is really no need for it. It makes you doubt as to the truth of all the atrocious things you read about the Germans. It also makes you wonder if the spirit of British fair play has not been somewhat dimmed. That is a spirit we must keep "sans reproche." It is Britain's best asset. It is not the spirit which informs the paper that prints a picture of a German soldier holding a little child for a moment on his knee and says, "This is an obvious pose"—in other words a planned picture to show that a German soldier has a touch of the human in his heart. All these boys—and they are mothers' boys like our own—are not the brutes that some of our British papers depict. Some chap, a German, carrying what looks like a can of beans, is labelled "A German Burglar," when he is doubtless only some peasant lad with a bit of loot.

Maximillian Harden seems to place things on a more decent footing than Wells or others of great literary note. Lord Roberts' advice is the best for every British soldier to take, "Fight in the field with your gun," he said to Tommy A., "and don't try to kill the German with your mouth. Let your gun talk." That the Allies will win in the end is my certain belief, but meantime let us be fair-minded even towards a foe we may hate, but cannot despise. That there is such a thing as German valour, German adoration for race and country, this war has so far proved, nor should we dub by printed word or picture *every* German lad who fights for his Fatherland, a beast and a Hun. As Lord Roberts said almost at the last: "Do not abuse the German, but fight him, and do not divide up Germany until you have beaten her. Stick to your duty, lads!"

Little Bobs! the best soldier, the cleanest man, the most humane Christian the world has known in many years

—"Let your gun talk, man," he says, "and keep your mouth shut!" Well, vide a husth! which the man at the Cross-roads says is good Erse, though he will not vouch for the spelling.

SORROWFUL PLACES

"THRUE for ye, that time," says the man, "Bobs was never one to give lip service. An' now the little man is lying beside Wellington in ould Saint Pauls! One time I had the privilege of going into the crypts an' I don't want it again. Crypts and vaults are sorrowful places, an' it hurts yet to think of brave men lying in mouldy spots like that. Give me the open—even in those Belgian an' French pits—under the winds an' the sunlight, with the green grass above. I think always one is nearer to God in the open places. Av coorse I know He goes everywhere, even in your pockets—but I'd rather be burried in a Connemara graveyard—a little lonely ould place, than in anny of your gran' Cathedrals.

"I'm glad, Pedlar, for a truth that ye are speaking a decent word for them German peasant lads who are driv' before their little officers. Betther be shot in front anny day than in the rear. I'd folly anny officer that waved his sword like ours do and said, 'Come on!' I'd folly him through hell and out, but wid a little omadhaun prickin' me in the rear, I'd lie down, Pedlar—an' kick him in the shins!"

WOMAN AND "HIGHER EDUCATION"

A FRIEND, writing from England, says: "There was not much opening for literary workers before the war, but now there is almost nothing. There is such a plethora of writers not merely in London, but everywhere in England. The woman's colleges have turned out thousands of them. In addition to making militant suffragettes, 'higher education', in England is responsible for the production of a class of single women who are panting for careers in which they can distinguish themselves, and as many of them have abundant or at any rate sufficient financial means, they throw themselves at the heads of editors, and as they are content with very low pay, they often take the bread out of the mouths of their less fortunate sisters. They don't want to marry; they can be shallow and frivolous in three or four languages; they play golf and tennis and they will paint, write, sculp or go on the stage if only they can get their portraits into the papers and themselves into notice. I forget how many members the Lyceum Club has, but I think they run into four figures—all of them writers, painters or actresses of sorts, the majority of them well to do and about one-tenth of them in regular work—an assemblage of clever women positively dreadful to contemplate.

"I went to tea there some years ago on two separate occasions, once with an actress who had made a success—Festince, on the stage and was writing a play which was to bring her into prominence, and once with an artist. It was an eye-opener to go into the tea-room and to be one of about three men in an assemblage of about forty women, all smoking or tea-drinking, and all of them trying their hardest to look literary. There was much that was amusing in their dress. Here was the woman who was masculine to the last degree in the cut of her coat, in her collar and tie, and in the way she 'did' her hair; there, the sylph in artistically weird garments of gray-green that clung about her tall and attenuated form; there again the stout party of uncertain age who had long ago outgrown the efforts of dressmakers to overtake her increasing proportions. Again there was the woman of the thin, clotheshorse, keenly intellectual stamp who found her recreation in abstruse mathematical problems, and who had assisted her uncle in discovering a small and very distant star. And when you consider that all these women stand ready, like maids at a registry office, to grab at any chance of employment, you will understand that the editors find their chief employment in sending back Manuscripts."

ROMAN RECOLLECTIONS

WE MAY be cold in Canada—especially in February, our chilliest month—but we can make our houses warm and we really enjoy more warmth and comfort than can be found in countries with a more moderate winter climate. The Pedlar once wintered in Rome and that old chap will never forget the miserable galleries heated by the inefficient brazier, where for hours—being intent on studying art—he shook and shivered. And yet the discomforts of January are quickly forgotten when, with the early days of February, boughs of almonds and boughs of wistaria are brought in by the market women who sit among the "models," embowering them in the pink and mauve-tinted blossoms. And day by day flowers from the Campagna add their delicious gifts of spring, and little dark-eyed children offer violets of incomparable beauty and anemones of richest hue. Whether you buy or not, the little creatures smile sweetly and, in the gentle voice of Italia, render their thanks. Flower-gemmed is the Campagna in March, with us so blustering and withering a month. And April is even more magnificent. Rome is at her best and fairest. The sunniest people on earth's top are at their happiest. Ugh! the window beside me rattles in a North wind; the little old garden beneath looks sad and withered. The ancient pear tree, which had borne so bonnily in the late autumn, looks like a drooping, twisted old man.

And yet—think of it! under all that apparent, that crippling bleakness, the peony roots are sleeping, the Rose of Sharon so bountiful of deep reddish-purple blooms in the summer—that last summer of peace—is napping, and the dead leaves of sighing autumn are sinking into the ground under the snow preparing to enrich the earth when her time of delivery comes.

God be praised! Nature will have her way despite the frantic, the awful, the horrible struggle of nations who are at each others' throats, tearing, tearing.

WHY? IN CANADA!

IN A very prosperous Ontario City, two weeks before Christmas, this occurred. A woman in the east end of that city was found in a desolate little home, lying on a pile of straw in the corner of the kitchen, clasping tightly in her arms the dead body of her two-weeks' old baby, which had died of starvation. The husband, a painter, had been out of work for many months, and the furniture, which had been purchased from an instalment house—that curse of the poor—had been seized several weeks before, because payments on it had failed. An empty stove was the only article of furniture in the house. And oh! if you could only know the weather the day this poor human mother was discovered by charitable and warm-hearted mothers. An awful night of bitter winds, succeeded by an Arctic day, the first really cold day of this winter. You know how it is when we in Canada get the first touch of deep winter. We are not prepared for it despite all our knowledge as to its inevitable arrival, but we coal up and get the house warm and settle down to it. And now comes the point I want to make. All sorts of funds have been provided for all sorts of people. Not that I have one word to say against Patriotic Funds or Belgian Funds or the splendid efforts of our Canadian women for our soldiers. Yet—does not charity begin at home? Should not the poor—and we have them, believe me, in our Canadian cities—be searched out, helped and comforted? I cannot help thinking of that woman, prototype of many, and her little starved baby. What doctor attended her? Was there no womanly neighbor anywhere? No one knows better than the Man with the Pack how much doctors do for those who cannot pay. There is more than one Dr. McClure in the world. And it is done silently and finely, and is a greater heroism than any battlefield glory, one of those quiet, patient bits of heroism which, it seems to me, only Christ may understand.

Which is Quite enough.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

ONE wonders often these days if people in general are really acquainted with the Scriptures It may be that it is "put upon" many to sneer at God's Word. For they do it. Some reader may remember that from the pack of the Pedlar there came last January, in CANADA MONTHLY, a word of warning as to the Signs of the Times. Many letters tumbled into the Pack and were tumbled out again. At the time there was no foreword as to the war, which was declared in the autumn. The world seemed to be going smoothly along its natural course. But the signs were evident to any Scripture student and events have proved that they were correct. Believe me or not, the Biblical prophecies are about to be fulfilled. If you scoff, reader, your scoffing is also one of the signs of the times. Too late, too late, shall many of us find out the truth.

And yet every day the prophecies are actually being fulfilled. Only God may know that which will be happening when this sees print. But everything points to the gradual embroilment of the nations of the world going always eastward until comes Armageddon. "And the nations were angry," Rev. 11:18. Turkey is hastening to her end. Constantinople, that key of the world, will be abandoned. Note the prophecy about her:—

"When Turkey establishes her capital at Jerusalem, Michael stands, probation ends and the judgment hour of God on the nations of the world begins." Dan. 11: 45; 12: 1-3. The prophecy says nothing about when the Turk removes from Constantinople; but declares that when he shall plant the tents of his palace between the seas and the holy mountain, at that time shall Michael stand up, that is take his Kingdom.

Watch the headlines in the papers, and you and I, friend, may well tremble when we read that the Turkish Government has moved its capital to Jerusalem!

All these things you can find out for yourselves, by simply reading most carefully Daniel, Ezekiel and Revelation. The case of Russia is merely a study of a single prediction made in the prophecy by Ezekiel, three thousand years ago. Read Ezekiel 38 : 4. It would take all the space of this magazine to explain it; but your own intelligence will pierce the clouds of Scripture language.

Watch for the involvement of the nations, and while you watch, pray; and consider this saying:—

"In Turkey will be decided the fate of the world." It is not a Scriptural saying because it came from Lord Salisbury as long ago as 1896. He foresaw trouble in the East. We are

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at this moment of writing—verging upon that trouble; February—this month of which we can make but guesses—may see that trouble arrived. Only God knoweth. Our own belief is that we have "reached the closing years of the last generation that will ever live on the earth"—this despite the glorious message of the second coming of Christ.

Your Pedlar grows old.

COMPLIMENTS

CANADA MONTHLY has been very kind to the Pedlar, and my good friend, Arthur Stringer, even more so.

Of course, his poem to one "Kit" in the CANADA MONTHLY for December might have been meant for anyone or anything from a war-kit to a kit-bag. But the Pedlar viewed with humble yet proud eyes that tribute to a Kit he once knew, and hereby thanks Mr. Stringer.

Arthur Stringer is a very notable figure in the literature of to-day. We find him, and read him, everywhere in the weeklies and the magazines. To be honoured by a poem from his pen—and his pen always has a heart in it—is a fine little honour.

Therefore is the Kit of my acquaintance humbly grateful.

One day a young colored man of sporty appearance dropped in at a country livery stable and said he needed a job. He looked promising, so he was set at work greasing the axles of a buggy.

In a remarkably short space of time he reported the task finished.

"Look here," said his new boss, "do you mean to say you've greased all four of them wheels already?"

"Well," rejoined the new man, "I've greased the two front ones."

"And why haven't you greased the two hind ones?"

"Well," said the new man again, "so long's the two front ones goes all right, the two hind ones jes' nachelly *got* to foller!"

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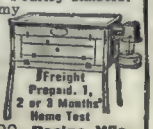

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Noel Marshall

Continued from page 239.

and attending to every detail with never a thought as to the heat of the day or the strength of the summer sun.

His big touring car is usually the last in the procession, filled with an avalanche of small boys half hidden under Union Jacks.

It is a very evident fact that Mr. Marshall is fond of the "kiddies," and every one of them knows this genial humanitarian. To the boys and young men of Broadview Y. M. C. A. he has been a kind and beneficent friend—being the giver of the site of five and a half acres on Broadview Avenue on which the building was erected. His interest in the Boys' Dominion has always been extremely keen and his work as honorary president has been invaluable. In fact it is necessary to list Mr. Marshall's many charitable interests to remember them all, as he has been at various times a director of the Children's Aid Society, the Orphan Boys' Home, the Working Boys' Home, British Welcome League, Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, Women's Welcome Hostel, Imperial Home Union and the Georgina Homes.

It isn't every director of charities, however, who can see over his year books clear down to the concrete case standing at his own desk. But such a directorate of abstractions wouldn't be in Mr. Marshall's line. The following incident is characteristic:

Jimmy was a Juvenile Court "bad boy," a designation that doesn't come with one or two or three convictions. Jimmy had twisted his dirty cap in his dirtier hands on nine unholy occasions, each of which had resulted in a verdict of guilty.

And yet Commissioner Starr, who was then still genially filling the office of Kiddies' Judge, couldn't help believing that Jimmy was pay dirt if only a miner patient enough to get at the heart of him could ever be found.

One day Mr. J. J. Graham, of the Children's Aid Society, was taking a flying trip out of town. He wasn't reading the latest best seller, however. He was worrying over Jimmy, whose case he had just discussed with the Commissioner.

When he came to, his eye lit on a big, bulky figure green-chairing it across the aisle. The Kitcheneresque face was familiar to anybody and everybody who needed things, and just now Mr. Graham needed something, and he needed it right away.

"Mr. Marshall," he said, crossing his green brussels Rubicon, "may I have five minutes of your time?"

The result was a recital of the wanderings of Jimmy, whose single fare ticket seemed indubitably punched for Failuretown.

"What's he interested in? What line would he like to work at?" Mr. Marshall asked at last.

"Why, he'd sorta fancy himself as a baker. But no one'll take him with that record."

"I'll find a man who will," said the humanitarian, as the porter hooked his suitcase and thank-you-sir-ed down the aisle.

Sure enough he did. Then he instilled the fear of the Lord into Jimmy and the fear of Noel Marshall into the baker—or maybe it was love, not fear, in both cases—and the result is that the nine-times-down-and-outer has come back. Not only can he make buns. He can make good.

Mr. Marshall's appointment as member of the Prison Parole Board, a position which he has held since 1911, has given the benefactor of Jimmy a chance to multiply his results by the scores. And he never loses an opportunity.

We Surely Have Great Breakfasts At Our House

Boys enthuse about Puffed Wheat and Rice. There's many a food which they enjoy, but these they revel in.

Each grain is like a toasted nut, made thin and crisp and porous. Each is a bubble, blown to airy lightness by millions of steam explosions.

Each is a confection, yet it is all food and made—by Prof. Anderson's process—so it all digests.

Goodies Without Cream

The chief delight in many a cereal lies in the cream and sugar. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are goodies when one eats them dry. Countless children carry them at play.

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Sole Makers.

PETERBOROUGH, ONT. SASKATOON, SASK.

(807)

In thinking of Mr. Marshall's many and varied charity interests, one is almost inclined to forget his other activities. There is his concern for instance in the Canadian National Exhibition, which owes a great deal of its success to Mr. Marshall who, as Vice-President, has been untiring in his efforts to "make it a go."

He is a well-known figure in and around the exhibition, at the Directors' meetings and luncheons and as a genial host when social gatherings are afoot.

He was pronounced a regular "travelling ad" when, with Dr. Orr, he went to England in connection with the affairs of the "big show."

He has shown equal activity in his work in connection with the Open Air Horse Show, for he loves horses almost as much as he loves humans. In 1902, when there was discussion as to the entertainment to be provided for the Homecomers to the Old Boys' Reunion, it was his happy suggestion to gather all the finest horses in the city in one monster parade. So successful was this initial parade, that it has become an annual event. Mr. Marshall's love for horses also proves itself most practically in looking after the interests of all the animals used in connection with his business.

Though not a curler himself, he is interested in all types of sport and has presented many a trophy to the curlers. Also, in his "playtime," he is always "a boy with the boys." On a trip west for instance, on a pioneer train of the C.N.R. en route to Sudbury, whenever the boys took to athletics to while away an hour, Noel Marshall was always in the thick of it.

A glance at his face brings to mind the oft-repeated assertion that he bears a strong resemblance to Baden Powell, and certainly it must be confessed that when he dons his uniform as Boy Scout Commissioner, the resemblance is at least arresting. He was elected to the Canadian General Council of the Boy Scouts' Association, and has been constantly ready with his aid in furthering the work of the movement. As a Commissioner, he was one of those most keenly interested this summer in deciding to organize immediately an ambulance corps of one hundred picked seniors to prepare for any contingency which might arise, and he has been an ardent supporter of the work this winter.

Of his business career it seems hardly necessary to speak, so widely is Noel Marshall known as the "Coal King." Though born in England, he has been a resident of Toronto for over fifty years and is a Torontonian, every inch of him. His business success has been phenomenal and it is only necessary to speak of the honors which were paid him by

his competitors in the coal business on the occasion of the forty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the business life to realize that it has been deserved. On that occasion he was presented with a large sterling silver cigar case as a mark of esteem, at a surprise dinner tendered him by the National Club. A member of the Toronto Board of Trade, he is ever working for the city's advancement. He is also a director of the Sterling Bank of Canada, and a Vice-President of the Title and Trust Co., besides being an officer of many of the financial companies.

But, above all, one is struck with Noel Marshall's optimism. He has always a smile and a cheerful word for everyone, and though his activity is tireless and his responsibilities particularly heavy, you are sure to see a twinkle in his eye and hear a merry joke, for he has looked for happiness and has found it —and passed it on.

Cache in the Forest

Continued from page 245.

these German miners, in their eagerness to establish their gun factory, have overlooked a few items in the working arrangements of the former owners. If they have, we are in luck. You will note that this shed is pretty well filled all along the back there with supplies of one sort or another. Most of the stuff was left here by the old company when they closed down five years ago and so far as I can see, it hasn't been touched.

"As a matter of fact this shed was originally built to shelter the mouth of a shaft that slants off to the left. It was worked out some years ago and then abandoned but not before the miners had got right through to the ravine behind the stamp-mill. The machinery which had been installed in here was taken out and used elsewhere, the mouth of the shaft was boarded up and the shed was utilized for storing supplies. I'd take my oath that Dr. Hansberg and his men knew nothing of the original purpose of the place.

"You can now grasp my plan. We must uncover the old shaft and make good our escape through the ravine."

It was agreed that we should all four lie down on the camp beds with a great show of retiring for the night and, having taken accurate cognizance of the supposed location of the shaft, put out the light. Then Denby was to steal to the solitary window of the shed and mount guard, warning the rest of us of the proximity of the sentinel by means of a light cough. Dr. Galetta, Hilary and myself were to struggle with the sacks of chemicals as best we could in the darkness.

Good fortune assuredly was with us that night. There was a faint glimmer of moonlight to guide our hands, and the man on guard did not molest us. The shed had obviously been prepared for just such a purpose as that to which it had now been put and the possibility of our escape must have seemed very remote to him. He contented himself with sitting with his rifle over his knees on a big boulder twenty yards from the door.

After half an hour's strenuous labors, we succeeded in making a considerable clearing in the centre of the shed, carefully concealing the freshly opened space by piling the bags along the front of it. To get up the boards was the next step and this might have proved a serious difficulty had we not discovered to our delight that the planks were not nailed down. They came up easily and were piled softly on the sacks. Just as Dr. Galetta had informed us, their removal disclosed

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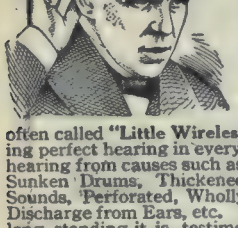

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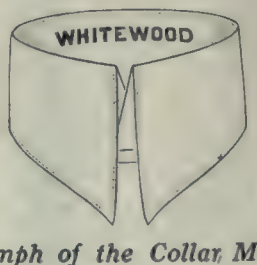

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the opening of a shaft which yawned black and mysterious at our feet.

"We simply can't attempt the descent without a light," whispered the Doctor. "There'll be a slight risk in kindling it, but I'll endeavor to smother it with my coat."

He knelt down behind the barricade of sacks and cautiously struck a match.

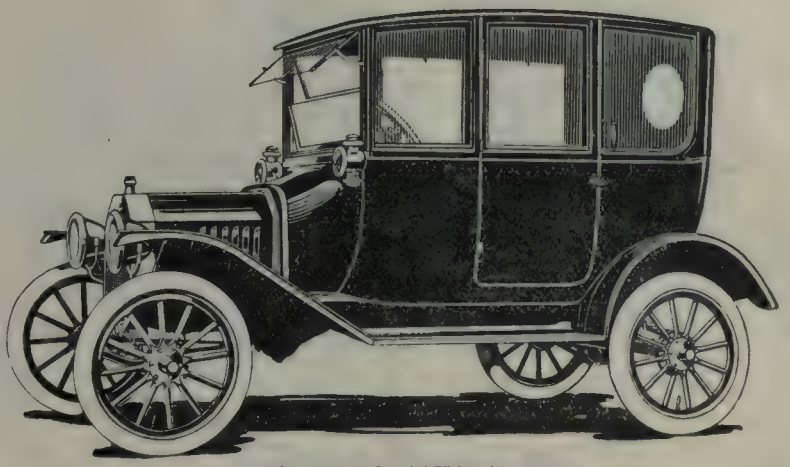
"Now then, sharp's the word," ordered our leader, motioning to Hilary and myself to clamber down. We did so promptly and were immediately followed by the Professor and his man. The shaft extended downward at a fairly sharp angle but gradually eased off and finally became almost horizontal. It was a clean rock cut and because of the slope, was dry and wholesome. With every step we took away from the shed, our elation increased.

There is no purpose to be served in prolonging the narrative. That we actually made good our escape is the main point. Emerging in the ravine, through an opening which had been almost cut off by falling rocks and so had doubtless escaped the attention of the new owners of the property, we proceeded with great caution along the bank of the stream that flowed through the valley and, following a path known of old to the Professor, came at length to the wire barrier that marked the end of the Mining Company's possessions.

Between midnight and daybreak by dint of hard walking, we covered the twenty miles that lay between the mines and Halifax. It was for the most part rough going, for the country for miles around the mine was unsettled and desolate. For the rest, no practicable means of transport offered itself at that hour of the night, nor did we care to entrust our important tidings to the wire, which we might readily have done as we approached the city. By seven o'clock we were closeted with the commandant at the citadel and our testimony was being taken down by an alert young military clerk.

Of course no guns were ever found at the Rockland Mine. A thorough search of the entire property conducted quietly that day by a squad of men from the citadel failed to disclose a vestige of a weapon. Yet a badly wrecked shed at the old South Mine and a shaft choked with broken rock, had a tale to tell for those who could read the signs. The incarceration of Dr. Hansberg and several of his men, ostensibly as hostile German reservists, was a further indication, if any were needed, that all was not as it should have been at the Rockland Mine.

When Cupid hits the mark, he usually Mrs. it.



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The doors are of extra width and height. This permits her to wear her largest hats, without the inconvenience of stooping or turning sideways when she alights or enters.

As the body is very low only a short step is necessary when getting in or out.

This model comfortably seats four—without crowding the occupants or crushing their gowns.

The seat cushions are deep and soft.

The method of driving is the simplest yet devised.

On the steering column is a small set of electric buttons. By just pressing these buttons the car is started, stopped and lighted.

The interior is finished in that fashionable mouse gray Bedford cord cloth.

The first look at this little beauty will bring you to the full realization that there is but *one* Coupe for you —the Overland.

Deliveries can be made immediately.

See it to-day.

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The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Canada and the Drama

Continued from page 218.

in the "wilds" of Western Ontario. When Margaret Anglin made her successful tour of our sister-colony, Australia, a season or two ago, she was billed and advertised as an American actress. When James. K. Hackett happened to be ushered into this life on Wolfe Island, he was promptly and legally repatriated by his disconcerted parents, to the end that the momentary calamities of birth might not eventually militate against certain Presidential possibilities. And yet the Canadian press proudly acclaims Hackett as a Canadian actor.

To the every-day Canuck confronted by this Americanization of our amusements (and even Paris, it seems, has been Americanized of late) there possibly occurs the consolatory thought that he is still a British subject. and as such is heir to all the glories of the British stage from the smart-aleckry of Shaw back to the sublimities of Shakespeare. He will save his histrionic neck, he contends, by swinging back to the stage of his Motherland, even though that Motherland happens to be a few thousand miles away. He will save himself from artistic annihilation by sheltering in the breast that has fed him with so many of the glories of other days. But while duly grateful for the grandeurs of the past, even the Colonial nurses a rather active appetite for the novelties of the present. And in his journey back to the maternal lap of London stagedom he finds his path barred by the ubiquitous American manager. He finds that he must step aside, a little saddened at the discovery that Barrie and Parker have not been thinking of their kindred beyond the sea as actively as they thought of the general terms of their American contracts. For so lightly does the British dramatist consider our Dominion as a field for his product that it is a fixed practise to throw Canada in with the States, for full measure, when "signing up" with an American producer. The result is that Canadian audiences are denied the privilege of witnessing some ninety per cent. of all English stage-successes until presented to them through the kindly offices of Messrs. Frohman and Shubert, *et al*, by way of Broadway and the American road-tour. Granville Barker and Galsworthy and Barrie and Jones and Pinero and Shaw, these have to be siphoned over to us through the salting-vats of Manhattan. And if they reach us a little flat and old and a trifle off-color in flavor, we must remember that we are mere suburbanites on the milk-routes of international

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If you will drive fast,
If you will make those sudden stops,
If the city will water asphalt,
If rain will make muddy roads;
Why then---the possibility of skidding will always be with you, unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires. When you think of how to avert danger in motoring you immediately think of . . . . . .
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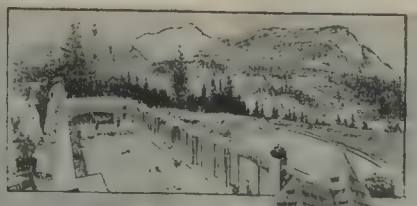
popular amusement. Even Cyril Maude, when touring Canada, was compelled to go out under the New York management of the Liebler Company.

But there is still another difficulty in our appreciation of the truly British dramatic product, a difficulty which lies quite outside that already mentioned geographic disability whereby we must inevitably pay for our bigness. The larger and freer life of the Canadian has left him a trifle impatient of the English "tea-cup drama" in which London itself seems to find such perennial delight. The theatrical sophistication of Jones and Pinero does not atone, to the outlander of the overseas dominions, for their finicky preoccupation with finicky social situations. And since the younger men who follow these leaders are as faithful to tradition as they are countless in numbers, the every-day product of the every-day British dramatist seems rather thin and remote and alien to the Colonial audience. It is apt to impress us as old-worldish and overmannered and pertinaciously retrospective. It is, to us, without the tang of the soil. It is without homeliness, that endearing homeliness which is achieved only through endemic effort. It is destitute of that zest and primal fire which youth, and above all national youth, finds so sustaining to its spirit. It is endured with loyalty and applauded with determination. But beyond the cosmopolitan and globe-trotting audiences of one or two larger centers, it has no actual hold on us. It is not a slice of life as we know life. It is the mirror being held up, not to nature, but to a drawing-room in Park Lane.

Such being the situation, it is natural enough to look for its remedies. In the first place, it must be remembered there is no panacea for the sudden correction of all these ills. To adopt a five-year boycott, as has been suggested, of all foreign plays, would only be cutting off our nose to spite our face. But what we must have is a more active and a more intelligent interest in the theatre, the theatre which is now under Royal patronage and has emerged from the Puritanic taboo which found its echo in the Calvinism of our own country. We must in some way achieve a more interested and a more individual criticism of our organized amusements, with a more determined repudiation of the offensively exotic and a more enthusiastic and out-spoken encouragement of the native note. Preoccupied as we are with sterner issues just at present, it still remains our national duty to take time to remark and pains to remember those purveyors of dramatic goods who short-change us on the national note.



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CANADA

We must learn a little of the militancy of the Irish, with their Celtic Renaissance. We must catch at a little of the enthusiasm of the Belgians, with Maeterlinck and the school of the "Jeune Belgique." And while awaiting our voice we must remember that with the accession of one man the coveted glory may come, as it did with Ibsen in Norway.

There is, however, one feature of our law which tends to aggravate the ills which beset us as a literary people. And that is our international copyright arrangement, or lack of arrangement, and the chaotic condition into which our copyright legislation has fallen. The stock company, for example, has grown into an important factor in theatrical amusement and most of the larger Canadian centers now have their resident stock companies, if not playing for the entire year, a least for many weeks out of the year. Under ordinary circumstances these stock companies should stand the trying-out media for new dramatic material, as has proved notably the case in a couple of California towns of late, where more than one youthful author has been given a hearing and started on the high road to wider success. But the Canadian stock manager does not need to bother with the untried native product. He can do one of two things. He can lease his dramas from one of the New York play-brokers, or, what is infinitely simpler, he can pirate them. He can do this, in most cases, without fear of legal action. Time has shown the futility of mere threats, and more than one western stock-manager has grown wealthy in his profession of play-pirate. While using the brains and inventions of an author without in any way compensating that author for them, the stock-manager, in the first place, may point out that play-brokers are rapacious individuals demanding too much for their weekly rights, and, in the second place, may contend that his procedure is simply tit for tat, since the international play-pirating which obsessed America some thirty years ago was a scandal to all the world. That practise of play-pirating did much to retard the development of the American native drama, and in Canada to-day it is doing the same. When a stock-company manager hires his director of the season, not for his skill in acting and directing but because of the number of surreptitiously obtained manuscripts of the latest Broadway successes in his trunk, you may be sure that manager is not going to run chances with an unknown local playwright proffering him an unknown vehicle, no matter how convincingly Canadian that vehicle may be in character.

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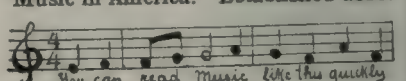

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Yet the unknown and the untried must somewhere and in some way have his chance. When the English playwriter disregards the Canadian market and loosely sells his Dominion rights along with his American, he further puts us at the mercy of that centralized management which harbors along Broadway, and in doing so tends to impoverish our native stage.

Here are two conditions, each of which can be corrected by intelligent legislation. But something more than a mere act of legislature is necessary to the creation of a national drama. That drama must come into existence through the toil and self-sacrifice of a few men in whom the Canadian spirit is dominant. That we are not without such men, although their aims are as yet unclarified and their activities as yet unorganized, is attested to by the experiment of the Montreal Opera Company, which, while not financially successful, at least proved that Canada could sustain and appreciate a season of its own grand opera, given in a manner worthy of any city in the New World or the Old.

But acted drama demands no such elaborate machinery as does opera, and the one advantage of an incipient native drama, with the austerest of simplicities imposed upon it, will be to draw theatrical entertainment back to vital character and vital situation. It must be made to return to the simplicity of the soil. This is what Barrie and Moffat and their confederates did for the Scottish drama. This is what Synge and his associates of the Abbey Theatre did for the drama of reawakened Ireland. The metropolitan production, with its mastery of the complex machinery of stage-craft, is apt to lay too much stress on mere spectacle, depending on the gorgeousness of its mechanical effects to anaesthetize an audience into dazed acceptance of what in reality is often dubious art and insignificant drama.

The drama of Canada, when it comes into being, will not be over-burdened with that machinery which gives fame to a master-mechanic like Belasco but adds nothing to the tense human interest of such plays as "Hindle Wakes" and "Rutherford And Son." It will not be a calamitous deprivation. Our infant drama should need that machinery no more than it needs coddling by governmental subsidies and forced-feeding by provincial endowments. Other arts may be helped in that way, but the stage, the Cinderella of them all, must be left to her own democratized devices. She must be of the people, by the people, and for the people. Any movement towards the creation of a Canadian drama must be individual and spontaneous, in direct response to a realization of the needs

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of a nation which has not yet found a voice. And once the way is pointed out, and the start made, there will be those still proud enough of our country to turn from the pursuit of riches to help in the struggle to give her an utterance worthy of her destiny, and through this utterance lead her to participate in the noblest and most national of all the arts.

The beginning may not be an impressive one. But it must at some time be made. That beginning, as I have already said, will surely depend on a few men, earnest, self-sacrificing, and above all, patriotic. They may not succeed, as the world at large reckons success. They may fail, as it is perhaps destined that all pioneers must fail, ranking small before older schools of creators and falling short of older traditions and ideals. But they will open up to the conquerors of the future a new road and a new territory. Through their efforts, which may at first seem rough and unordered, the drama of our Dominion will be finally established.

The Voice of One Crying

Continued from page 221.

hall below shouted the passing of time. It was ominous, threatening. It told the final hours of a man's life. She crawled to the door behind which that man's brother wailed in his fever.

Ben lay in a tossing sleep. She could just make out his inarticulate form beneath the quilt. Then the central log broke with a clatter, spouting sparks everywhere. A blaze leapt chimneyward. The chamber glowed with rosy uncertainties. The boy cuddled one arm beneath his head, his curls tangled across his pillow, the white bandage merely enhancing his appeal. As she gloated upon his beauty, a couple of rats began a mad scamper at hide-and-seek inside the wall. She switched into flight but turned for a last look. Out of his sleep the lad smiled at her.

He smiled because he trusted her. And she—she had entrusted his errand to Jud Slocum. The Almighty had been unusually generous to the Slocums in the matter of hands. Like the rest of his family Jud had a right hand, a left hand, and a little behindhand. She had sent Jud on the job.

Jack Galt had dishonored her sister, the daughter of the pastor of the great church at Wolfboro, had brought a common woman from the streets into his home, sat her at his table, driven his wife out through the snow—oh, everybody in the town had known and seen! Yet she had rebelled at the

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testimony her mother had forced her to give at the trial. She hadn't lied—she hadn't told the truth. If Jack Galt deserved to die—still he was the man Mary loved—the brother Ben Galt loved. She swung back to her bedroom.

On the threshold she decided. She'd go to Jack. Then she froze with fear. Sixteen miles alone, through a wild country and a wild night; even as she paused the wind shrieked around the corners of the house, mad, lusting for its prey. She couldn't go—she wouldn't. The call of the clock sounded through the home. She counted feverishly—it was midnight—she could just manage the five o'clock train. She must go—it was wild, unmaidenly, dangerous—men said the wolves really did come down these snowy nights—it was impossible.

Her mother turned in her sleep. The bed creaked beneath her moving; Jedidah crept into her room decided—she would *not* go, she could not.

"Oh—Oh—O-O-O—" Wild, agonizing, appealing the cry shrilled through the sleeping house.

With one supple bound the girl reached the gaunt, towering wardrobe of her room, tore out from it her heavy jacket, her fur cap. With feverish fingers she stabbed the toque upon her head, swathing her face in a heavy veil. In a moment she was ready.

Before she left the room she twitched from her Bible a ragged piece of coarse wrapping paper. It was blurred with writing and spattered with brown. The brown was blood. The sentence scrawled upon it was curt and wobbling.

"I have shot myself," it said, "by accident and am dying alone in the house. I wish everybody to know that no one is to—"

That was all. But the handwriting was Mary Galt's.

She stopped a hasty second, buckling on her overshoes, then unslid the bolts in the great front door. The key grunted in the stiff old-fashioned lock, the hinges growled a belligerent unwillingness to work overtime, then the door swung grudgingly outward. Above her mother turned once more in a creaking bed as the girl stepped out into a world of snow and starlight.

The highway dipped down the hill, ridge after ridge. The shadows, lilac-hued in the dimness, pirouetted across like phantoms of mad souls. The houses darkened out of the landscape. Over her head Orion hung splendid with white fire. The wind nipped under her veil to bite her face, then crept up the hill behind with the wail of a pack close on the quarry. It was bitter cold.

Jedidah slid the door to and hurried down the steps into the road.

At nine precisely the big motor chugged down the street towards the Halifax Station and the waiting train. The Minister of Justice was the first to catch sight of the slim black figure outlined against the snowy street.

"A striking-looking woman, that," he suggested to his friend in the tonneau beside him.

But the friend was more critical, switching off his blinkers to see better. "Yes-a-a— and, no. Gad, that hair and those eyes would clinch you anywhere; but it's her figure. She—she's fine somehow, she shows breed. And there's something else. I want to say 'brave;' but it isn't exactly that." The girl had stepped forward.

The Minister was on the ground in a minute, hat in hand. His gone-by chivalry sat well upon his stately person.

She burst out on him, "I am Jedidah Tillotson."

For a moment the official wrinkled a puzzled brow. then the thing flashed into him. "Oh, yes—the young woman who discovered the body of Mary Galt." He dropped his voice recalling suddenly that she was Mary Galt's sister.

She let him have it straight. "It wasn't a murder—I have always known it—I knew it then." Her voice seemed to her to shout the fact across the

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housetops; but the man wondered that she could make such a confession in a voice so dully commonplace.

The eyes of the Minister of Justice twinkled wickedly. As a good Unitarian he rejoiced in a bit of Orthodox transgressing.

"Why—why—why, and you a Presbyterian parson's daughter !"

She wasn't in the mood. "He ought to die—he has killed—he has sinned abominably. But his blood sha'n't be on my hands."

"Still he is condemned. Your word is scarcely—"

"Take this—read—read—read—that's Mary's writing. I found it on the table beside her. I know—I know, I tell you." The girl covered her face with her muff, shaking with sobs. The train behind whistled impatiently.

"You are a good girl," said the Minister; "You—"

The girl before him was smiling mirthlessly. A moment later she laughed outright. The man had not suspected dimples of that tragic mask and twitched wonderingly around. Down the street tore a long, lumbering lout, his ulster sailing out on either side, his coon-skin cap tumbling off from one ear. He gesticulated as he ran. The Minister twisted back to Jedidah.

"That fellow's coming on your errand," he chortled. "Well, he's too late. The thing's done. Give me your hand on it."

She hesitated, pinioning her arms behind, blushing violently. When she held out her hand the glove was tattered, between the rents the knuckles showed raw and bloody.

"Why, why—why, why !" stormed the Minister of Justice, how's this ?"

"I walked in here from Scrabble Hollow last night. A man grabbed me as I entered the town early, awfully early. And I—I—I—I think I—I—I smashed his face."

Strictly Scientific

Continued from page 229.

"It's madder than anything Spinal ever did before, and that's saying a good deal."

"I'm afraid it really will have to wear off," Spinal patiently explained. "I remember now that Mellish said he would put something in to fix it. What he meant was, to make it infallible."

"Say, let me up, fellows," he continued in smothered accents when his outraged and exasperated victims piled on him as one man.

"Did you tell him to make it like that ?"

"Well, he asked me if I wanted fast colors, and I said 'of course,'—for the lacrosse match you know."

"Fast colors ! Great Scott ! Then it will all have to wear off sure."

"It's a harmless vegetable dye, I tell you."

"Just the thing for you, you cabbage head."

"Hold on there ! Don't kill me !"

"Let him die—the double-dyed villain that he is."

"Just listen to me, fellows. We'll all have a holiday. It'll take at least a week to wear off and—"

With the proverbial fickleness of mobs, the rainbow-faced boys drew

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back to a respectful circle around the now triumphantly reclining Spinal and gazed upon him in speechless admiration. When they found their voices, the first use to which they were put was to exclaim "Holiday ! A week ! Gee whiz !"

At that moment the breakfast bell rang.

To say that the sudden appearance of a dozen painted Indians in the dining room created a sensation would be a ridiculously mild description of their entrance.

Red Dempsey in the middle room and Gabby in one of the front rooms had revealed the predicament of the twelve, and the house, already assembled, was ready with a demonstration.

Some one gave a war whoop, and a wild panic was cleverly simulated, the whole roomful huddling back in Dr. Tassie's end of the room.

Dr Tassie cherished a very exact taste in derivations and definitions. So his spirit soared above the storm with the war cry, "Eliminate ! *e* out of and *limen, liminis* the threshold. Be gone to your rooms and your breakfasts will be sent to you."

The dusky invaders disappeared.

If such a scene could occur in the boarding house, what would happen were they to be permitted to come to school ? A middle-room boy had described Red Dempsey's futile efforts to wash his painted face and improperly black hair, and had told the whole shameful story, so, when Mrs. Tassie called Aggie in to instruct her about taking up the breakfasts, Dr. Tassie supplemented, as follows, still enamored of the etymologic slogan which he had just used with such marked effect:

"Agnes, these boys are to be eliminated until they eliminate the stains from their systems. Eliminate," he repeated. "Tell them to use acid. The most responsible is to go immediately to Strong's drug store to procure the necessary ingredients, and the others are to remain in confinement until I release them."

The first Saint Agnes could never have been hailed with more enthusiastic welcome by the early Christians than was her namesake by these modern martyrs. She bore a tray filled with mugs of coffee and soon came panting back again with piles of bread cut thick the whole round of the generous loaf, and a heaped platter of tempting salt codfish shredded in creamy sauce.

Gabby, whose efforts to hold the record for undivided bread consumption had been tyrannically and repeatedly checked in the dining room, issued a challenge to all comers to bolt a slice, crusts and all, in one mouthful, and, finding no takers, proceeded alone to demonstrate his specialty.

"Ye're a foine looking lot, I must say," Aggie genially commented as she looked around.

Then, remembering the salient point of Dr. Tassie's instructions, to wit, to eliminate with acid, she added:

"Doctor Tassie sez a limonade is phwat yez are to take, made with acid, an' the wan that is most" (with a gasp at the big word which she bravely mastered) "uh-risponsible, is to go to the drug store an' get the ingrayjints. The rest of yez are to stay here till he comes back."

Spinal resembled the famous French wit who lightly disposed of a charge of plagiarism by saying that he took his own wherever he found it.

Aggie's unconscious double entendre appealed to him at once as a Spinalism equal to his best, and he proceeded to appropriate it as his own. He also knew in his heart that he was both responsible and irresponsible above all the others.

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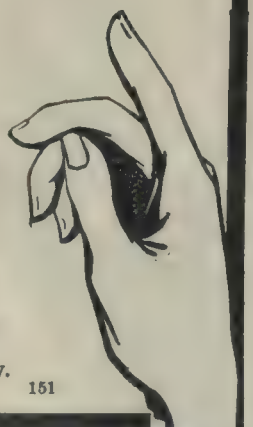

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151

Disposing of his breakfast with the startling despatch characteristic of boys who have held their clandestine feasts, as it were, with their loins girded ready for unexpected descent of the oppressor, he said:

"Sure, you're right, Aggie. I heard him say so myself. This codfish will give us a fine thirst for the lemonade, and I'll be off right away. Leave the mugs Aggie, we'll need them."

Citric acid, the druggist said, was the thing, and Spinal laid in a liberal stock and returned, stopping at Mellish's paint store where he received cheering confirmation of his understanding that nothing short of pumice and rubbing off the skin would remove the stain, which the painter considered a triumph in indelible dye.

"What! Have you done nothing to eliminate the dye yet?" Dr Tassie exclaimed as he inspected the party, sitting gravely with their mugs of lemonade before them, when he returned from school at noon.

"Yes, sir," said Spinal, as spokesman. "We are using lemonade as you instructed, made with acid and a little soda to make it fizz. We've taken about all we can hold and—"

"Varlet! I said to eliminate it with acid. Go at once and consult the druggist as to what will be effective as an outward application."

"Please, sir, Mr. Mellish says we will have to wait for it to wear off, unless we rub the skin off with pumice stone. He made it and he knows."

"Who," demanded Dr. Tassie, "is responsible for this outrage?"

Spinal stood up bravely. "I," he confessed with pride, "am the sole proprietor."

"Then," said Dr. Tassie, making the best of a situation, which he at once recognized as hopeless, "you must keep up with your studies and rehearse your lessons to me in my study each evening while you are recovering your complexions. Do not leave this room. I shall expect you to study diligently, and"—grimly—"will see to it that you do so."

"Please, sir, can't we go out for a little exercise like we did when we had mumps?"

As Spinal put the question, memory recalled visions of a company of swollen-faced convalescents on the march amid the plaudits of the bystanders, the red flannel bandages transferred from their cheeks to a Tommy Atkins cock over one ear, and led by himself painfully playing "The British Grenadiers," on a papered comb.

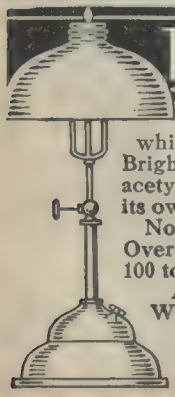
This latest make-up would create a far greater sensation, and he innocently awaited the result of his suggestion with deep interest.

"Not without permission. Apply to Mrs. Tassie," and the Doctor, whose noon hour was being cut short, stalked out of the room.

Turning back, he said in the way of an after thought, "Ah, h'm, h'm! Macpherson, come with me."

"It was worth it," Spinal said as he returned, tenderly rubbing his hands on his thighs. "Did you notice his face when I told him about the lemonade?"

It was a piebald bunch of swimmers



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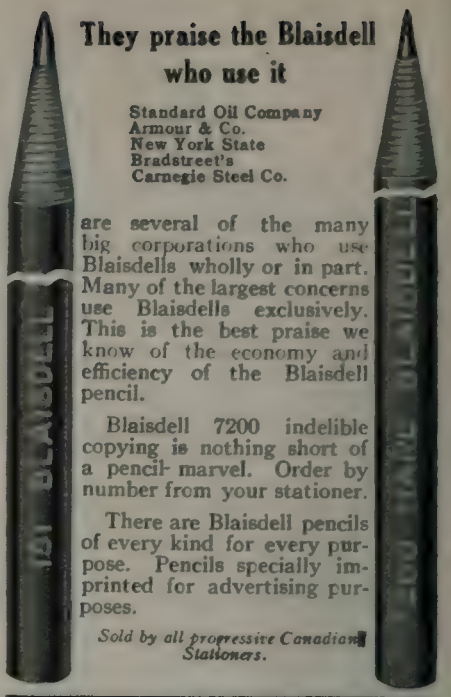

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that stood that afternoon on the brink of "the rocks," that ideal overhanging diving place up the river, above the school. As they, one by one, plunged into the cool, shadowy depths, Spinal, beautiful in his lily-white, satiny smoothness of body and bronze symmetry of limb, stood back, proudly exhibiting his victims to the first arrivals from afternoon school.

Ribald was the word with which he described the effect and Chummy, who had come up dripping to make any necessary correction in his friend's conversation, had to admit that the adjective fitted the crowd still better than piebald.

"Like those red and white ponies at the Wild West Show; Shinto heroes, you know, Chummy."

Public spirited boys of communicative disposition raced back to school to advertise the show, and Dr. Tassie, seeing from the excited stampede that something unusual was afoot, followed.

Spinal was in great form as he dilated upon the beauties of his companions in crime who were now mostly disporting themselves in the water.

"They make me think of those sore-eye things we learned about in the natural history class, Chummy."

"Sore-eye things? What in the world do you mean?"

"Why, you know. Itchy sore-eye and the rest of them."

"What on earth?"

"No, not on earth—in the ocean. Don't you remember the funny way Paddy Moyles spelled it on the blackboard? E-o-c-e-n-e. Now, that's just the way they would look, distorting themselves in the polluted waters."

"Pellucid, Spinal, pellucid you mean."

"I'm not sure, Chummy, but I think I had it right."

"But just look at that one," as a boy wallowed past whom Spinal had persuaded to have his back as well as his limbs and face dyed. As he turned over, showing his white under side and rolled back to glistening bronze, the effect was so startlingly suggestive of a palaeozoic lizard that Dr. Tassie, who was standing behind, had to chuckle his approval as he murmured appreciatively "Ichthyosauri. Back to your confinement at once you rascally young reptiles and do not approach the school again while you are in this disgraceful condition," brought the picturesque saurian carnival to an abrupt end.

And that night when they appeared in his study to rehearse the day's lessons, Dr. Tassie found ample reason for squaring accounts in his usual forcible way and he did not neglect his opportunity.

Next day the boys persuaded kind-hearted Mrs. Tassie that, as they were forbidden the only available swimming places at the river, it would be only fair, as well as conducive to their health, to permit them to take a walk up to the Preston mineral baths.

They had scarcly returned from their long walk and refreshing bath when a messenger came in haste on a bicycle bearing a note to Dr. Tassie requesting him to keep his peculiarly marked boys at home as they had driven the regular patrons of the baths away in fear of some strange disease.

Next morning Sandy Muirhead, a Scottish farmer of the neighborhood, a humorist as well as a lover of all boys, with a twinkle in his eye called to inquire for the boys' health. Sandy managed to keep well posted on pretty much everything going on in the school and he expressed deep concern as to whether the dye would ever come off.

"But then you could go and live on the resairvation. John Smoke could have ye adopted into the tribes."

"We are already," Spinal exclaimed. "John imitated us last year."

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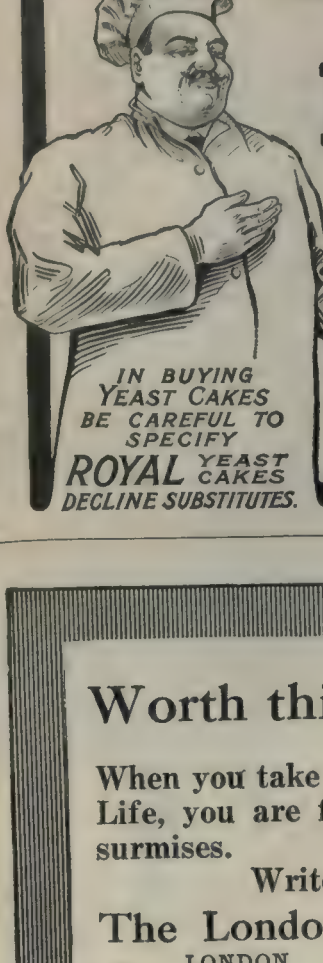

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"Weel," Sandy drawled in his pawky way, "Ye're guid eneugh eemitations. But dinna let me interrupt your verra pleasant occupation," pointing to the school books on the table.

"Oh, that. We were really considering where to go swimming this afternoon. We can't go up the river and we can't go to Preston baths—been driven out of both. Nothing for it but the creek, I guess, fellows."

After a heated argument, they reluctantly consented to come down to the despised estate of creek boys.

"It's the only way that we can get a swim, so what's the use of indulging false pride."

So, with Mrs. Tassie's approval, immediately after the Doctor had gone to afternoon school, they started for the creek bathing place, picturesque with its bouldered shore and vista of cedar embowered arch through which the rapid little stream rushes under the stone road. But these beauties never were considered by river boys who, as a rule, shunned the scene of their childish struggles.

Before they had reached the place they met Sandy Muirhead and a tall stranger trudging steadily toward town on the stone road.

"I thocht I micht meet ye aboot here." He had telephoned Mrs. Tassie from his farm and had timed his walk accordingly.

"This is Mester Mucklewrath o Montreal, the deesteenguished ethnoalogeest, who is on his way to the convention o' the American Anthropoloagical Soceeity at San Francisco. He wad like to make some measurements

"You will find some verra strange types here, Mester Mucklewrath, which may confirm your theories in a remarkable manner. Ye ken what ye said in the last number o' the Ethnoaloagical Review aboot the moany points o' seemilairity which the American Indian has in common wi' the Kelt." This was a favorite joke which Sandy, Sassenach that he was, loved to rub into Spinal. "I thocht you presented a verra convincing theory to the effect that the Aryans found, when they reached western Europe, a race verra like the American Indians, as is shown by the language o' the Basques an' that it is the mixture o' that oreeginal race, which also sent emigrants to America before Columbus which gies the peculiar tone to the Keltic races; clannishness, love o feathers and finery, ower serious deegnity, grandeeloquent poetry, oratoary et ceetera. It is a matter o' history that when the Hielan' regiments camoot at the time o' the American reevolution, the Mohawk chiefs visited their camp, attracted by the evident seemilairity o' their customs, appearance an character, an' greeted them as brithers

Here ye will find the nearest approach to the real thing oot o' capteevity."

Sandy's friend nodded gravely and turned his attention to the boys.

Mr. McIlwraith was the more ready to act upon his friend's suggestion to inspect the boys in that he had intended for some time to visit a representative school for the purpose of making observations to prove his latest theory that the descendants of Europeans in America were tending toward the Indian, or, as he called it, the "Amerind" type. But this was too good to be true.

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Muirhead, that these are descendants of Europeans who have reverted to the Amerind type?"

"Weel, I'll no say," Sandy cautiously answered. "I'll question them."

Sandy elicited skillfully that the boys were members of the Iroquois Confederacy in good standing, and the scientist was overwhelmed with delight at his unexpected good fortune.

"So, these are Iroquois boys. How very interesting," and, having accompanied the party to the swimming place, he proceeded to adjust his callipers and lay out his measuring tapes.

Sandy Muirhead beamed on the circle of eager, wide-eyed boys.

"It's a graund sceence. I'm president o' the Dumfries Township Anthropoalogeests myself."

But Mr. McIlwraith was getting to work and Spinal hung on his words.

"Dolichokephalic," he muttered, as he applied the callipers to Gabby's elongated head.

"Brachykephalic and Keltic in type of feature. Strange, such variations. I suppose due to the meeting of European and Asiatic immigration on the American continent in prehistoric times."

It was an orgy of words which belittled Spinal's wildest dreams of the possibilities of language.

Spinal memorized the word brachykephalic on the spot and never let Red Dempsey forget it, but thereafter called him ironically a blacky-calf-lick on the slightest provocation.

Mr. McIlwraith had discovered a mezokephalic specimen and Spinal was drinking in the word when Sandy suggested that measurements of limbs, chest, etc., would be interesting, and the boys, at a hint, stripped precipitately.

The ethnologist gasped.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Muirhead, that wearing civilized garments is gradually turning the bodies of Amerinds white? Can I believe my eyes?

Sandy then had to pay for his joke by making an abject confession of, and an humble apology for his villainy.

"But," he hastened to say, "I hae nae doot ye will be richly rewarded by the general information ye collect.

"Could ye noo gie the gentleman an exhibeetion o' the council fire?"

For Sandy, who had won the confidence of the boys long ago had been learning from them how the Indian masquerade had started.

John Smoke could see no objection, so, to Mr. McIlwraith's unbounded delight, the ritual was gone through with a familiarity the result of long practice.

He had many questions to ask John after this interesting experience and declared that the ceremony alone had amply repaid him for his visit.

All returned together to the house, where Sandy, with manifest pride, introduced Mr. McIlwraith to Dr. Tassie as Mester Mucklewrath, the weel known ethnoalogeest.

Instead of rehearsing their imperfectly studied lessons, Spinal and his friends were ushered into the study at Mr. McIlwraith's request that he

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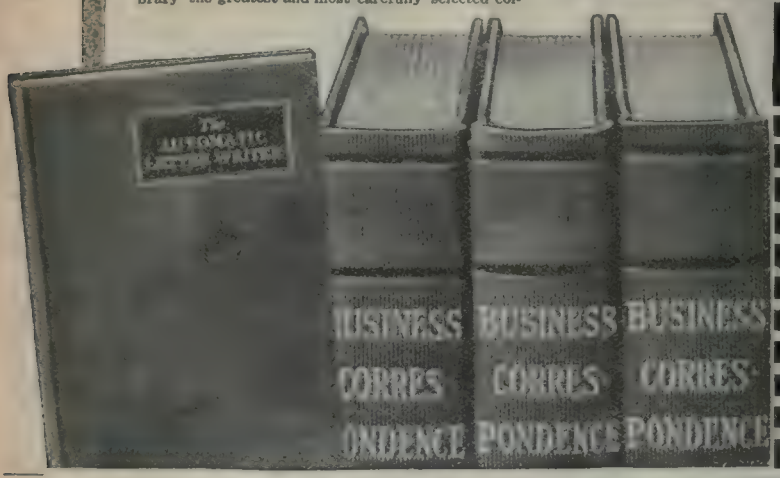

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might thank them for the afternoon's entertainment.

The distinguished guest was profuse in his expressions of delight at the experiences of the day.

He had by this time learned the whole story of the boys' escapade and was greatly interested as well as amused.

"It certainly shows an inherent urge to revert to the Amerind type," he said.

"One of your boys," he continued to Dr. Tassie, "has already become an enthusiastic student of the science which I have made my life work. It is quite remarkable how he has picked up the technical terms such as facial angle, kephalic index, et cetera. I should say"—looking directly at Spinal—"that he has the making of an ethnologist."

"Yes," said Spinal proudly, "I am going to be an etymologist."

"Macpherson," said the strangely softened tyrant, benignly, "You are already and have long been the most remarkable etymologist it has ever been my privilege to know."

A Stake in the Game

Continued from page 249.

describe country and give it ten-rounds rapid-fire, when a frieze of German helmets comes over the ridge.

We followed this crowd and found them standing absorbedly before a fifteen foot landscape. It couldn't have been the workmanship or the colors that attracted, although the instructor was talking about "background" and "foreground" in true Private View fashion.

No, this was a bit of countryside, France, belike, or Prussia if luck holds. And, when the nomenclature of its parts had been learned, the fire unit under its tall lieutenant would go back to the limit of the range and try potting at the right-hand corner of the ploughed field in front of the six poplars, or the second turn in the upper road, beyond the church, being careful that the little hill of the front sight stood precisely in the middle of the little valley of the hind sight, according to Hoyle and the instructor.

"And when will you go to the Front?" I asked, as we closed the door softly on the absorbed sharpshooters.

"I wish you could tell me," said the man in khaki, "but—the sooner the better."

And still further back from the hell-glare, the formless Third Contingent lies waiting, yearning for the grey bunks in the Transportation Building even as the men of the Second yearn for the mud of Salisbury, and the men of the First, for the trenches.

For this is the biggest game that was ever played in all the world, and the man who has the biggest stake in the biggest game, is *the man who goes!*

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NO. 5

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
MARCH

The Day Before Yesterday

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by
Frederic M. Grant

MICKY FLYNN'S father was a policeman. If you believe there are no class distinctions in America you have only to ask yourself if you would be proud if your father was a policeman. If you would, you belong to one class,—if you wouldn't you are at least trying to belong to another. Micky was proud of his paternal ancestor's connection with the force.

Flynn, senior, belonged to the Beauty Traffic Squad and when he held up his hand at the street crossing no emperor exercised a more despotic sway. Trucks and seven thousand dollar limousines halted as if turned to ice while Officer Flynn gallantly escorted some nervous little old lady from curb to curb. I suspect some of his regular protegees used to cross several times unnecessarily just to experience his perfect courtesy. It was worth a dollar of anybody's money to hear him instruct a careless chaffeur in the law of the road.

Considering that there was a bobby in the immediate family Micky was an extraordinarily bad little boy. I don't know that you can count much, though, on how children will act from the kind of men their fathers are. One of the most flirtatious, naughtiest minxes I ever met was the daughter of a minister.

One thing annoyed Micky considerably,—he was undersized for his age. Aside from that, his description would have fitted most of the boys in the James Fenimore Cooper School, just south of the gas works. That is to say, he had red hair that stood at every known angle to his head, a face which seemed to be a summer resort for freckles and a wiry body that knew no fatigue. Most of Micky's acquaintances were worldly wise boys about town who knew a lot more about shooting craps, chasing the growler and such national pastimes than is considered correct for the young men of from ten to fourteen years who happen to be related to the four hundred. The oft expressed ambition of the majority of these confreres of Micky's was to grow big enough to lick a policeman. Just to keep in training for the happy event so eagerly anticipated, they customarily took turns trimming Micky himself because of his hereditary taint. Micky made a wonderful adversary because he got mad quite as easily as D'Artagnan, and on account of his size one could pick a quarrel with him with a reasonable certainty of coming out victorious. So Micky was a popular and almost daily white hope. It is practically an axiom that a champion does not have to fight nearly so often as the seeker after a reputation.

The way Micky took his medicine was more than heroic but no one in his set counted heroism by anything but victory, so Micky was doomed to carry his bruises unhonored and unsung. He was no hero even to his family and his father's nightly greeting was, "Son, let me look at ye. Who give ye the wallop under the eye to-day?" Then his dad would slip a strong blue-sleeved arm around the wee body and pull him up tight against the brass buttons and pat him just hard enough so that Micky got the pleasant sensation of being all

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ready to cry but not doing it.

But never believe that Micky did not hanker after laurels. He had a stifled longing for publicity that would have been a credit to a prima donna. The only time he ever came near to being the centre of attention was the day the teacher thought he was breaking out with scarlet fever. The respect accorded him for the moment by the other boys and the entire teaching staff gave him something the feeling that must have been Caesar's just after dividing all Gaul into three parts. The bubble fame collapsed sickeningly when it was discovered that the wonderful splotches on his complexion were only poison ivy but that brief taste of lime-light ate into his soul and spurred his imagination to the planning of a future which would have landed him in the clutches of a reform school had anyone dreamed what was going on under his red thatch.

MICKY KNEW THAT ON THE STREET HE WOULD BE POINTED OUT AS THE BOY WHOSE PICTURE WAS IN THE PAPER. WHAT IF HE SHOULD NOT LOOK LIKE THE PRINTED LIKENESS ?

And then all at once fame, nay, notoriety, lit on Micky's brow and set him, a man apart, upon a mountain top where he could dimly discern his one-time fellows gazing up at him admiringly from their commonplace level below.

News travels fast in a sodality of the poor. Adjacent back fences may account for this to a large degree. Anyway when school let out that day for noon recess everyone along the street which Micky took to go home, knew all about what had happened. Mrs. Stein, the woman who kept the candy store on the corner, was waiting for him in front of her emporium.

"Come here, Micky," she invited, "come in and I gif you some choc'lutes, *du arme kindchen*."

Micky didn't understand what she said in German but the unexpected invitation he accepted wonderingly with just a shade of distrust, because Widow Stein was popularly supposed to be an ogress without a generous fibre in her make-up.

"Maybe if you got some candy you do not feel so bad when you get home, hein ?" She patted his head after giving him at least a nickel's worth of a kind of candy she hadn't been able to sell anyway.

The barber in the next block pointed him out to a gentleman who was having his shoes shined at the chair in front of the shop. "That's Flynn's kid,—the little tad. Poor devil." Then he indicated an article in the morning edition of the afternoon paper which the customer read with interest, glancing from time to time at the unconscious Micky.

At home something was obviously wrong,—the beds were unmade, breakfast dishes unwashed and a broom and dust pan were lying conspicuously in the middle of the parlour floor. Mrs. Phelan, the woman next door who took in washing, was bustling around aimlessly in the kitchen, sitting down from time to time to wipe her face on her apron and remark, "I'll be blessed."

"Where's ma ?" demanded Micky.

"Oh, oh, I can never tell him," lamented Mrs. Phelan teetering from side to side in her chair, "poor darlin,' your ma is at the hospital."

Micky digested this information. Mrs. Jones, the contractor's wife, who lived in the next street, had gone to the hospital the month before and had returned with twins. A premonition of a kindred calamity chilled Micky to the marrow.

"What's the matter with her ?" he questioned.

"'Tain't her,—it's yer dad. Didn't ye hear about the accident down town ?"

Micky preserved a stunned silence.

"There was a kid nearly run over by a auto but yer dad saved her, only the machine struck him instead. Poor Mr. Flynn! An' now he's in the hospital an' the paper says he ain't goin' to live. Yer ma went right over an' I left my washing to come over an' tidy up the house."

Mrs. Phelan continued talking but Micky was too dazed to listen. His mind refused to grasp the idea of his father dying. Why, his dad had kissed him goodbye that very morning when he left to go on duty. That was only five or six hours ago and here they were talking about death. Nonsense. Micky ate some bread and butter mechanically and opened a pot of jam which would have been forbidden if his mother had been home.

After lunch Micky had nothing to do and in lieu of instructions from headquarters habit guided him back to school. Evidently he had not been expected because whenever he approached a group of laughing children a sudden hush fell over them and his fellows regarded him curiously as one who has suffered some transformation. He felt his isolation and was vaguely pleased at the prominence of his grief. Even his teacher spoke kindly to him and did not scold him when he spelled phrenology with an "f." She knew, better than he did, what it meant to lose a father. That's why she was teaching a lot of well meaning ruffians all day long and spending her evenings trying to amuse a querulous old lady who talked of nothing but how much better off she had been "before John died." Even old maid school teachers have dreams of rocking little children of their own to sleep, that they have to blot out before they can teach someone else's offspring the unquestioned advantages of long division and physical geography.

There were quite a few of the older boys in the school who called themselves "the gang" who had never allowed Micky to take part in their games. To belong to "the gang" was to Micky's mind an honor similar to being elected president of the United States. His surprise, therefore, was genuine when, after school, Johnny Corney, the biggest boy in "the gang" asked him if he wanted to play "duck on the rock" with the other kids.

One of the boys overheard the invitation and objected. "He ain't big enough. We don't want all them little shrimps in with us."

"Shut up," warned Johnny. "This kid's got a lot of trouble and we're going to cheer him up, see? An'

what's more, nobody ain't allowed to lick him this afternoon."

"Can I belong to the gang?" questioned Micky hopefully.

"Not regular," said Johnny. "We'll see about that later, but you can play with us now."

Micky contented himself with this temporary favor and played so hard that he almost forgot the calamity to which he owed his popularity. The mind of a boy is a mirror at best and an object has to he held close to make much of an impression.

Once while they were playing noisily in the street the policeman on that beat came by and started to drive them off from the thoroughfare, when he happened to see Micky.

"It's all right, kids. Ye can stay here as long as ye like." He patted Micky on the head and went on; the elder Flynn was popular with his comrades.

Going home that night Johnny Corney and one or two of the others walked with Micky. Across Micky's shoulder Johnny laid a fraternal arm which was the proudest burden the youngster had ever borne. That, coupled with the fact that he had to stretch his little legs unmercifully to keep step with the others kept his mind so occupied that sorrow could find no resting place therein.

"I saw a policeman's funeral once," volunteered Skinny Murphy, "and they had more'n a hundred carriages and a lot of policemen on horseback and a brass band."

A pause followed this description of obituary grandeur, while the youthful mind absorbed so much magnificence.

"Do you suppose you will have a band?" queried Skinny addressing Micky.

"Sure," said Micky, "and probably we're going to have a calliope, too." He differed from Webster as to the pronunciation of that word to the extent of one syllable and the accent, but if he had not said "Cally-ope" the others would not have understood what he was talking about.

"Gee!" This tribute of admiration from the others.

"And I suppose you will be the best man," suggested Johnny. His experience with family ceremonies was confined to his sister's wedding which was still fresh in his memory.

"I suppose so," assented Micky uncomprehendingly. "What does the best man do?"

"Ye'll have a carriage all to yourself to ride in."

"I'll tell you what," offered Micky in a burst of generosity, "I'll let all you fellows ride in my carriage if you'll let me belong to 'the gang.'"

This proposition aroused some opposition but was finally accepted by such of "the gang" as were present.

Skinny Murphy's sister, Sarah, known as "Four Eyes" because of a defective vision which rendered spectacles necessary, was tagging along on the outskirts of the male coterie. "Can I ride in your carriage, Micky?" she asked.

"Naw," Skinny was a charter member of the Society for the Suppression of Young Sisters. "We ain't goin' to have no girls at this funeral."

The exclusiveness of the affair overpowered the girl for a moment and the possibilities of his position began to dawn on Micky who could see himself wielding a social power second to none south of the gas works.

"Ain't you, honest, goin' to have girls at it?" insisted Four Eyes, who was destined to grow up into a suffragette, having been designed by nature for no other purpose.

"I ain't decided yet," debated Micky, "I'll let you know."

"Don't have girls," protested Skinny. "Gee whizz, they always spoil everything."

"Say, Skinny, who's doing this?" demanded Johnny. "You act as if it was your funeral."

"I wish it was," retorted Skinny unthinkingly.

"So do I," added little sister fervently, hastily getting out of range with a flying start that brought her to home and safety a good nine and four-fifths seconds ahead of Skinny, which is good time for the untrained athlete.

The last edition of the paper that night had a picture in it of "Michael Flynn, the son of the brave officer who lies at the point of death in St. Martin's Hospital." The picture was a great tribute to the photographer who was the only man who could prove that he had ever caught Micky in a quiescent moment. It is true that Micky had never looked like that photograph but just that one time, and it was also difficult to recognize him because the photographer had retouched out all the freckles, leaving the face a mere outline sketch, so to speak, and because the hair was plastered down so tightly that it threatened to loosen his eyes from their sockets, still it was possible to state that it was sure enough Micky because of the ears which from much exercise at wiggling were hitched to the cranium at a prominent angle peculiarly their own. It was Micky and none other.

Can you imagine the feelings in that youthful glory-craving breast? His

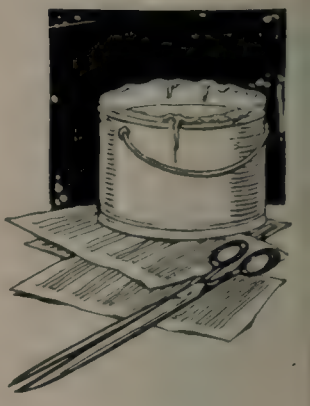
Continued on page 329.

."TAIN'T HER—IT'S YOUR DAD. DIDN'T YE HEAR ABOUT THE ACCIDENT DOWN TOWN?" MICKY PRESERVED A STUNNED SILENCE

The Yellow Streak of the Yellow Journal

"YOU CAN FOOL ALL OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME, AND SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME, BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ALL OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME EVEN WITH A NEWSPAPER"

—James Gordon Bennett



By Robson Black

Author of "Herding of Ships by Wireless," "The Broken Kingdom," etc.

YELLOW journalism in Canada is a question of eyesight—and the eye, as the doctors will tell you, takes root in the liver. Anyway, the longer the distance the deeper the color. You have to be in Sherbrooke to see the faults in the Vancouver papers, and there exists no handier critic of the Halifax press than the Revelstoke reporter.

People in Montreal used to call the staid old Witness yellow because of a daily suggestion of jaundice. Witness readers in turn would not take the Star because it mixed up Sunday's sermons with Monday's ale. The Star's readers turned down the Herald because it had too much to say, and the Herald's readers would not touch the Star because they were taking the Herald. In Toronto, the World subscribers refused to buy the Mail because the local news was always just round the corner, and the Mail readers would not imbibe the World because they liked their breakfast single column and wanted a death item as "John Smith's Demise," not "Rivet Slinger Goes To Work on Higher Mansions." The News disciples would not take the Daily Star because it snickered at the British dukes and favored Buffalo sausage against Toronto sausage in that great fight for ideals in 1911. The Star people could not be bribed to take the News not because the News loved Toronto less but London more; and then again Hon. Walter Long's epoch-making address to the school children of Tiverton is fearfully far off from the X-marks-the-spot of the gouged Italian at King and Yonge. Then the Telegram readers would not use the Globe because they all got their present jobs—and father got his, too—through John Ross Ro rtson, and a return of six cents a week was the least they could do. As for the readers of the Globe, it were easier for a Campbell to pass through the eye of a needle than for a Highlander to go by Yonge and Melinda with his hat on.

We have, of course, no strictly yellow journals—none at least like the Hearst papers—true to color as a crop of lemons. At the same time we have in practically every large city as rich a garden patch for future Hearstism as could have been found at the same stage of development in the Hearst-ridden centres of the United States. It would not be supremely difficult, for instance, to lay a finger on an editorial page where the champion-

ing of corporate interests is constantly nourished and prodded by the insertion of useless but handsomely paid advertisements. You may also come across a newspaper, of relatively great circulation, so far the slave of its advertisers as to hide almost any crime from publication so long as the criminal carries the proper quota of "space." And so one might trail through a dozen such trifling testimonies to the indwelling of the spirit of yellowness until we come to the case of The Daily Champion.

The only important difference between the Champion and some of its rivals is that where the latter were evil and commonplace, the Champion was poor and picturesque. So you see there was at least *one* point in common. If the Champion in all its conglomerate of indigo and scarlet and drab ever reached the distinction of a yellow streak it was at the worst the yellowness of chronic poverty. Poor as Beau Brummel and twice as fastidious in everything except essentials, the eternal shortness of money, instead of impelling to plain living and apostolic thought induced a riot of extravagance and a really wonderful trust that the gods of to-morrow would fetch along the milk and honey.

I owe my first contact with the Daily Champion—notice, I say I *owe* it—to my University professor of political science.

When my college course was over and I had snapped up a medal or two (I think it was *one*) the professor met me in the hall and said:

"I have here a letter from Mr. Brand, owner of the Daily Champion. Mr. Brand and I have agreed to co-operate on the idea of recruiting journalism from the ranks of political science graduates and I recommended your name for the first vacancy. This letter requests your presence at the Champion office as soon as possible."

I thanked the professor and in one hour had purchased a ticket for the job. Once or twice it dawned on me that nothing had been mentioned of *salary*, but I laid the suspicion aside as unworthy of a couple of political science highbrows. Moreover, I mused, the Daily Champion is an old-established corporation priding itself no doubt on a tradition of just financial rewards to all employees. How could they be otherwise and keep their reputation? How could any newspaper? How, indeed!

Up a worn flight of stairs I vibrated my way until at the summit I spied ten or twelve littered desks huddling beneath the rays of a stingy chandelier. I remember handing the boy my card —a very foolish thing to do in a newspaper office—and presently the urchin appeared with the manifesto: "McGuber says to come along—quick."

I am introduced to The Champion, The Pineapple and The Patriotic Hen.

I came. Ten feet away two shirted plug-uglies were improving the ideas in a pile of copy by the aid of tinsmiths' scissors and a small pail of glue. One of them I knew must be the city editor, because of all the Journalists in the room he was the only one distinguished by the ownership of a pineapple. The pineapple lay upon his desk, gouged by a jack-knife until it presented an eyeless and streaming sight. The city editor's doctor, I may tell you now, compelled him to devour two of these things per afternoon as an antidote to the evening before. And so I gained from his fat majesty my first impression of an editor—slicing pineapple and copy, copy and pineapple, in a rotation really marvellous.

When the office boy had conducted me to a seatless chair and showed how to prepare a clear space by pushing the newly-arrived exchanges on the floor, the city-editor beckoned me to my first assignment. I was to call for the photograph of a dead jockey at the home of his mother. I went, got the photo (the wrong one as it turned out) and flipped it down in front of my boss as if I had fetched along the written resignation of the Federal Cabinet. From six until seven o'clock I wrote "scalps," which means rendering the flippant verbiage of the evening papers into the austere diction you've noticed in the morning sheets. From ten to eleven I did a smart little editorial on a division court case wherein a perfect lady sued a tailor for an ill-fitting jacket. From eleven to twelve I fooled with a typewriting machine and succeeded in breaking the spring. From twelve to twelve-ten I sat wondering whose sheet of copy the city editor was cleaning his pipe with.

In my first week of newspaper duty I think I covered about twenty-five events, not one of which I could conceive as even remotely connected with that Higher Journalism to which I had been despatched as evangelist. For instance, a poor woman sent a letter to the editor complaining of a broken sewer; *I* was sent (as sewer editor) to ascertain the truth. A real-estate man (an advertiser, you may be sure) returned from England where he had been attending the sights of Paris and *I* was assigned to get a dipperful of his views on foreign investments. The dramatic editor was sick and his interview with a burlesque has-been on her pug dog and her Art had to be secured; *I* secured it. The editor's cousin, the leading citizen in Buzville, owned a hen that laid an egg with the national flag painted on one end, and *I* had to look amiable and do the thing into a half-column with a picture of the patriotic hen. I was required to write a "human interest" sketch, fifteen hundred words, of the crowds at a great horse-race, when I did not understand the difference between "odds" and a silo; moreover, my copy read like it.

On Friday evening, which a fellow reporter told me was the usual time for "paying off the hands," I applied at the cashier's wicket, gave my name and requested my share of the firm's profits. The young man handed me a thin envelope. It contained a five-dollar bill and a one-dollar bill which I reckoned as being six piastres. I looked in the envelope again and it was quite empty. Then I fixed with my eye the upper right hand corner and it said in spencerian distinctness: "$6.00." So this was the Daily Champion ! I went back to my boarding house, paid the landlady $5.50, my laundryman $0.75, and $0.50 for somebody's collect telegram congratulating me on my position. And so did I end my first week of the higher reporting, seventy-five cents to the bad.

I learn all about Courts and Co-respondents but can't afford a Lunch.

On the following Monday the city-editor, making a lightning assay of my judicial capacity, put me on the High Courts where toothless lawyers talked to toothless judges about Writs of Certiorari, which I then regarded as an utterly drunken piece of language. Certainly there was no inspiration in that damp foggy old mausoleum where one expected every moment to open a door and face a convention of embalmers. No one but a city editor would have found fault with my habitual mixing up of the information extracted from long documents by which I awarded the defendant five thousand dollars damages when it should have been the plaintiff, or the co-respondent, or the hangman or such other quarrelsome person.

Weeks bored their way into months and I was conscious of a fair facility in newspaper reporting and also a wan ambition to attain a salary that could buy a decent mid-day lunch. Never was ambition less auspicious. One day I lured myself into the managing editor's office.

I said: "Mr. Van Dusen, I have been on the staff of the Champion now for six months, doing my best work for an average of seven dollars a week. Although you have kindly raised my stipend I am still five or six dollars shy of paying my weekly bills without borrowing from the family. This does not seem to coincide with the Champion's reputation as an upholder of the fair wage for labor."

I ask a Raise and Get a Paternal Panegric on the beauty of Borrowing.

I shall never forget Mr. Van Dusen's pause. It was dramatic, impressive.

"My boy," he said, while his hand came down on my knee like the girding hand of Faith. "My boy ! You say you have been obliged to borrow from your relatives to keep your ship afloat. My boy, did you ever realize that some of the greatest men in this country to-day began their professional and business careers by that very thing—borrowing ? I, myself started as a borrower. John D. Rockefeller, it is told, borrowed his first hundred dollars. So also, did Andrew Carnegie and Pulitzer and Northcliffe commence their success by borrowing a tenner or a fiver, here and there, from whomever would lend it. Never be ashamed of borrowing. You will live to pay it back. You will some day enjoy a hearty and well-earned laugh over these straitened circumstances of your early years."

I sat there, numbed and tongueless. Presently I felt the warm blood welling up into my head and a kind of drivelling pathos impelling me to fall on this dear man's neck and sob out my sad life-story. Composure returned as quickly as it had gone, and I rose to depart. As to what I had originally intended to ask, my mind was a blank. In its place was a genuine pity for Mr. Van Dusen's degraded genius and the twenty years of financial pinching that forced him to play-act with every junior reporter asking for his rights. Without a word I walked from the room and went on my evening's assignment.

That Van Dusen interview sank me into a clay-brown pessimism. I resolved to quit reporting and enter journalism, although neither then nor since have I been quite sure where to find journalism nor what it would look like if we shook hands. The Friday following the interview, towards six in the afternoon, I noticed one of the reporters descend to the business office and return presently with drawn mouth and pinched nostrils. He conversed a moment in a rich baritone with a companion, and together they

strode off. Back came both with the expression of hunted rabbits. Soothing my curiosity, I sauntered aimlessly to the head of the stairs and so to the street floor. Eight reporters, a society writer, two black-face artists from the press room and the editor's office boy lingered spinelessly about the cashier's wicket, obliging that person to repeat to each separately at least five times his well-known pay-day formula: "Mr. Van Dusen regrets that all salaries must remain suspended until next Friday." Suspended ? Our past week's work had not remained suspended. Then why the salary ?

The Held-up Salary and Fanshaw in the Role of Mary, Queen of Scots.

I was just about to snatch a sheet of paper and dash off my resignation when the Exchange Editor poked me under the arm. "Don't do anything rash. Wait at *least* until you are eight or ten weeks behind like me. D'ye see Old Fanshaw over there ?" —he was pointing to the chief editorial writer,—"that man has missed three full years' pay during the twelve he has been with the Champion. By this time he has developed a positive hunger for martyrdom and would be wholly miserable if the paper did not owe him anything. So his pay keeps slipping and slipping, and Fanshaw keeps soothing himself as a sort of Mary, Queen of Scots."

I had a long conference with my landlady that evening, in which I impressed upon her the importance of every young man beginning his career with at least one week's board bill in arrears. She accepted the argument and reserved judgment.

When I came down for work on Monday night, six of the men, including the city-editor, were seated about the sporting editor's lean-to and I caught the distant tinkle of coin. What this tantalizing conspiracy could be I learned too late to be of service. It seemed that the Champion's business office closed at six p.m. and all citizens wishing to insert notices of births, marriages, or deaths walked upstairs to the city-editor and paid their money. It was the harvest of six death notices that was then being divided up to get the staff a drink and a sandwich. And this, I was told, had been going on for ten or fifteen years as regularly as pay day was missed.

I had all along held a vague but fairly warm regard for the owner of the Champion. Having heard him at political meetings lustily decry the greed of capital and win his election as a labor demagogue, the thought had often lingered with me that whatever sufferings I underwent in the Champion's service, the proprietor was undergoing even more acute pangs in the interests of his constituents. All of which was blatant self-deception. Unknown to me at that time, Mr. Brand was an ardent horse-fancier and whatever his fortunes, managed to maintain a small but supposedly select stable of racers. The track at New Orleans was then in its heyday of popularity and not a few outsiders expected to see Mr. Brand with his colors represented. Those in the office who knew the state of the firm's purse thought quite the opposite way. Just at that time the Champion had conducted a circulation getting campaign by promising the ten young women who landed the most subscriptions a trip to Europe, and on the day before the Orleans meet opened, seven thousand dollars in cash subscriptions were handed over the Champion's counter. Our cashier was naturally in high glee at the prospect of making up several weeks' back pay for reporters and clerks. I was standing in the office that afternoon waiting for the cashier to finish his conversation with the boss when I saw the latter look at his watch, thrust a time-table into his pocket and grab —literally grab—five thousand dollars out of the till and rush through the front door to a waiting carriage. I heard that night that he and his string of plugs were safe on the road to New Orleans.

Under No-Salary Strain, the Ginger of our Journal Fades to a Pale Nutmeg

Deprived of salary, the staff of the Champion had small assurance that in a week's time they would have even the shadow of employment. It was common gossip, based on the confidential information passed up from the business office clerks, that the telegraph companies were getting their money each night on pain of cutting off the news service next afternoon. The paper company to whom was due about three thousand dollars had given Brand his last chance to pay up or print his paper on vitrified air.

In this comforting, caressing atmosphere a reporter was expected to do satisfactory work and keep the sheet on an even keel of competition with its rivals. Needless to say, the ginger of our average issue faded to a sort of pale nutmeg. Intoxication became too frequent, nor could the city-editor discharge a drunken man because no strictly sober man would engage with a paper as wicked as ours. The right to get full was taken as an equivalent of the empty envelope. On Saturday afternoon the first bolt (the first, merely in my time) hit the Champion's belfry. A message came upstairs from the business manager that we need expect no more telegraphic news for the Sunday edition. We knew what that meant—a laughing-stock of a Sunday paper. But we did not count on the versatile Mr. Van Dusen. With sober ingenuity he handed out fifteen or twenty telegraphic clippings from the late evening papers with instructions to develop the news from our imaginations and mark everything as a special despatch "By Special Wire (or Cable) to The Champion."

A Dray, Two Crowbars and a Buccaneering Pressman Bring Us Paper

The Deputy Cable Editor wove a lovely epic around the rumored quarrel of King Alfonso with his wife over the color of the new army uniforms. But the cap sheaf came when Mr. Van Dusen out of his own mature knowledge of European conditions dashed off a seven-column line to go across the top of a page, and when the Weekly Champion emerged from the press a startled public read: "Ominous War Cloud Hovers Over Europe:. Banks Are Hoarding Gold." Let the telegraph companies keep their old news service; our withers were unwrung.

No sooner had Brand established amicable relations with the telegraph companies in time to save the Monday morning paper from an out-and-out fraud, than the paper company sent word that, until their bills were paid, no more stock could be taken from their warehouse.

At that time the Champion never had more paper on hand than was sufficient to get out the day's issue. At nine p. m., with a group of pressmen sitting on their haunches about the hungry press, the business manager telephoned to every news-print warehouse in town and utterly to no purpose. Their voices met his with the affectionate reciprocity of a snowball. They would talk business with him, they said, in the morning. What matter if the Champion had to have paper that very night, the warehouse men just yawned and said "No." About one a. m., when the city was drugged in sleep, the business manager bestirred himself on a desperate plan of rescue. With a buccaneering pressman, a hired dray, and two crowbars he drove down the main street to the warehouse district, passed up a dark lane and stopped before a well-bolted

door. The lock was pried from its staples, the party entered, seized two rolls of paper and shoved them into the dray. With a fine touch of integrity, the manager scribbled an I. O. U., signed his name, and pinned it to one of the remaining rolls. Then he drove back to the Champion office and proceeded to issue the morning edition. But that was not all. No sooner had the pressmen fetched the rolls into the light than they discovered they were made for an eight-column paper, whereas the Champion was but seven. In an evil temper but with undimmed determination the manager drove off in his dray once more borrowed a cross-cut saw, and on his return dislocated the eighth column from the two rolls and pushed them on the press and had his paper issued in time to catch the outgoing mails.

What I have told here may appear to need the corollary that the Champion went into liquidation. It did no such thing. Until about two y ars ago it was conducted on a basis not appreciably better than that shown in the record I have given. There is said to be a standing indebtedness approaching half-a-million dollars against the company, not a penny of which will likely be collected from now till doomsday. Chaotic mismanagement, unpaid wages, streams of outgoing and incoming employees, unprotested suits in the civil courts, and yet the Champion has never missed an issue, never dropped in circulation, never paid a dividend and is the most popular newspaper at this moment in its centre of publication.

The Model Man

By Rupert Hughes

Author of "Empty Pockets," "Excuse Me," etc.

Illustrated by C. Fosmire

THE complete disappearance of one of the most popular young men in Warrenton, followed by the partial disappearance of six other young men, created a profound sensation in the town.

Miss Deborah Bland had been courted by all these men. Her porch had been their favorite haunt. The entirely lost Hilary Phipps had been seen alive last in her company.

"I met them strolling along the Ishams' lawn, and I left them there, talking moonshine in the moonlight," said Mark Talbot. But his words were discounted, for it was known that Deborah had rejected young Talbot a score of times. And he was not even one of the young men who had partially disappeared. As for them, they were so vague as to what had befallen them and how, that their cloudy testimony merely obscured obscurity.

HE WAS KNOCKED SENSELESS—EVEN MORE SENSELESS THAN USUAL

The sole clew to the mystery was, therefore, a new complication. For if it led anywhere, it led to the conclusion that Deborah Bland, the most admired young woman in town, was a murderess of whom Lucretia Borgia might have been jealous.

People in Warrenton had known Deborah from babyhood. Her whole life and personality rendered suspicion ridiculous in advance. Her conduct was even more reassuring than her character. She did none of the things a criminal of such scope would surely have done. She did not vanish. She did not skulk or slink. She went about the streets with an unusual cheerfulness, regretting the loss of so many nice young men, but consoledly announcing that she was about to marry a still nicer young man from New York.

The bridegroom duly appeared and was voted extraordinarily attractive. After a wedding of serene pomp, the couple departed for the usual honeymoon, leaving the town alone with its deep enigma. Not a hint of a solution had turned up when the bride and groom came back and settled down in the best house they could rent in Warrenton.

Any resentment that may have been felt against Deborah for marrying an outsider was dissipated by the remarkably winning manner of the outsider she had married. He was burdened, indeed, with the rather literary name of Leicester Vander Veer; but then he possessed also an array of ideal qualities which one hunts for in vain outside fiction.

But, just as the village was settled comfortably in the belief that it had seen at last an ideal marriage, it began to realize that Deborah's home life was unhappy. The greediest gossips had hardly begun to publish this theory when Deborah openly separated from her husband, slammed his door with a

report that was heard round the county, and went back to her father's house. She refused to explain anything to anybody.

A divorce was quietly secured and the evidence sealed. The town had not yet regained its equilibrium when the sevenfold calamity that had devastated the ranks of the few marriageable young men in town was duplicated, with increased horror.

Ivy Lynn, admittedly the prettiest girl in Warrenton, had been out of town during all this excitement. Shortly after Deborah had acquired her divorce and the restitution of her maiden name, Ivy came home from boarding school. It pleased her to delight her parents by arriving on an earlier train than they expected. She bounced into the house like an entire surprise party and caught the family at table.

After the first rapturous greetings, she began with the breezy elegance of diction one acquires in a finishing school.

"Well, fond family, what's doing in this little amateur cemetery ?"

Father, mother, two brothers and three sisters answered in chorus—each with a different proof that Warrenton was the most industrious manufacturing town in the state. It had manufactured a complete disappearance, six partial disappearances, a perfect young man, an incomprehensible marital fiasco, and a young woman who could keep a secret.

Fresh from a girl's boarding school, Miss Lynn was used to hearing half a dozen people talking at once. She understood all that was flung at her. Her comment was:

"So Hilary Phipps has done a vanish. Well, there's no use tolling any bells for him. He always was a mutt. Nice-looking, but knew it, and that let him out. What I don't get is that partial disappearance stunt. You say that six of the village pets have nearly faded. Why, I saw three of them as I drove home from the place the railroad puts you off. They looked just the same—except that Ferdy Draper was wearing his back hair all over his collar."

"That's just it."

"What's just what ?"

"Ferdy's let his hair grow long."

"Come again, please."

"You remember that Ferdy used to be the neatest boy in town ?"

"He certainly was the village spick-and-span; but what of it ?"

"Well, now he's slovenly, slipshod, slouchy—he's absolutely changed and so are the others. You remember how Gilbert Cameron used to be forever treating ?"

"Yes, a glance at Gilbert was always good for an ice-cream soda."

"He hasn't treated a girl for months. He's as tight as a new shoe. And Alan Findlay——"

"Well, never mind about those merry villagers. Before you go any further, tell me who and what was that vision of masculine loveliness I passed on the street ? I thought at first it was Hilary Phipps, but this living picture has different-colored hair and he walks like a young Greek god taking his constitoo. He certainly had my young affections frizzled at first sight. I nearly fell off the hack looking him over."

"That must have been Leicester Vander Veer."

"Leicester Vander Veer ! Stop it ! This was a real man. He was never written by any Laura Jean. He was real. But how did he get into this backyard of the universe ?"

"That's the man Deborah Bland married and divorced."

"Do you mean to say that Deborah Bland landed something like that and then took it off the hook and threw it back into the water? She's not Debby, she's daffy !"

"That's what we all think."

"Well, me for he ! I'm glad I caught that early train. An hour later and he'd have been married in by somebody else. I'm glad I brought along my golf clubs. I'm going out like a gay young cave-girl and bring him home if I have to club him insensible and drag him to me lair."

"There's a sociable at the United Presbyterian Church to-night. I was going," said a precocious younger sister. "He'll be there, I guess."

"So will little Ivy. He's my oak and here's where I cling."

Ivy Lynn went to that sociable but she never came back. Her younger sister came home—but only partly. The parents wrung their hands in dismay.

To the profound horror of the town, five other young women who had gone to the same reception also failed to return in their entireties.

They had come home indeed, but it was evident to the distracted families and their stupefied neighbors that—in the vivid phrase of the day—they were "not all there."

Whom to suspect ? Whom to accuse ? Those who had thought of Deborah Bland when disaster befell the seven young men thought again of her in the hour of disaster to the seven young women. But Deborah Bland had never been inside the United Presbyterian Church. She had been sick abed at home for several days. It was impossible to suspect her of this crime. Therefore, it was unreasonable to have suspected her of the earlier crime.

And now once more the town's panic was interrupted by wedding music. This time it was Mr. Vander Veer who went to church. He did not take with him any of the Warrenton belles. He also imported.

Again, any resentment the townspeople might have felt at the slight to the native product was disarmed by the extraordinary charms of the bride. Even in the grief-stricken homes that had daughters lost altogether or fractionally, the second Mrs. Vander Veer was voted as perfect as her husband.

And then this pluperfect couple came to grief. Now it was not the wife that slammed the husband's door. Both bride and groom rushed out of the house together, leaving the door ajar, squeezed through the gate, and dashed in opposite directions to the stations of the two railroads that serve Warrenton.

The house was locked up by the servants and is still tenantless.

By this time, the Warrentonians were reduced to the nerve-shattered state of a village on a volcanic slope after the fifth eruption. The entire community became one large interrogation. The only business transacted seemed to be query; the only commodities exchanged were why, how, where, when, who, which, what ?

The questioners invaded even the sick room where Deborah Bland's feverish head languished on its hot pillow. They told her of the disappearance of the Vander Veers. This had brought the total loss to four complete plus twelve partial. At this newest news the hitherto inconsolable Deborah lifted her head and asked:

"Are you sure they both left town ?"

"Yes, yes, yes !"

"Then I can speak. Hand me my wrapper, mother, and find my slippers. I'm well. I'm going to get up."

And she got up and spoke.

Deborah Bland had been a prize winner from her kindergarten days. When she had won all the trophies in the town schools, her ambitions impelled her beyond the confines of Warrenton. Her parents were not rich, even according to the homely standards of that town, but they managed to send her year by year to higher and higher schools, till, finally, she gleaned a diploma that announced in Latin to those who could not read it that she was a Mistress of Arts. And still she sailed on till she won a Ph. D. to pin to her name like a scholastic bustle. But what did it amount to ? She would not even use it on her cards or permit it to be spoken.

As is the rule among scholars, familiarity with large words bred contempt, and Deborah had no desire to pose as the appallingly bookish woman she was. The low-browed young men

avoided her at first, but they came to know her as the gay, the game loving, dance loving, life loving, love loving Debby Bland of old. Then they began to flock about her.

But Deborah's college course, and her experiences in other towns with other types, had taught her more about men than it is comfortable for men to have women know.

When her mother, or some other woman hungry for weddings, reminded her that she could not remain a girl forever, and that she would do well to take her pick of what Warrenton afforded, and have done with shilly-shally, Deborah would answer:

"How can a girl of ambition and education chain herself for life to any of these vegetables? Every one of them has a few good qualities, but not one of them has many. The whole crowd has just about soul enough for one good soul. Hilary Phipps is handsome, but the outside of his head is all there is to it. Besides, I don't like that shade of hair. Ferdy Draper is neat and well-groomed and has no bad habits, but I don't want to marry a he old maid. Gilbert Cameron is generous and gallant and tender-hearted and artistic, but he drinks and smokes too much and has no balance. There's Julian Eggert, he has financial genius and he'll be a rich man some day, but he's bald already and he thinks only in nickels and dimes.

"Ralph Pelton is a thinker and a student, but he's seedy and scrawny and absent-minded. Walter Arnold is athletic and a fine all-round sport, but he can hardly read, and he has no ambitions beyond a high score at tennis and a low score at golf. When he gets rheumatism, he'll be done for. And think of his evenings!

"It's the same way with the other fellows. They all have qualities, but they have so few of them. What I'm looking for is a man who is a complete man, as the saying is, a gentleman, a scholar, and a judge of good beer!"

"That's what women have been looking for since the year One," said Mrs. Talbot, who chanced to be calling. "But they haven't found him yet. If your mother had waited for such a man, you'd never have been born. If you want that kind of a husband, Debby, I guess you'll have to make him yourself."

"I was thinking of that," said Deborah.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing."

This curious dark saying flew round the town. People remembered it when Deborah married Leicester Vander Veer. Everybody admitted that he filled the entire bill.

"He's as nice as all the other young men put together," Mrs. Talbot said to Deborah.

"Yes," was all Deborah answered. But she seemed to wince a little.

And even then she had not been content. The whole town gave Deborah up as impossible to please. Everyone that met her husband said he was simply perfect. But the perfecter he grew in the esteem of Warrenton, the unhappier his wife appeared.

"I WANT TO BE DISTRIBUTED," HE EXPLAINED. SHE ONLY STARED AND STUTTERED

But all this was explained when Deborah spoke. At least all the little mysteries were gathered together into one big, perfectly definite and incomprehensible mystery. And that is all that an explanation ever is.

And this is what she said:— By the way, two of the neighbors happened to be there; Mrs. Talbot and Miss Malkin, who was "kind of thick of hearing," and was forever interpolating "Eh?" or "How?"

Well, Deborah said—incidentally, Mrs. Talbot was the mother of Mark Talbot, whom Deborah had rejected so often. Mrs. Talbot had been very bitter against Deborah till she saw how poorly the girl got along with Leicester Vander Veer, and then Mrs. Talbot felt more kindly toward Deborah. Gratitude, probably.

But this is what Deborah said—in part.

. . . . .

"The main trouble with marriage is that it must take place between ready-made people. By the time a man or a woman is old enough to marry, his or her character and looks are finished. They may yield a little here and there like gloves or shoes, but they won't stand much strain without showing it. So all the boys and girls grow up one by one, each in the way that inherited traits and environment and education and accident determine. Then when they get all solidified and permanently molded, they look about for somebody to marry. And the only people they can marry are finished products, too.

"There was I, a normal woman, a little better educated, a little healthier, a little more zealous than the average, but, after all, pretty much like everybody else. But, like everybody else, I was modified by little whims and crankinesses and prejudices and habits of mind and speech. But those little individualities are immensely important to happiness. You can't enjoy a sunset with a cinder in your eye.

"Like every other girl, I looked for a husband who should fulfill my ideals, and supplement and complement my character. But such a man doesn't exist. You can't go to the tailor and order a husband. A girl has to take a

ready-made husband — poor thing.

"Picking out a husband is like going into the Parisian Dress Bazaar on Main Street for a dress. There's a mighty small stock to select from, and the only thing Parisian is the name. And it's the same way when a man goes into M. Frankenstein's Pantatorium for a suit of clothes. He's got to take what he can get. I began to realize this, and it terrified me for the future, because I didn't want to be an old maid—no offense to you, Miss Malkin."

Miss Malkin bristled: "It's better to be an old maid than an old fool."

Mrs. Talbot bristled back: "It's possible to be both."

"How ?" shrilled Miss Malkin.

"Go on, Debby," said Mrs. Talbot. And Deborah went on:

"The thought of tying myself for life to any one man I'd ever met in Warrenton—or anywhere else—was so horrible, that I couldn't endure it. Bigamy is against the law and octagamy was out of the question."

"So you went to New York for a husband," said Mrs. Talbot grimly. "Well, I can't see as you would have turned out much worse if you'd taken my boy Mark."

"So I found out to my cost," said Deborah humbly. "But I'm not telling what I ought to have done, I'm trying to tell what I did do. I was too poor to travel the world over and hunt my ideal, and from what I saw of men in other cities, they averaged just about up to the Warrenton standard. So I made up my mind to stay single and be done with it."

"A sensible idea," snapped Miss Malkin, "if you'd had the gumption to stick to it."

"But I hadn't," sighed Deborah. "I liked all the fellows in town in some ways, and disliked them all in others. Every girl must feel that way. One day I found myself thinking, 'If only I could take Ralph Pelton's brain and Walt Arnold's brawn and Jule Eggert's business cunning and Gil Cameron's artistic temperament and Al Finlay's good manners and Ferdy Draper's neatness and put them in Hilary Phipps' handsome form and face—I'd have a husband worth marrying.' The more I thought it over, the more my idle wishes changed to busy schemes. From saying 'If only !' I got to saying 'Why not ?' And finally that's just what I did."

"What's just what you did, Deborah ?" Mrs. Talbot groaned. "I'm getting a headache."

"I manufactured my own husband."

"You manufactured Leicester Vander Veer ?" shrieked Mrs. Talbot with horror; but Miss Malkin crept forward and whispered with intense interest:

"You—you manufactured a hu—hu—Debby—tell me—tell me how you went about ma—manufacturing a husba—band."

"Well, it was like this," said Deborah, and Miss Malkin thrust her ear trumpet out like a cup to catch every precious word:

"You see, when I was in college, I specialized in physiological psychology and supernormal phenomena."

Poor Miss Malkin got an ache in her ear trumpet trying to hear such appalling words. But Deborah went relentlessly on. "I studied Multiple Personality—you know that your personality is multiple, don't you ?"

"Well, that's all right," said Miss Malkin with a blush. "Don't worry about that, one of my uncles on my mother's side was that way, too. Go on." Deborah went on:

"I wrote a thesis on the pathological phases of the subliminal and supraliminal metempsychoses with a consideration of obsession, possession, impersonation, and all that sort of thing. Well, later I got to thinking, 'Why allow the hystericals to have the best of everything ? If a half-crazy laundress can enjoy all the luxury of an intercosmic projection of personality, why not make some practical use of the force for intelligent purposes ?' There's so much attention paid to psychoanalysis. Why not a little to psychosynthesis ?"

"Good Lord, Debby," cried Mrs. Talbot, "come out of the tall timbers and use words that a body can understand !"

"There are no words," said Deborah, "that can be really understood in their ultimate significance. And there is no use trying to make it clear to you. How I did it I don't want you to know, for you might try it yourselves—and succeed. And then where would you be?"

"I guess I could take care of myself with any husband of my own make," said Miss Malkin. "Just because you didn't know how to manage your work, it don't prove that other folks——"

But Deborah shook her head, and Miss Malkin put her ear trumpet in her lap. The subsequent proceedings interested her no more. Mrs. Talbot, however, was still curious.

"For Heaven's sake, tell us what you did—and what became of Hilary Phipps ? Did he die ?"

"Oh, no."

"Is he alive ?"

"Well, not exactly."

"Not exactly alive and not dead ! Then, where has he been all this time ?"

"Hilary Phipps was in town during most of the excitement."

"But why didn't he let his mother know ?"

"He couldn't."

"Was he locked up somewhere ?"

"Yes and no. He went about freely but he was locked up in a way."

Mrs. Talbot's eyes were rolling; she fairly snorted: "Well, where is he now ?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"What became of him ?"

"I used him."

"You used him ! Debby Bland, one of us is crazy."

Deborah smiled tolerantly and drearily. "If you'll let me explain. You see, by a process of—you might say hypnodization——"

"You can't explain anything to me that begins with a word like that," said Mrs. Talbot.

"I'm afraid I can't explain at all," said Deborah, "I'll just describe. Do you remember the party that Fanny Isham gave a long while ago ?"

"Indeed I do," sniffed Mrs. Talbot. "My boy Mark wasn't invited, and I didn't speak to either of the Ishams for a week. But afterwards I relented, for I realized that it was after that party that the whole trouble began, and if Mark had have gone, he would probably have disappeared like the rest of those poor fellows."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't," said Deborah. "Mark was not one of the ingredients of my recipe."

"Debby, I'll box your ears if you don't talk English."

"Well, stop interrupting, then. As I started to say, I went to the Isham party with my cousin from Norwalk, who happened to be in town but was leaving on the midnight train. Hilary Phipps asked me for a dance, and it was a beautiful waltz. After it, we strolled out into the moonlight and walked up and down the lawn. Your boy Mark came along, said a few words, and went on home. Then Hilary got very spoony and proposed marriage for the 'steenth time, but I said no. Still, the moonlight was awfully nice, and we walked around the garden, and I felt very romantic, and I wished that Hilary, had only had a little more brains and some artistic feeling and a leveler head, and weren't so lazy and—oh, if he had only been almost entirely different, he'd have been an almost ideal husband.

"There's a stone wall, you know, along the garden. We climbed up and sat on that. On the other side was the Hammond house. It wasn't rented then, but it had a beautiful grape arbor, and Hilary dared me to go steal some grapes with him. He helped me over the wall, and started to follow, when he caught his toe in a chink and fell on his head. He was knocked senseless—even more senseless than usual.

"I remember looking at him as he lay stretched out in the moonlight. He was a beautiful fellow, especially in the moonlight, but so lacking in soul. I raised him up and dragged

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Wreaths

By Gregory Clark

Illustrated by P. C. Sheppard

MOSTLY green, of the rich, rolling, rumpled velvet shades of full summer, the Park had its beds of red, and yellow and red, and the crowd of richly-dressed and glossy-hatted men and women around the russet bronze statue gave a livelier tone—although one of the crowd, standing on the black base of the statue, was speaking in a louder voice than seemed necessary. . . . . .

Ivan, sitting on his bench, could hear it indistinctly, just enough to spoil the soothing effect of the Park, which wooed him away from his thinking. Then the voice stopped and Ivan saw bright flower wreaths being passed up and hung on the statue. If it weren't for the damn cough, Ivan would have been over in the crowd. He would wait till they went to see the flowers. The white man's plague, eh! Everyone seemed so afraid, looked at his sunken face in such a way. Yes, he would wait until they went away from the statue.

. . . .

In the musty little room, a lamp showed a dead woman lying on the bed. Two stout foreign women had just pulled the white fluffy wedding gown on the body, arranged the thin hair and hands. She looked quite sweet.

Ivan knelt at the side of the bed, holding the dead woman's wrists and sobbing:—

"Tinka! O Tinka!"

He had come home from the Park to find Tinka, his wife, gone first. He hadn't been able to work since shortly after they had come, newly married, to the new country. They had been hungry often. And in the long days lying in the Park, he had only the one problem—which would go away first.

"Tinka! Tinka!"

The two stolid foreign women left him whispering so, and said to the Polish boy at the door:

"Tell him, when he is through, the priest will not be coming till morning."

STARTING AFTER THE FLEEING, STUMBLING FIGURE, THE POLICEMAN COULD SEE HALF HIDDEN UNDER THE MAN'S COAT, A WREATH OF WHITE ROSES

In the following hours of the night, neighbors came quietly to look in the shadowy little room. An elderly Pole, at the head of a group, called gently:

"Ivan, here is twelve dollars we have collected for the funeral. Take it. The priest will give you the rest, maybe."

Later, an Irish woman, who lived down the street, came in with a circlet of soiled everlastings. She shook Ivan's shoulder.

"Hey, boy! Here's this. I'll lend it to you. Bring it back after."

. . . . . .

The following night, the policeman in the Park, having cleared out the last of the benchers, spied a man scurrying from the base of a flower-laden statue towards the far side of the Park.

"You act funny," said the policeman to himself, and gave chase.

In a moment he had captured the fleeing, stumbling man—Ivan—who had half hidden under his coat a wreath of white roses.

"You son of a gun!" said the policeman. "You robber of the dead! You dirty Dago!"

Ivan was driven away to a police station and put in a big room full of drunken men and toughs, who laughed at Ivan's frantic attempts to explain to the guard at the door, and who cursed him when he lapsed to moaning. The white wreath was hung up over the clock in the front room of the station, and Ivan's arrest was entered in the big ledger with a flourish, as being something unique.

Ivan sat on a bench all night, trying to think of Tinka lying back there, alone, and wondering at the big room he was in, with grotesque figures sprawled about. Then shortly after daylight, he was marched out of the room, with all the others, and driven in a big wagon to another big room. Soon after, he was put in line up a stairway, and presently he faced the Court.

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IT WAS A VERY SULKY BEAR WHO RETIRED TO INDULGE IN EPICUREAN DREAMS GARNISHED WITH MERINGUE

Ted of Tete Jaune Cache

By L. M. Roe

Illustrated from Photographs

THIS is the story of the ugliest, quaintest, cutest bunch of fur with a brain in it, the most impossible of mischievous pets, the teddiest Teddy bear that you ever read about. And if you don't like bears until they become bearskins, if you haven't the thoroughly-British streak in you that plans to surround yourself with things pat-able and cuff-able and provokingly lovable, just because they *are* subhuman, why then, don't read any further. We don't want folks looking over our shoulders who aren't going to grin where we grin.

Ted was born somewhere up in the British Columbia north country, where the Grand Trunk Pacific crawls through the Yellow Head Pass, all set about with big imposing mountains. To Ted, the world was meant to be a green-lined cup with scarred granite walls that jagged up into the unbelievable, stinging blue of a true-north sky. The world was meant to be full of thousand year old evergreens, creeping from awesome chasms up toward awesome heights. Level country was a thought of God's that Ted's mind wasn't formed to conceive.

One spring day, the clear sky sunshine tempted the big lumbering bulk of wickedness and claws that Ted called mother. And she left her bearlet on the grade, since his legs were too short and too wabbly to put him in the express class—and she went into the woods.

Ted squinted down the twin-shine of steel, smelt each rail gravely, and lay down in the middle to wait until Providence told him what to do next. So it was that the Engineer found him, a foolish and very friendly puppy, asleep on the ties. And thenceforward, he became the property of its Majesty the Railroad, with a den in its temporary camp, one hundred and fifty miles west of the B. C. border.

All this time, you must know, the teller of the tale wasn't aware of British Columbia at all, let alone of B. C. bearlets. We came through from Edmonton one night, woke up in Jasper Park, and sighed out all our adjectives of wonder and astonishment over the mountains too big to be true, and the Fraser too swift to be real, and Mt. Robson, close-folded in cloud-wrack, shouldering its stupendous 13,700 feet of bulk into the nipping air.

The track circles at Robson, a wide, satisfying sweep that gives the surly old giant a chance to part his curtains if he feels in the mood—which he did—and to lift his huge white head above the smother of grey. No one has climbed him, up to date, no one has been able to defy the cold green glaciers the scarred black rock-surfaces with which he outposts the secret of his crest fit altar from which to worship such primeval powers as one believes in, after a view of their handiwork.

At noon we pulled into Tete Jaune Cache—pronounced T. John Cash, like an item from the city directory. Words would be an injustice to T. John and as we'd about run out of adjectives we started on for the last lap of the journey, and, that evening, arrived at our destination—and Ted.

SOME OF TED'S FRIENDS, "LINING" UP A RAPIDS ON THE UPPER FRASER

In the largest of the three log houses of which the camp consisted we sat discussing the trip or dropping into silence under the spell of twilight and a low fire. The boys had given the only armchair to the only lady present, who didn't bother to turn round when she heard the door pushed open, nor did she stir at all until a cold moist nose was thrust enquiringly into her hand and she looked into the bright eyes of a half-grown bear !

Please forgive the shriek. I won't do it again. But you'll admit that the introduction was both unconventional and unnerving. When I was coaxed back from my bedroom, it was to find the Littlest Bear—who looked very big and very brown indeed—sitting in the chair I had just vacated ! It was his accustomed place, and bears, it seems, are very conservative folk.

"Tame as a cat," said one man. "Aren't you Ted? Tell the lady that's your one vice. When his master goes out on the grade, he wabbles along after him. Jealous, that's what. Nearly had bullets in his young hide over and over again till we put this bell around his neck. Now the gang know him and if a man did mistake him for an ordinary, wild-animal bear — say, this camp would string that Dago up to the tallest tree in ten miles, wouldn't we, Ted ?"

It wasn't long until the quaint, shambling little chap became as much of a joy to me as to the rest. Where you have no neighbors and few newspapers, a temperamental clown is a great find. Young bears are all mischievous if their dispositions haven't been soured, but Ted, living on love and blandishments, was a continuous-performance nickel show.

Being a tidy housekeeper by nature, even with no one to criticize me but men and mountains, I couldn't allow Ted the run of the place that he'd had previous to my arrival. And to put it plainly, he was peeved. He would come to the screen door and stand on his hind legs like an absurd and reproachful dog. Then he'd whine, shake the door, work the latch, and, failing in all this, would begin to try the wire with his rip-chisel claws. Chased away, he invariably made the round of the house to my window, where he would insert his paw between the bars, knock all my toilet articles on to the floor and retire, unsuccessful but happy in his guerilla warfare.

Before the advent of a woman to the bachelor paradise, screen doors were never locked and as soon as the men had gone over to seven o'clock breakfast, Ted would look up his armchair, or a bed, where he would lie for all the world like one of Goldilocks' young friends as we remember them in our nursery books.

ONE OF THE BIG STEAM SHOVELS LOADING DUMP CARS AT THE HEAD OF THE STEEL

One day, a very important man indeed—I'd be afraid to tell you his name—came to the camp on a tour of inspection. In the morning, the boys tiptoed out without waking His Augustness who still snored the snore of the just. By and by, however, he began to dream. It was a wild and unruly nightmare but not nearly so extraordinary as what he saw when he woke up. On top of the grey blankets sat a hunched up baby bear, tugging away at the dreamer's foot, and grunting to himself because the toe that he had in his mouth refused to come off ! This is a yarn however that the victim doesn't repeat in local option towns.

After my arrival and the curtailment of his indoor privileges, Ted had to invent many extra outdoor wickednesses to keep himself busy. If he could at the same time get even with his liege lady and locker-out, it seemed to make him especially happy.

As you might suspect, there are no laundries on the upper Fraser. Such being the case, I sought the kitchen one fine day, intending to get Cook to heat me some water on his stove. I knocked but there was no response save a strange gurgling sound that suggested visions of the suicide of our chef. When I peered through the screen however, there was nothing to be seen but a big brown furry back that heaved up and down. Ted had his head in a case of eggs, eating as many as he could and smashing the rest with his front paws. As all this happened before the Grand Trunk Pacific was linked up, supplies were not then as easily obtained and eggs didn't form a part of Ted's diet. Not desiring to live on omelette a la Bruin for the rest of the month, I chased out a very sulky bear who retired to his den, to indulge, as I supposed, in epicurean dreams, garnished with meringue.

But he was possessed of less tummy and more brains than I had imagined. I finished my washing, hung all the dainty white pieces on an improvised line between two trees, and then followed the welcome sound of the dinner bell. I had just told the men of my achievements when I happened to glance out the window. To my unutterable horror, there was Ted, standing on his hind legs under the last of my beautiful clean clothes! As I looked, he took it off the line most methodically and added it to the pathetic little heap that he'd made on the ground. He didn't just lay the things down, he mauled them around carefully in the damp earth and then stood on them. Fortunately he hadn't got as far in his process as he had several times done with Cook's washing. The last act was always to suck the buttons off the shirts !

Despite this fact, Cook was very good to him, and the diningroom became his one city of refuge on the soaking days when the rain made the woods unattractive, and the grey sadness of the air seemed to make him lonely in his den.

But even here, and despite the fact that he should have felt grateful to his friend, Ted's love for tall timbers invariably led him sooner or later to the top of a cupboard where various dainties were kept. This resulted in a wrathful and enforced exit, jammy-pawed and complaining, after which

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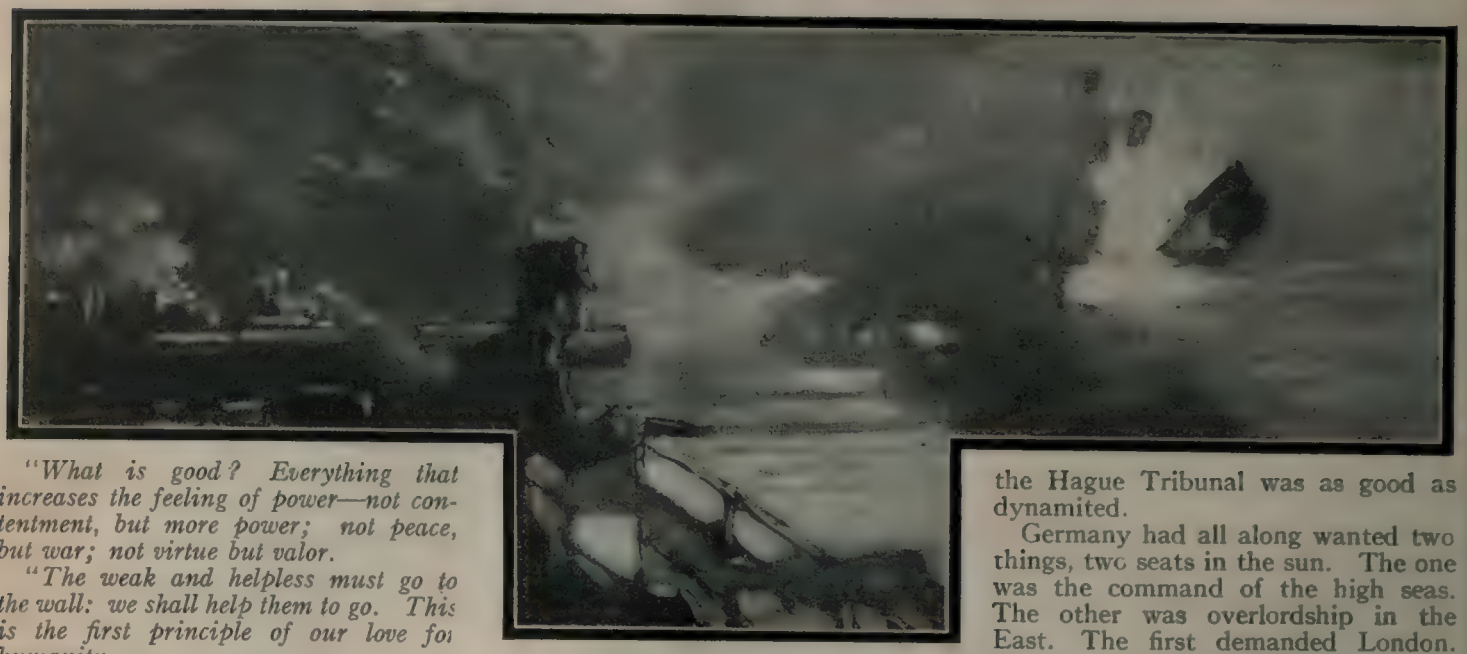
A Place in the Sun



"What is good? Everything that increases the feeling of power—not contentment, but more power; not peace, but war; not virtue but valor.

"The weak and helpless must go to the wall: we shall help them to go. This is the first principle of our love for humanity.

"What is more harmful than any vice? Pity for the weak and helpless."

—Nietzsche, in "The Antichrist."

. . . . . .

By John Tannahill

Decoration by Frederic M. Grant

HISTORY is made up of the repetition of two phrases—"a place in the sun" and "a scrap of paper."

Individual and national life is built around the way in which John Smith and Kaiser Wilhelm II. meet and deal with the situations created by the thing coveted and the moral obligation which may lie between the coveter and his goal.

There has always been a place in the shade and a place in the sun. There has always been a man with a loaf and a man with half a slice, and that mouldy.

"The poor ye have always with you—lend, hoping for nothing in return," said the Christ.

Men of the schools of Tolstoi, of Dostoieffsky or of the Salvation Army have attempted to follow barefootedly in the steps of their Master.

The vast bulk of humanity has for ages theoretically accepted the Speaker and the first half of His speech. Beyond that, they have ignored the command altogether, or loaned to the extent of a nickel, hoping for treasure in heaven.

Of late years has come the socialist, disputing the Carpenter of Nazareth.

"Nay," he says, "let there be no poor! We will form a committee to make the sunshiners sit closer, so that the shade-dwellers and the half-loafers may have a chance. We will build peace temples and banish rent, interest, profits and the Krupps!"

But the Utopias of socialism are still on paper, largely because human nature is such that no two propagandists can agree on the weight of the vellum.

It remained however for Friedrich Nietzsche to form the last and most amazing school—the school of the ruthless and at the same time philosophic exploiter who taught, purepaganly, that might was not only right but righteousness, that the *duty* of the whole-loaf fellow was to eat his own bread and the half-slice too. And thus, for the first time since Christ, the cult of brute force was scornfully preached and soulfully believed, in a Christian land. In other words, so far as our era is concerned, Nietzsche was the original brazen scrap-of-paper man.

Nietzsche died fourteen years ago last August, leaving his philosophy of selfishness to his fatherland.

If you are rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing, and somebody tells you that the senate has thrown the "Thou shalt not steal" clause out of the Decalogue, it affects your theory but not your practice.

So long as the German professors passed the Big Idea from hand to hand within the hoar walls of the universities, it did no harm. Nobody even noticed the little fuse that it carried, depending from its soul.

But one fine day it wandered into the mind of a Treitschke, a Bernhardi, a Kaiser Wilhelm II. and in an instant, the Hague Tribunal was as good as dynamited.

Germany had all along wanted two things, two seats in the sun. The one was the command of the high seas. The other was overlordship in the East. The first demanded London. The second called for Constantinople. The two were inextricably and picturesquely mixed. There were lines from London that reached all the way to Hongkong. There were two roads from England to the East, one by way of Suez and the other around the Cape. England was in Egypt. England had influence with Persia and to the north of India, to sidetrack the line that Germany dreamed of stretching from Berlin through Vienna, Belgrade, Constantinople, clear across to Tsing Tao, perched like a Noah's Ark village on the hills above the Yellow Sea.

Another branch of this same world-reaching railroad was to go down Mesopotamia-way, a route sketched out by the pilgrim-Kaiser who also built on Mount Olivet a "chime tower" which to-day commands every approach to Jerusalem. The builder and the Sultan did a little hobnobbing about that time, since when the wires that pull the Turkish war policy have run underground to Berlin. But none of this altered the fact that England owned the one possible terminus for the Baghdad railroad.

Mixed up with a good part of this Eastern dream, was a hostile and very much to be reckoned with Bear who also coveted a place in the sun and incidentally a wing of that succulent Turkey so long on the bill of fare. The little Balkans too were on the projected highway, and their mixed fifteen millions would have to be Prussianized.

Lying between Germany and her places in the sun, there were all sorts of obstacles. The Kaiser had shaken hands with King George over King Edward's coffin and had time and

again spoken his admiration for the English people. He had sworn to maintain the neutrality of various little-brother states at various times and on various scraps of paper. The rest of the world, slumberously orthodox or handshakingly socialistic, was content to rely on the integrity of his word, not knowing that Nietzsche had taught him that "*strength, audacity, deceit and cruelty were to meet with his approval, for these were qualities that lead to success in war. Furthermore he was to be under no obligation except to his equals: he was to believe that he might act towards slaves and strangers exactly as he saw fit,*" since in truth he was to "*regard himself as the determiner of values; he did not need to be approved of.*"

Thus militarism received its inhuman soul which the Prussian guardsman supplied with a machine-like body. The flare-up in the Balkans gave the Thing its cue.

This was the naked cruelty of "The Hymn of Hate against England" whose author Ernest Lissauer was decorated by the Kaiser. This was the arrogance that destroyed Louvain, this was the brute-beastliness that has reduced seven million Belgians to homeless wanderers. This was the spirit with which the Prussian eagles screamed their way into the sun.

But from the very beginning of hostilities, from the initial miscalculations of British dividedness, French unpreparedness, American apathy, Prusso-Nietzschianism has not fulfilled the anticipations of its creators.

And the very first indication of this was that *Germany began to apologize* !

The ambassador denies his "scrap of paper;" the bombarder explains Louvain; the German officer who sent a torpedo against a hospital ship declares he didn't recognize its character. The government that is of, by, for and because of itself, must needs spend millions trying to win over a frowning Uncle Sam.

Scarely less significant than the alteration in attitude is the change of timetable. "Paris in four weeks—London in six," became "Christmas in Paris." But the dinner is cold that the Emperor ordered, and while bread in Berlin is twenty-two cents a loaf and tickets for it are issued by the government, and there is a shortage of potatoes and the Kaiser has prohibited the housewives from peeling them before cooking, Paris is actually enjoying a decrease in the price of foodstuffs since the war !

Germany looked for disunion in Britain. Yet the brother of John Redmond has been commissioned an officer in the Royal Irish regiment. The supposedly disaffected Hindoos have rushed to aid the Empire. And in Canada, full of undigested aliens, a German-Canadian moved the address in reply to the speech from the Throne and a French-Canadian seconded it, after which Parliament proceeded to vote $100,000,000 for the war, and the papers of both sides were bursting with editorials on how to divert the sixteen millions that the Dominion has been in the habit of spending on German goods.

As to England itself, the Commons handed the government a blank check for the army. The erstwhile suffragette now serves in Red Cross Hospitals, nearly nine hundred of her, making bandages instead of speeches. Those who cannot go, knit. The Scottish Suffrage Society has raised one hundred thousand dollars to equip a Field Ambulance.

The vast machine of the Army Ordnance Department at its headquarters in France, bears on its lists no fewer than fifty thousand separate kinds of articles which it ships to the troops with unimpeded regularity. The past month the supplies furnished included 450 miles of telephone wire, 530,000 sand bags and 10,000 pounds of shoe blackening. In ten days the requisitions called for 120,000 fur waistcoats and 300,000 flannel belts. The average weekly issue of ointment for feet is five tons.

To cap all, the underwriters announce that the loss for the first six months of the war, to the British mercantile fleet, has been but seven million pounds as against the eighteen million which the associate itself had predicted.

On the field, the British army lives up to its record for cheerful coolness under fire, and cool cheerfulness under water—waist deep in the trenches.

The following is a typical letter from a Tommy whose name is Sam, and whose brother lives in London, Ontario.

"The old boy is in hospital. I have got frostbite in both feet, only one of my toes has got it proper (second toe on right foot). I am not able to stand on my feet yet; have a cradle on the bed to keep off the weight of the bedclothes.

"I am not the only one that has frost-bitten feet. There are hundreds besides myself and some far worse than I. Cannot give one anything for it; has to take its course; the feet are kept in cotton wool. There has been so much rain of late that most of the trenches have been flooded. The last time I was in (on the night of the ninth) the water was waist deep. Fancy having to splash through that lot, Bill. Can you wonder a chap's feet getting a little damp (was freezing, too). Had to stand in it up to our knees for three days and three nights.

"But, my dear brother, listen. The Germans are having to stick the same thing and if they have to do it, we can do it too. They are within twenty yards of our trenches in one place and we could hear them splashing through mud and water. We have been fighting near Labassee for the last two months.

"I shall have a lot to tell you, old sport, which will make your hair stand up straight. It will take me about a month to tell you about my first night in the trenches, how we repulsed the Prussian Guards six times before the morning; let them come right up to our barbed wire before we opened fire on them. Then they caught a cold, my boy, every time. Have a piece of a Jack Johnson in my pocket that hit me one day. It was spent, so it only stung me a bit. I hope to bring it home before long. The boys are hanging on to the sausage men, 'way out in France, and we shall lick them in the end, which I'm sure won't be long."

"When the 'Jack Johnsons' come," says an officer's letter, "they hit a house. You can see the great shell—a black streak—just before it strikes, then, before the explosion, the house simply lifts up into the air, apparently quite silently, then you hear the roar, and the earth shakes. In the place where the house was there is a huge fountain spout of what looks like pink fluff. It is the pulverized brick. Then a monstrous shoot of black smoke, towering up a hundred feet or more, and finally there is a curious, willow-like formation and you duck, as huge pieces of shell and house and earth and haystack tumble about you head."

After which Tommy goes fishing in a Belgian canal with his bayonet for a rod, or sits back in his burrow like a mud-covered sphinx—and waits.

But it is the other allies who have given the Kaiser the chilliest unexpectednesses. General Joffre turned out to be Fabius Cunctator with improvements and the "rush to Paris" was in consequence a brilliant and costly fiasco. Later, the birthday present for which the Kaiser asked became instead a hecatomb of 20,000 Germans, offered in three days on the altar of Nietzschianism. Grand Duke Nicholas has displayed more boldness and grim initiative than anybody would have given him credit for, and when the little Japs sailed in and picked Tsing Tao, they destroyed fifteen years' work and took one of the highest and ripest peaches on the Prussian tree.

As against this state of affairs, look at Germany itself.

To apologize is to lose dignity, to delay is to lose prestige. But there is something much more serious than that. The middle of February sees a

total loss of 1,333,500 men out of the 4,000,000 available. In other words, nearly one third of Germany's total strength has been put out of action in six months. Deeper than this—the socialist disaffection is spreading. The socialist party, even in the Prussian Diet, lifts up its voice in condemnation of the war.

But the Nietzschian spirit holds. And that is the worst and most damning thing that could happen to Germany. She has forever trampled on all rights, all treaties; in her declaration of war on neutral shipping, her bombardment of undefended towns, her callous lack of attempt to rescue the crews of peaceful merchant ships that she has torpedoed, her sinister and truly pagan assertion that in the event of food shortage, "prisoners of war must starve first."

This war is the greatest war that was ever fought. And it is too early to make predictions. Before it can be finished, Britain will need every man that she can supply, every soldier, every gun, every dollar that the Overseas Dominions can contribute, every cordial word and neighborly handclasp that the neutral nations of the world can give.

And yet, from seven months' watching of German performances compared with German promises, wouldn't it strike you that Prusso-Nietzschian-militarism, whether a new god born or an old god come again, is, on account of its very monstrous soullessness, nothing more nor less than a snow giant, able to preserve a semblance of life in the frigidity of college halls, destined to melt in that same place in the sun which its armies fight to obtain?

ETHEL LOOKED AT ONE THROUGH THE UNSOPHISTICATED BUT MIGHTY CLEARSIGHTED EYES OF A GIRL OF TWENTY

Correction—All Editors Note

By Julius S. Woodward

Illustrated by Ruth Bingham

WHEN, in nineteen hundred and whatyoucallum, the Great London Rubber Boom blew up, the worldly goods of many people other than George Augustus Ponsonby-Dawson went up with it. It was said at the time that had George Augustus not devoted so much of his day to the ministrations of the professional at the Mid-Surrey Golf Club the firm of Dawson, Glendinning, Wagstaffe and Barton, would never have been included in the debris. But that is another story. The fact remains that of the fragments which eventually descended, not many on the waiting list collected fewer basketsful than were picked up by "our Mr. Dawson." After considerable searchings, however, on the part of the official receiver and others, enough was finally found to transport Mr. Dawson and his wife and daughter to those parts where they proposed to start life afresh.

Old Man Dawson, as he is now familiarly known—he was wise enough on landing in Canada to drop the Ponsonby and the hyphen—has been kind enough on occasions to say publicly that what induced him at length to pick upon Georgeville, Sask., as his future home was a certain picturesque portrayal of the possibilities lurking in that rising community for one of average talent, which possibilities were forcibly thrust upon his notice in a pamphlet issued by the Georgeville Board of Trade and compiled, vide the Georgeville Daily Gazette, by the "energetic secretary." I spent several years in that capacity, and though it is some time ago, there are yet occasions on which my conscience troubles me as to the effect which my exuberant phraseology may have had in determining the fate of some of the members of our periodically prosperous community; but I certainly felt no such qualms when I saw George Dawson walk into my office. I felt instinctively that here would be one citizen to whom in years to come I would be able to point with pride, and as things turned out I was not astray in my reckoning.

He wasn't in town twenty-four hours before he landed a job in a real estate office, his chief occupation being the making out of those mysterious documents known to the profession as agreements of sale, the too free signing of which scraps of paper have incidentally done more to land some of our pretentious citizens within hailing distance of the Bread Line than any other set of circumstances I can call to mind.

The old man had been on the job about a week before he brought his daughter round to see me. I can remember the occasion as well as if it were yesterday. It was a typical Georgeville June morning. That is to say, a bright clear sky, the fragrant smell of the damp earth that comes after a warm shower, and the main street of Georgeville a foot deep in mud. You would have thought however that Ethel Dawson had just stepped out of her Rolles-Royce in Bond Street, so trim and dainty did she look. I can't tell you what she had on—I'm no society sharp—but those blue eyes of hers under a peach-basket hatbrim took all the talk out of one formerly chatty-minded gentleman.

"I just wanted to thank you, oh so much, for getting a job for father," she said, in her pretty English voice. What she said with her eyes I'm sure I don't know, but I imagine she must have heard the reply of mine, for she flushed a little and drew her hand away. It was a temperamental little hand, with long fingers, and it was gloveless.

"And now," she went on briskly, "please, kind sir, a job for me."

I decided at once that the position for which Miss Dawson was eminently fitted was that of devoted wife to a certain public official, the sky line of whose ambition was going backward at the rate of a mile a minute.

"What can you do?" I asked as

gravely as I could, "Type, nurse, teach, play the piano, take in plain sewing ?"

She shook her head, more like a rueful child than the self-possessed young lady she had at first seemed.

"No sir, not a sin-gle one of them! That is, I could teach tango, but I don't want to. And I suppose I'll have to do my own plain sewing now, but I'm not looking forward to it. I thought—"

She hesitated, and the clear color crept up into her face.

"I used to—to—write a bit, and I hoped, maybe, when I'd got the local color of Canada—"

Poor kid—can't you see her, soaking up the blue of the sloughs and the gold of the wheat, herself getting bluer day by day as she did it, and losing the only worth-while gold in the world, the glint of her curls ? I didn't want her turned into a stamp-buying, check-hunting, hump-shouldered writer lady. And besides, heaven knows there's no cash in it even at that. And yet, until the time came when the public official aforementioned should offer her a permanent meal ticket, Miss Dawson certainly needed the nickels.

Then I had an inspiration, a real private-stock box of them.

"Tell you what," I said, trying not to look too pleased with myself, "let's walk round and see Bill Warman. He owns the *Gazette* as long as his creditors 'll let him, and he's just lost his society editor."

Ethel looked at the foot-deep mud of the roadway to nowhere, and the unpainted fronts of the town's best stores, set like stark Noah's Ark box-houses on the table-flat prairie. Then she looked at Mrs. Grocer Denison coming out of her husband's emporium, with three yards of white apron swept across her ample person and held under one arm. Last of all, she looked at me. I think I knew then that she was immensely amused at the prospect, and a little afraid to let a fellowtownsman see it. But she was game. And she had in her the makings of that human sympathy that would cause her to see Mrs. Grocer's daughter's wedding in its true importantness.

After we'd interviewed Bill and been engaged—or rather snapped up—as co-editors, Ethel to supply the style and I to send in the facts until she came to know our young metropolis, we returned to my office to talk it over.

It is not surprising that the consultation took up most of the morning. When one's daily round consists for the most part of interviewing Galician homesteaders or planning out entertainment for prominent American editors, it can readily be imagined that relief in this form was a thing very precious. I mentally decided that so far as the American editors were concerned, we were due the next day, the simplest way to entertain them would be to ascertain the cubic capacity for Scotch whiskey of the party and then square it.

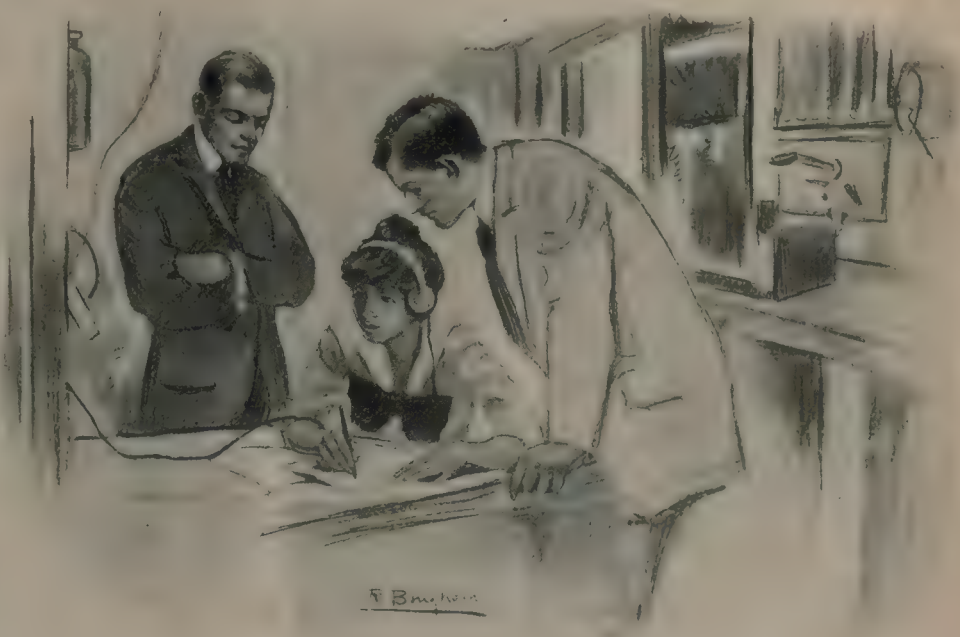
All this happened two years ago—long enough for the Bond Street clothes to slow down a little and the Rolles-Royce air to attain a charming tang of Western camaraderie; not long enough, alas, to persuade their wearer to tire of her job. Not that I tried, outright. After that first interview, I went home and lay awake all night wondering what I'd say to the large and enthusiastic audience that insisted on running me for Parliament. I knew she had liked me. She had been kind, and more than that. I thought I saw something in her eyes that she didn't show to Bill when she became his right hand man. But somehow, as the months passed, it never went any further. She had an indescribable way of putting the bars up, even while she smiled at you over the top of them.

But it wasn't until young Dickie Church, our risingest lawyer, began to take her riding perilously across the twilit prairies, that I realized the biggest obstacle. Dickie was so absurdly downmustachedly young, and yet he looked so consciously well beside the society editor in her ribbons and her muslins, that it forced home the painful truth that the hair due east and west of my ears was greying slightly. And that, I alas, was thirty-eight ! Not an advanced age for a future Parliamentarian, who's a mere kicking colt at fifty, but an octogenarian period when looked at through the unsophisticated but mighty clearsighted eyes of a girl of twenty.

And so, for two independent years, Miss Ponsonby-Dawson followed and chronicled the social life of Georgeville, all too soon without the help of her former co-editor.

The good old days of the boom were too good to last, however, and only Ethel's real value to the local page kept her on. The raft of small and apparently insignificant items that she turned in were really of immense value to the *Gazette*, for it was for them that the women folk in town bought their local paper. But if Ethel had one forte it was weddings. A bartender couldn't marry a kitchen mechanic without Ethel getting wise. Bill used to chaff her once in a while as to when she would be turning in her own, but she always laughed the thing aside and he never could get anything out of her on the topic. The quota of eligible and ineligible bachelors of all ages were equally insidious in their endeavors to see their name coupled with Ethel's in 12 point black, over a story in the "Wedding Bells" column, but nothing ever came of it and gradually the bunch got to realize that there must be a reason.

I won't tell you what absurd hopes blossomed under a certain municipal panama when it became noised abroad that Ethel had turned down Dickie Church. I went up to the Dawson's that night with courage enough to hook a timber limit. But just as Dawson pere had left the room and I was nerving myself to clear my throat, my eye fell on an envelope with a regimental crest on it. It was



JUST AN HOUR TO PRESS TIME—WHEN A FOOL BOY SHOVED A CASUALTY LIST IN FRONT OF ETHEL

addressed to Ethel. Like a flash, a vision of the probable reason for Dick Church's trip to Winnipeg must have got from the letter to my brain and back out again through my eyes, for Ethel picked the cursed thing up and put it away and asked me if I'd rather have tea or coffee.

So that was all of *that*.

As an apparent last straw to add to the troubles of the *Gazette*, and every other small daily in the country, came the war. The public think that a war is a fine thing for the newspapers, since it gives them so much news. But the public doesn't figure what it costs to get it. Why, if all those telegrams published in the official Blue Books of the belligerent countries had been sent even at press rates over any telegraph wire in Canada, the countries would have been so broke they couldn't have afforded to go to war at all. The only solution for the *Gazette* was to follow the lead of all the other western papers and put in their own leased wire. This meant $100 a week anyway, and if a couple of the boys, one from the reporters' room and one from the proof desk, hadn't got the fever and enlisted, Ethel's job would have gone for sure. As it was, Bill Warman loaded both on to her and as I was doing nothing for very good reasons, and as I knew a lot of the places where the trouble was going to be, Bill asked me to take on the telegraph desk.

Ethel took to proof reading like the Prussian officers took to the champagne of the looted French chateaux. I noticed, though, that whenever a casualty list came out, she read it over hurriedly before starting to look for mistakes and I knew what she was looking for.

War stuff got a bit of a rest for four days at the beginning of October while that bunch of beaneaters gave the finest machine in the world, four straight lessons in the art of baseball.

We got a bulletin service over the wire and for those two hours when the games were on, every phone in the office would be ringing for details. It amused and at the same time fascinated me to hear the cultivated English voice giving out the jargon of the game. If the innings were a bit long, the operator at Winnipeg used to sandwich in a little War stuff, and any time that Mr. Gowdy would send the ball for a swim in the sea, we'd be sure to get a line or two. It would come this way—

> 3rd Innings, 1st half—Mann whiffed, Marranville walked and stole 2nd on Evers' liner through Baker.
>
> Bulletin — London, Oct. 10th, 4.23 P.M.—Havas despatch from Petrograd says that Premysyl is invested.
>
> Flash Evers scores on Gowdy's Texas leaguer.

I'd sit there and curse Gowdy for his Texas leaguers and Petrograd for not either quitting foolish investments or else putting in a receiver and having done with it. It used to make a lot of extra work chopping this stuff out of the flimsy and getting it in shape for the machines. If Boston would only go out, 1, 2, 3, as did Mr. McGillicuddy's pets, how much simpler would my job be.

Of course you remember that third game when they yanked Tyler in the 10th with the score tied. Just before it started, a long casualty list came out with the names of a lot of poor devils who got caught on the Aisne. The proof came back from the machines just as the excitement over the game was at fever height. Miss Dawson lifted the receiver off the hook of her phone for the 'steenth time just as the boy flopped the list down in front of her.

"Boston leads, 3—1," she began, and then the phone dropped from her hands. I grabbed it and gave the rest of the information and then turned to see her choking back sobs. It wasn't necessary to ask what had happened. She just dumbly pointed to "Officers Killed," and I saw there, "Capt. Fred

Continued on page 327.

Five Days in the Land of the Tsar

Part II.

By Rosamond Kershaw

Illustrated from Photographs

I must say a word here about the cab drivers, or istvostchiks. Surely there is a race of cabbies. They all have a similarity, whether German, French, English or Russian. It seems almost as if their looks at birth must denote the profession they would follow in later years. Yet the fat, monstrous coachmen, leaning far out over their horses, with the reins held well apart, are typically Russian. Most of them are slim in spite of their apparently enormous girth. Their costume consists of a coarse linen shirt, the inevitable black breeches, tucked into the still more inevitable knee boots, a thick, wadded, sleeveless shirt worn over that, and over that again a thickly padded dark blue cloth coat, trimmed, among the well-to-do, with narrow strips of black velvet and held about the gigantic waistline by a patent leather belt. The coat surplices on the left side and both sides of the coat end in long points which trail on the ground when the driver is off the box; when he mounts the box these ends are wrapped about and form a robe. The thicker the padding of the coat, the greater the "chic" of his livery. Their backs could easily be fitted with a clock, notebook, toilet case and flower vase and serve as does the front of a well appointed brougham. Their stovepipe hats are of the low-crowned, curling, broad-brimmed variety, made of patent leather, and give them a particularly sporty look quite at variance with their melancholy faces and portly figures.

In the restaurant that night at a long table next to ours sat a family party, with friends, several young officers, who were evidently invited for the young ladies. These same officers left the table several times during the evening to converse most familiarly with a painted Jezebel of the demi-monde, sitting with a cavalier at a nearby table. A state of society which would permit such a thing is beyond my comprehension. On two sides of the room were private boxes where drinking went on and the fun became very boisterous and hilarious; particularly was this the case where officers were of the party.

I was much interested in a small boy who walked about the entire evening holding aloft a tall vase of roses, which he offered for sale. Up and down, up and down, among the tables he went. I never saw him sit down; I never saw him sell a flower. His face was stolid and showed not a trace of animation or interest. I felt so sorry for him,

CATHEDRAL IN MOSCOW. "IVAN THE TERRIBLE" BEING SO PLEASED WITH THE COMPLETED WORK, FORESTALLED THE POSSIBILITY OF A DUPLICATION BY GOUGING THE ARCHITECT'S EYES OUT

but no doubt he would not have understood my sympathy. What seemed to me a tedious martyrdom for a child was to him only the day's work. Poor little Russian boy !

On Monday morning our real sightseeing began. We had been told that a man from our Englishman's office would be detailed to show us about; that we were to tell him what we wanted to see and he would conduct us.

As we were finishing our breakfast in our salon, someone rapped, and there stood our cicerone. He put his heels together, bowed low and kissed my hand before I could really grasp who he was. On the card he presented was an impossible Russian name; we were told afterwards that translated it means something very amusing. His first name was Sergius, and while he went downstairs to order a motor car, we, not having mastered his surname, decided to call him "Serge," if necessity compelled us to quick action.

We joined our guide downstairs and away we went in the taxi. We now had a chance to get a good look at him. He was nice looking, with a long dark beard, and wore glasses. These latter brought out a curious mannerism which rather fascinated me; they were not firmly poised on his nose and in his excitement he was eternally adjusting them. He spoke French and German and a very few words of English, had traveled in France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland, and was a most interesting and artistic man.

I have always hated church sightseeing, and my heart rather sank when my husband named the churches as the first sights we would see. But when our motor stopped at the Church of the Resurrection, the magnificent memorial to the martyred Alexander II., I knew that it was not an ordinary church that we were going to see.

It is situated on a square by the side of a canal. The exterior is dazzling to the eye in the vivid green, blue and yellow coloring of its mosaic. The fantastically shaped cupolas and minarets express the Oriental idea. The whole gives a dash of brilliancy, lighting up the sombre gray of the surrounding buildings.

It is the custom of the Russians to build memorials to their murdered or dead emperors, and usually the memorial is placed on the spot of the murder. In this case the church was built, and in the church a chapel was erected over the very spot in the pavement where Alexander's murder was committed. To do this, the course of the canal had to be changed and it makes a decided curve.

On entering, our guide at once secured a Russian to explain to us the beauties of the edifice. Then followed a three-fold explanation; first in Russian to our guide, then by him to me in French or German, and I passed it on in English. This we carried on all day. Small wonder that when evening came I was not sure which was my own language.

The little memorial chapel is railed in and roofed over by an ornamental grille surrounding the shattered paving stones where Alexander knelt. Jeweled lamps and lanterns of filigree gold, set with pearls, sapphires and turquoises, have been hung on this grille by religious enthusiasts who believe that the spirit of the martyred Tsar will grant them their prayers. "Serge" and our French friend frankly told us that these prayers were often for "thy neighbor's wife," luck at cards, or death to their opponent in an *affaire d'honneur* !

The upper windows which light this church are all of a specially constructed pale blue glass, so as to give always the idea of fair weather. The walls and columns and pictures of the saints are made entirely of mosaic; finer work than any that I ever saw in Rome. So smoothly are they polished that even in passing the hand over the surface it is difficult to believe that so many little pieces went to make up the beautiful whole. On either side of the magnificent doors hiding the sanctuary were imposing balustrades of a curiously transparent pink stone brought from Siberia, and so hard, so the guide told us, that diamond points were used in working it. Each column was carved in a different design, surpassingly beautiful. We passed be-

METROPOLITAN OF MOSCOW IN PROCESSION WITHIN THE GATES OF THE KREMLIN

hind the balustrade and the men of the party entered the sanctuary. The courteous Russian guide explained to me, that no women could enter except those nuns who have been cloistered for sixty years,—"not even our Empress," he added by way of consolation.

As we were leaving the church, the guide gave me a handful of different colored mosaic pieces, and seeing my interest in the martyred emperor, told our Russian cicerone where we could see the shattered carriage in which Alexander was driving on the day of his death.

So away we went to the stable museum. It was on a Monday and so closed, but our friend presented the card of his firm and we were passed in and shown about. I could not take it all in on that day and now, weeks afterwards, only certain things stand out before me.

First of all, the simple black landau which we had gone to see; the back was torn to pieces by the first hand grenade thrown by a student at the drop of a woman's handkerchief, and which killed the faithful Kossak standing behind the Emperor. Alexander II. stepped out of the carriage, and was kneeling to offer thanks for his delivery, when the second bomb was thrown which mortally injured him. Foolish, foolish fanatic who by that cruel act, hardened so many powerful men against the people.

I remember also the sledges which Catherine had built for her masquerades; all sorts of monsters, hobgoblins and animals are represented, and one can picture the carnival scene on the Neva. Another room that stands out is the one holding the horse "clothes." All the trappings given as presents to the various Tsars by their Eastern tributaries. Showcase after showcase full of bridles, reins and horse blankets, all of the most exquisite red velvet, leather and gold, also embroidered with turquoises and seed pearls, as if these latter were as plentiful as the sands of the sea. In another room were the state carriages for the marriage and coronation festivities. I had exclaimed, remarked and wondered at the gold carriage which carried the royal pair to the Coronation in London a month before, and here there were not one, or even two, but dozens of them, more gorgeous with Watteau and Fragonard panels, more beautifully lined, more resplendent with diamond monograms on the doors.

It was in Catherine's reign that most of these equipages were built; no doubt at the instigation of her sybaritic taste, and at the cost of her purse, ever-open for the greatest luxury of the hour. One could spend a day in this Museum and not see everything, and we had only a short half hour at our disposal.

From the Museum we drove to the St. Isaac's Cathedral. On the square in front of this church stands the statue of Peter the Great on a rearing horse. The Russian inscription on the pedestal means: "To Peter the First by Catherine the Second," and one involuntarily smiles at the naiveté of the compliment which she paid herself. I was told that the horse tramples on an adder, but as the boulder on which the horse and rider stand is thirty feet high, I can repeat this only as hearsay. This boulder in its original state, one-third again as large as it is now, was found on the shore of Finland and was brought to St. Petersburg by specially made bridges and roads, and rolled part of the way over cannon balls. The story runs also, that the tail is weighted with ten thousand pounds of lead to help balance this wonderful charger, but I will not listen to such unromantic detail; I would rather believe that the statue is the embodiment of the spirit of Peter the Great, and that as he looks out over the Neva, pointing with outstretched arm to his dominions, he has pulled up his steed in his ardor.

The St. Isaac's Cathedral stands on the site of a church built by this same indomitable ruler, which was struck by lightning and destroyed. We walked up the steps of its base and came to the three rows of monolith granite pillars, that uphold the porticos with their bronze friezes on each side, one hundred and twelve of these pillars in all. These pillars are sixty feet high, and seven feet in diameter surmounted by Corinthian capitols in bronze. We three tried to span one of them with our outstretched arms and could not even touch fingers.

We entered the church, and coming in from the daylight, could not see a thing. Not a ray of sunshine ever reaches the floor; the windows are placed very high and the rays strike across. The gloom and darkness are oppressing. The greatest impression created is the stupendous size of this cathedral; its very simplicity of design is its grandeur, and in this great holy place even the irreligious must feel that he is in the presence of Something, some Power, some Mystery too great for mortal to grasp.

The church is built in the shape of a Greek cross, with a large central dome supported by a circle of smaller pillars; I say smaller, only in comparison with the granite pillars outside. A space was railed off under the dome,

and we were told that a year ago there was found to be something wrong with the masonry, making it dangerous for people to pass under the dome. Nothing had been done by way of repairs, and our guide said with a shrug, that we might come back in ten years and find it in the same condition. The dome is gilded with real gold, at a fabulous expense, and is a landmark all over the city. As our eyes became used to the semi-darkness, we saw, set in the walls, rows of columns of malachite and lapis lazuli. Between these were panels portraying incidents in the lives of the saints, all carried out in polished mosaic. Beautiful beyond any description of mine was the dark blue robe of St. Catherine; in her hand was a sheaf of lilies fashioned in the same intricate way. Here also I was allowed to stand at the entrance of the Holy of Holies. The decoration throughout the building is in the blue, crimson and gold of the Byzantine art. As we came out of the Cathedral and looked back at it from the motor, we could readily believe that its construction lasted over three reigns and that its cost exceeded three and one quarter millions sterling.

I was very anxious to see the humble house of Peter the Great, after seeing so many of the wonders of his time, so we hurried there before our lunch. The little wooden structure has been preserved in its original state, and covered by a roof to protect it from the elements. The great man's table, bed and chair are shown, made mostly by himself. He never sat as we do in a chair, but rode it as he would a horse, and on the back was fastened a board which served him as desk. One of the rooms contains one of the most sacred of the ikons; the one, it is claimed, which Peter carried with him to the wars, and before it are burned day and night innumerable candles brought by the people making some petition. At all times people are there praying, and when the room is full a priest comes in, dons an elaborate vestment and blesses the devotees. On his way out he dips his crucifix in a vessel of water, blessing it; the people drink of it, believing it to cure all ills. Between that, and crawling around, kissing the dirty floor, I am not surprised that sickness and disease are so prevalent.

Behind the house is Peter's boat, made by himself; perhaps it was the first one he built when he went incognito to Amsterdam, and worked for some time as a common shipwright. I don't know where he found the time to do so much really artistic manual work in wood, ivory and silver; as he is represented at the same time as a "war lord," ever busy quelling rebellions, and conquering the devastating hordes that beset him from all sides.

It was an exhausted trio that sat down to luncheon on a balcony overlooking the Nevski Prospect. Our Russian had been told to take us to a typical Russian restaurant, and I have no doubt it was that. We were offered first a cold soup; fortunately we were told what was in it, and so were saved in time from a weird experience. This soup is made of a kind of birch beer containing samples of all the Zakuska, raw fish and ham cut up fine, greens, cucumbers, slices of lemon, cranberries and pieces of ice floating about in it.

Our Mr. "Serge" astonished us with stories of the petty tyrannies of the Government. He cannot, he told us, pass the night at his brother's house without first asking permission, and having his passport viséd by the police.

BAZAAR FACING THE KREMLIN, WITH THE CHARACTERISTICALLY MELANCHOLY LOOKING CABBY SEEN THROUGH RUSSIA

Neither could he have a little company of six or eight persons in his apartment without permission asked and given. The concierge in every house is in the employ of the Government, and acts as a spy reporting everything that goes on in the lives of the various tenants. In speaking of the cost of living, he told us that if he took his ten little nieces and nephews out to the Islands on a Sunday afternoon, and offered them chocolate and cake, as any uncle would like to do, it would cost him about ten dollars. Since one portion per person of the native caviare costs one dollar and sixty-five cents in its own home, we were not surprised at these figures.

His description of the lives of the poor people was heartrending. Their only food, in the poorest classes, is the sour, heavy black bread, with an occasional cucumber. In the freezing winter weather sometimes ten people are herded together in a room provided not only with double windows but these windows hermetically sealed. Each one buys his own space in the room, which is frequently not more than enough for him to lie full length upon; there he brings his bedding and lives, if you can call that living. Small wonder that they one and all drink vodka in its cheapest, most fiery form and try to forget their poverty. Small wonder that their minds are atrophied, making them look more dull and stupid than the dumb animals. They are fatalists, made so by the heavy yoke of years of serfdom, and they follow a new leader as blindly as they followed Gapon, carrying out the commands of these leaders without thinking, since thought has never been allowed them.

We drove now through a poorer portion of the city; we passed the fish market and then various museums and public gardens. We came to a large building and were told that it was the Duma; that settled it. We were at once interested to see this scene of so many word battles and excited partisanship. Our Russian did not know if we would be admitted, as we had neither permit nor passport. But with his usual willingness to oblige said that we would try it. We waited in the motor, while he went in and conversed with a very gorgeous Russian in uniform; we saw him produce a card, and that being carefully scrutinized, we were invited to come in. Then followed various introductions, of which we understood not one word; all the officials bowed and looked most affable, our names were signed in a book, a guide detailed for us and we were conducted into a large foyer hall.

The building now used exclusively for the Duma, was originally a palace, which Catherine the Great presented to her favorite, Potemkin, with three thousand men, as a reward for some battle in which he had been victorious. Of all her many favorites he must have been the worst, and pandered to her vanity and extravagance as none of the others knew how to do. It was in this very building, in that foyer that the famous balls were given, which are still the last word in Russia for elegance and splendor. It was Potemkin who caused the road between the Hermitage and his palace, to be strewn with sugar, to gratify the idly expressed whim of Catherine for a sleighing party in summer.

This foyer is very large, running the full width of the palace, and is used now for a converzatione and promenade for the members. A hall leads to the real meeting chamber, a simple, plain, austere room, where the seats are arranged in an amphitheatre, a centre aisle dividing the left from the right side, the Conservatives from the Liberals. Facing the seats is a platform on which are the President's desk and chair; directly in front of this desk is another desk, where the Member stands making a speech. On the right side of this desk a small square piece of yellow glass is let in, which throws a yellow light when a button is pressed on the President's desk. This light is used to call the speaker to order, when he so far forgets himself as to say something derogatory to the imperial family. On either side of the platform are boxes for the Ministry, and I sat in Stolypin's seat and tried to see in my mind's eye the hall as it must look to him filled with the representatives of the people.

There is a door on each side of the Chamber, through which the members pass when voting on a question. The voting is done as they go by a registering machine, no one but themselves knowing which way they voted. My sceptical mind saw vast possibilities for fraud in this arrangement.

What a land of frauds ! The navy in the late war that was not seaworthy, that was put together from any cheap material that came to hand, manned and sent out to certain destruction, while the money raised for it was spent by the Grand Duke Alexis on a ballet dancer; the Red Cross Fund that was gambled away by the grand duchess who was at the head of this great organization in Russia; the ten thousand blankets which were donated to the army by a manufacturer, and then sold in the shops in St. Petersburg, restitution only being made to the donor when he threatened to close his factories and so throw thousands out of work. We were told that even the bronze tails of the horses of the Quadriga had been removed and iron ones substituted. Does it seem possible that in the remote villages of Russia, the peasants do not know even now that their country was defeated in the disastrous war with Japan ?

Let us sincerely hope that conitions have so radically changed in the past few years that the Government behind the Grand Duke Nicholas will give him and his army the support it so richly deserves. Russian soldiers have always been among the best in the world; Russian officers have always been brave: perhaps the bureaucracy is now becoming honest.

As we stepped out of the motor, before the Winter Palace, my independent, free, Canadian lord, decided to take a picture of the Peter and Paul fortress opposite. I begged him in vain not to do so. I saw that it was creating great excitement in the Palace, and our Russian ran over to warn him not to persist. Not knowing what other part the camera would play in our sightseeing, I was very glad to see it taken by the hat and coat guardian.

On presentation of our card of admission and a thorough examination of our passport, a guide was forthcoming and we followed him up a beautiful staircase and began our wanderings through the state apartments. All state rooms are much alike in all palaces; these were more gorgeous, larger, higher, vaster in every way than any others that I had ever seen. In one room alone the six doors of tortoise shell inlaid with a most intricate gold design, were worth countless roubles. We passed from the state rooms into a grey and silver foyer forming a passage across a canal to the Royal theatre. The theatre was what the French so appropriately call a bijou: all in white, the rows of semi-circular seats covered with satin cushions; the hangings as well as the walls, all of satin. In the centre, directly before the stage, were placed two armchairs for the royal pair. The special guardian of the theatre told us that sometimes, the Tsar and Tsarina sit there all alone and witnessed a performance. Out in the foyer sit thirty Kossaks who form the Tsar's bodyguard, and move only when he moves,—"Thy fate it is to guard him with thy head."

As we passed out again through the foyer, our attention was called to a long stretch of canvas on a wall between two windows; the canvas covering was tacked on very closely, and for a good reason. Behind the covering is a tapestry presented to the Tsar by the Emir of Bokhara, one of the tribute payers to the Russian Crown. The Tsar could not refuse this present, but as the subject depicted is so disgracefully obscene and

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In the Forefront

THE WARLIKE PACIFIST, J. A. MACDONALD, ALL CELT AND NO SURRENDER; THE HON. ROBERT ROGERS, WHO INTERRED RECIPROCITY; LOU SKUCE, THE JOLLY JOY ARTIST OF THE TORONTO WORLD; GENERAL LESSARD, NAPOLEON OF FRENCH-CANADA; RALPH CONNOR, THE MAN WITH THE BIG HEART

The Warlike Pacifist

J. A. Macdonald, of the Globe, who loves a row for righteousness' sake

By D. V. Aldworth

THE fattest and flashiest five cents' worth in Canadian newspaperdom is undoubtedly the *Toronto Sunday World,* and the slimmest and sauciest five cents' worth is undeniably *Jack Canuck;* the biggest-daily-circulation race will doubtless continue to lie between the *Montreal Star* and its Toronto namesake; and the high-chief-Ananiaship will annually be allotted to the——but that depends entirely on your politics of course, so we'll leave it to you.

But there's only one journal that could announce itself as "Canada's National Newspaper"—and get away with it—and that's the *Globe.*

Honest and truthfully, whether you yell for Sir Wilfrid or Sir Robert, whether you cheer or jeer at the present Minister of Militia, whether you see red or blue at election time, you can't help acknowledging that the corner of Yonge and Melinda undoubtedly turns out a War Summary that summarizes, scareheads that don't scare unless they've got to, and an editorial page that is on a plane by itself. It mayn't be your plane, and it mayn't be mine, any more than it's Mutt-and-Jeff's, but it displays the real goods in the way of canned oratory.

A man's father may have hailed from Yorkshire or from Devon, and the man himself, comfortably seated in his Canadian swivel chair, may never once allude to the fact. But if his great-grandparents thrice removed, dwelt in Galway or Glenurquhart or some little Welsh town, hump-backed under half the consonantal alphabet, you won't be in his presence an hour until he tells you so.

In other words, murder will out. And Celtic blood is bound to advertise itself.

And Dr. James A. Macdonald is a Celt.

The easy, insouciant, divil-may-care, joke-and-joust Irishman with his soft green hills and his blarneying smiles, has little in common with his cousin from the Hielands, in whom the dancing blaze has become a still, slow-eating smoulder, capable of bursting out into the most astounding conflagrations of religious zeal or partisan devotion.

And yet, as Dr. Macdonald says, all Celts are alike in this, that they are full of warm impulses, which blaze best and highest in defense of unreachable ideals and lost causes.

Dr. Macdonald ought to know. He himself has Grant and Cameron blood feeding the brain behind the pibroch of his pen. His ancestor Euan Macdonald escaped from Glencoe on the morning of the Massacre, carrying his little son on his back. That same son fought for the Stuarts at Culloden, and thirty years later, the family broadsword was again unsheathed to defend its King in North Carolina.

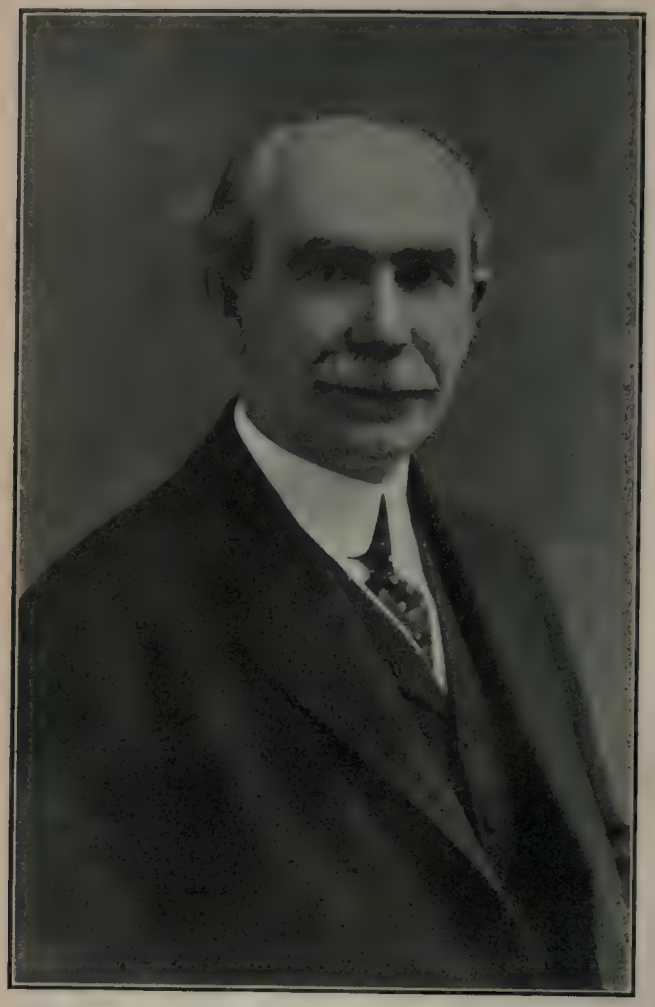
And yet, until Belgium was invaded this summer, you couldn't have found a more confirmed pacifist than the descendant of the claymore swingers.

For a good many years, peace has been the subject of the Doctor's speeches and writings. Even yet you can see her white wings beating up through the murk of War, as the *Globe's* editorials strike forward into the time that Wilhelm will not see.

THE CELT WHO TURNED HIS ANCESTORS' SWORD INTO A LINOTYPE AND FOUND IT LOST NOTHING IN THE TURNING

Lost cause? Peace is no lost cause. With Celtic second sight, the *Globe* exclaims:

"Canada enlists as a volunteer nation in this War, to the end that not German despotism alone, but all national despotisms, shall be destroyed. This is our nation's first War. We thank the God of Battles that in it we fight that War itself between the nations may be vanquished. Not for Things as They Were, but for Things as They Ought to Be, does Canada draw the sword. The old order is scarce worth fighting for—the old god of Force, the old nightmare of Fear, the old glory of War. Back on the rubbish heap of an outgrown Yesterday let all those fallacies be cast. Canada is a nation of To-morrow. Let the autocracies and the despotisms that take the



THE HONORABLE ROBERT ROGERS, MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS

sword, perish by the sword. Their day is done. Out of the blackness of their last night a new morning begins to break. And Canada will fight on against the coming of that day."

And yet, while war rages, the ranks must be filled.

"The man who goes," says the *Globe's* editor, "must go obedient to those high motives of patriotism and service which redeem from its worst even the drudgery and disappointment and sad tragedy of war. The man who stays must stay in obedience to the same motives, not selfishly, but in the spirit of sacrifice, going softly all his days, and making his farmwork, his shopwork, his office work, a sacred thing, heroic as had been his service on the tented field, patriotic as death in the front of battle."

Previous to this year, when not preaching peace, the Culloden-captain's greatest-grandson could have been found deifying democracy and still further outraging the clan system by advocating the abolishment of all lines of division in favor of internationalism.

And yet, if Euan could have looked over the editor's shoulder, he would have recognized the manner if not the matter of the editorials. For their writer is the most warlike pacifist, the most dominating and dogmatic democrat, the Scotchiest internationalist that you ever saw!

If you're born with printers' ink in your blood and a period on your pen nib, nobody can train it out of you, nor can you be operated on, exhorted at, or sent up river so as to successfully obliterate the fatal tendency. Macdonald had edited the Knox College Monthly during his university days, but he thought he could get away from it. He doesn't use the "reverend" now, having so widened the walls of his kirk, but everyone knows that when he graduated in 1887, he expected to talk to some hundreds a Sunday until the Session superannuated him.

But he couldn't stick to it.

In 1896 he backslid, and founded the *Westminster*, which was so successful that six years later he was called to the corner of Yonge and Melinda, which was the most congenial call that he could have received. And the best one for the parish.

His daily audience now consists of all the readers of the eighty thousand copies of the *Globe*, to say nothing of the millions of outsiders once a month or so, who see his leaders when the American papers copy them.

But the doctor does more than turn periods. I have no confidential representative on the Board of Governors, or whatever the thing calls itself to which the editor is newspaperfully responsible, but I doubt not they had a fluttering time of it when "this wild stirring bugle from the Highlands" first blared from the clock corner. It played a stave or two about the Ross Government that must have been embarassing to say the least; it gave tongue against its own side in the matter of the Northwest schools; it is currently reported as having some two score libel suits to its credit; and what it did—or did not do—to Reciprocity is a matter of history.

Most editors are too shy as well as too inky-fingered to go in for gesturing, but Dr. Macdonald holds the platform against all comers on either side of the line, so much so indeed that there are few silver tongues who will sit chair-by-chair with him any more, fearing the comparison. He has addressed Ad men and newspapermen, chiefs of insurance, Boston Forefather worshippers, Chicago University professors. He bore a message from President Taft to the two great Presbyterian Assemblies of Scotland. Rumor has it that he refused the successorship to Sir Wilfrid.

In all this, the *Globe's* editor becomes a shining mark for criticism.

Does he care? Certainly. He just eats it.

Like many another great man, he loves the limelight. Also, he loves a row for righteousness' sake. Also again, he knows that when he turned his ancestors' sword into a fountain pen and from that into a linotype, it lost nothing in the turning.

The Hon. Bob Rogers

Who Has Won a Big Name, a Fair Wife and a Place in the Cabinet

By Madge Macbeth

THE MAN who is known to the Cabinet members as the Hon. R. R. was born in Lakefield, in the County of Argenteuil, Quebec. Sounding French, it gives the lie to its name, for it is settled almost entirely by the Scotch element, and scarcely a word of French is spoken there. Mr. Rogers, however, lends an added diversion to the combination by being of Irish descent. His calm assured self-possession would sometimes belie that fact, until one looks again and sees the suspicion of the twinkle which is in the eyes of all true Irishmen. His father was Lt. Colonel G. Rogers, and his mother's maiden name was Dora Moore. His education was not unusual but he was something of a spot-light scholar, finishing in Montreal what had been begun in Berthier and Lachute. Every one within fifty miles of Charlevoix found time once a week or so to make a trip to the general store; if they did not trade merchandise, they swapped opinions with the highly popular proprietor—Bob! And they usually took away with them, if they were so inclined, two or three short sentences which contained more wisdom than could be digested in as many weeks. It was in this atmosphere that the early years of a political power that was destined to be known from one end of the Dominion to the other, were spent. For fifteen years Robert Rogers held sway in this community.

He went West in 1881. At that time, Canada, like our incomparable Wallingford, thrilled with a noble

desire to get-rich-quick. And some one more enterprising than the rest, had commenced the great Manitoba boom of the early '80's. Perhaps a half a dozen Wallingfords strained the capacity of the bank vaults, but the rest—the pitiful rest—staggered on under the burden of heavy taxation and the vision of vanishing wealth.

Mr. Rogers had not gone West hanging to the caboose of a freight, as so many of his imaginative countrymen had done; he went *de luxe*, with a bankroll thick enough to be a safeguard against immediate emergencies. The calcium at once began to shine on this young captain of industry, who went straight to Clearwater, where he opened a general store on a larger and more ambitious scale than any in those parts. Here he launched into cattle-raising, grain-buying and mining operations. The fishing industry was just then attracting the attention of all far-seeing business men, and Robert Rogers, with his characteristic insight into the future, cast his net with the Rat Portage Company, which soon shipped tons of frozen white fish celebrated as the famous White-fish-of-the-Lake-of-the-Woods—to the Chicago markets.

His business interests now running smoothly and lucratively, Mr. Rogers turned his steel blue eyes to politics. In this game he was not quite so successful, at first. In 1886, he waged a fruitless campaign against Greenway, who was then Premier in the division of Mountain. It was a heated battle, but the defeat seemed only to make Robert Rogers the more keen. The edge was taken off the next defeat, in 1893, because of the fact of his having walked a space with the kinder jade—Romance—and taking unto himself a wife. The beauty of Miss Aurelia Regina Widmeyer is not forgotten in this day of grace, 1915. Indeed, so youthful is her appearance that amusing situations are continually arising, and the idea of grandparentage is too utterly ridiculous to be associated with her. Mrs. Rogers' hospitable instincts assure her social success.

Said a wag at a Winnipeg ball, one night,

"Who is that man against the wall, yonder ?"

"My son," replied Mrs. Rogers.

"Nonsense," returned the other, "you don't look old enough to have a grown son. You should tell people that he is the son of Rogers' first wife."

As the Hon. Bob has had but one wife, this is happily true.

Refusing to be balked, and showing the spirit of determination which is entirely characteristic, Mr. Rogers persevered and was elected to the Manitoba House in 1899 and again at the elections in 1903 and 1907. He was also appointed Member of the Executive Council, without portfolio, in 1900. Later, was made Minister of Public Works in Manitoba, which office he held until 1911 when the Liberal tornado blew him into Ottawa. Previous to this, however, he was acting Premier of the Province, and so great was his popularity among his colleagues that they presented him with a splendid service of silver plate.

Being a strong Imperialist and a Tariff Reformer, he was not entirely unprepared for the trip to Ottawa. His campaign organization for the Conservative Party is now a matter of history, and at the formation of the Borden Cabinet, he accepted the portfolio of Minister of Interior. His election in Winnipeg was sweeping, his success being quite enough to make up for the more or less unimportant defeats of his younger days.

Notwithstanding, his popularity across the border is well recognized. He is a welcomed member of a large Minneapolis Club.

Now, he occupies the much more important office of Minister of Public Works, and is said to be the busiest man in the Cabinet. Even with an appointment, one waits the best part of a morning, for five minutes conversation with the Minister.

To the world, the Hon Robert Rogers is a cold, calmly-calculating statesman, a dyed-in-the-wool Tory.

Rousing him to anger, trapping him into an incriminating admission on the floor of the House, even his most vitriolic opponents find impossible. In business dealings, the Minister is impatient of detail and departmental red tape. By which is meant, that he would like to conduct his department in a crisp, sane fashion, with the right job given to the right man, regardless of sops thrown here and there amongst the doddering parasites of every party.

He is credited as being the "most genial and hospitable host in Canada." He is never so happy as when entertaining, and, "gives a party" on the least possible excuse. A pleasing incident occurred last spring illustrative of this. His bitter political opponent, Dr. Beland, who happened to be upon the Redistribution Committee with him, was about to embark for Belgium and a countess bride. Regardless of political differences, the Minister gave Dr. Beland such a banquet as a king might have attended, thereby earning for himself adverse criticism from some of his less broad-minded following.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers have had the honor of placing their handsome residence at the disposal of our Royal Governor-General and suite each time

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MRS. ROGERS LOOKS YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE HER SON'S BIG SISTER

The Jolly Joy-Artist

Who draws High Heels and Hockey and a Hefty Check

By John F. Charteris

NOWADAYS, when so much that is called "art for art's sake" might better be labelled "cheek for check's sake," it is decidedly refreshing to hear about a popular entertainer who works until three a.m., and gets up again at seven, and works some more, not because the divine fire won't let him stay in bed, but because you can't keep an ornery anthracite blaze going without money.

If a man stuck to such work hours, morning by morning, he'd be a grind or an alarm clock, and his salary would remain as stationary as his schedule. When he does it once in a while, just for clear freakishness, because he feels that the wee small time is the designated time for him to dig into his newest and latest sporting strip, or fling a saucy bit of prettiness across the ice on her skates for the front page of the Sunday, or sketch a correctly posed and ultramodishly gowned fashion lady for a magazine cover, then you hit on the inevitable explanation that he's a genius.

Also, when you hear about hockey and high heels on the same drawing board, you may guess that their creator's name might be Lou Skuce of the *Toronto World*. And that's what it is.

Lou was born in Ottawa but the town was too chilly, both as to thermometer and paychecks, for him to remain in it. To be sure, the Ottawans can still remember the advertising show cards he used to do when he wasn't dodging the truant officer, or shifting scenery in the theatre, or chalking Sir Wilfrid Laurier on some Tory neighbor's back fence. Later on, he even landed a job on the *Free Press*. But he was too lazy to keep it and too ambitious for it to keep him, so he drifted Torontoward, where he is still at anchor.

When the *World* cartoonist does his sporting strip, he not only works from eye-memory but from muscle-experience. He won the Canadian single championship in canoeing when he was seventeen. Later, he and his brother took the double championship, and with three others he romped off with the fours. He also played rugby with such success that he landed a place on the Ottawa Rough Riders.

But it isn't in summer that Lou really loves doing his sport cartoons. Nay, nay. Wait till you see his hockey stuff.

For in that field he was a professional and as good at it, he will assure you, as he ever hopes to be at cartooning. The illustration in this sketch is taken from a three-to-seven a.m. masterpiece, depicting the defense of the Border by the hockey men against the threatened German invasion. And if you grin once, you'll grin twenty times when you get onto the various expressions, Teutonic and otherwise, that crowd the ice.

THIS IS SKUCE'S IDEA OF WHAT THE HOME DEFENCE GUARD WOULD DO TO A GERMAN INVASION VIA NIAGARA

You won't be surprised to hear that Lou is keen on the Y. M. C. A., also that many a small boy who spends inky-fingered days around the *World* office, has the cartoonist to thank for his unexpected chance to attend a foot-ball or a hockey game. The ticket-provider likes to go along too and help in the rooting, and if the youngster shows himself keen on the sport, he can hook Lou's pencils straight ahead after that.

As you might suppose, the self-made artist has a softer-than-usual spot in his kind heart for any young person who aspires to illustrate and if the young people show talent, Lou will go to any amount of trouble to develop it. One of the most promising of Toronto's rising illustrators got in and got over with no other help than a few lessons and a friendly pat or two from the *World* artist.

Like all geniuses, the cartoonist in question has his vice. Nearer, please, till I whisper it—*book agents*! Yes, sir. He's a child in their hands; he can't say no. Fortunately, he can afford to indulge his weakness and seems even proud of it, shelf after shelf of real-leatherette wisdom.

Does he read it?

Why should he? Who ever thought of reading by the yard? It would be like eating by the cookbookful. Julius Caesar in the library however gives you the same safe-and-sane sort of feeling that Marion Harland does on the ledge over the gas stove. They're there for company.

There was only one bunch of work that the jolly joy-artist didn't like, and that was what he had to do during the Reciprocity Campaign. It's hard lines to have to turn a man's mouth down at a prospect that elevates your own. Harder still when you consider that Billy Maclean and the *World* won out and Sir Wilfrid and Lou Skuce didn't.

For the rest, however, his day's stunt is an unmitigated joy, even down to doing his own plate work, which takes more time and skill than the philistine would suppose, and more terminology and grey matter to describe than the writer has left. Anyhow, Lou not only sketches the vari-featured girl, but he puts the red and the yellow and the blue onto three separate plates for her face, and she turns out pretty, and the dear public buys some hundred and forty thousand copies of her every week she's on exhibition. So even if he isn't a genuis like I said he was, he succeeds in landing the impression on his paycheck.

THE KAISER—Your answer, quick
UNCLE SAM—Go to Blazes!

REV. C. W. GORDON
"The man with a heart"

"Oor Ain Charlie"

"Ralph Connor," who can turn a furrow, change a heart or write a best-seller

By Gwendolyn MacLeod

"A BUILDER of Canadian literature," is the way the admirers of Ralph Connor's books refer to him; and he's jotted down as the "Reverend Charles W. Gordon" by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada—but to the Hie'lan folk of Glengary he's "Oor ain Charlie Gordon." Any of these names are familiar from coast to coast.

Ralph Connor came of ministerial stock, his father being the Rev. Daniel Gordon, a Highlander, who came to Canada in the early forties and settled in Glengary. The Rev. Daniel was a man of real force and originality, possessing a double portion of that white-heat eloquence some Highlanders are endowed with; and in the course of a sermon if he got sufficiently worked up to his subject—which more often than not was Hell fire—and felt like taking his coat off, he took it off. He was admired by his parishioners, and the community as well, but it was to Ralph Connor's mother, Glengary gave its heart. The key to the woman's character is in the one fact that she came to this unbroken wilderness and accomplished the herculean task of mastering the Gaelic language, so that she might the more readily minister to her husband's congregation. It is also said of her, that each week for many years she rode eighteen miles on horseback, taking her babies with her, to teach a Bible class and hold a women's meeting.

Thus, in 1860, the Charles Gordon we know entered this life with a heritage such as few possess. He received his education at Knox College and Toronto University, and disproved the common belief that the makers of literature are not practical, by earning every dollar that paid his way. He first obtained the necessary wherewithal by working in the wheatfields, and at a later date when he had become of age, he taught school. Some have attributed the reason for his characters being real flesh and blood humans, not merely so much type matter, to the fact that he had to get out and "break" the road before he could drive on. After finishing his course at College he spent a year in Edinburgh and on his return, he and his brother went far up into the forest on Lake Nipissing, rarely seeing a paleface. From there he went to Banff where he had a characteristically picturesque three years.

The Rev. C. W. Gordon's ministry then, as now, was not conducted on any narrow hide-bound ritualistic basis. A story is told of a seething hot Sabbath—the kind when we sit in poker-like martyrdom in the family pew, and the only thing that makes it bearable at all is the fact that "Dad" in the coat and "choker" he only wears to church and funerals, is equally uncomfortable and is rebelling at heart quite as much as we are. During the sermon the Reverend Charles W.'s eye reverted constantly to a far corner of the church where the owner of a hopeless, tired out face that was marked Scottish, was sitting. The look went to his heart, so for the closing hymn he sang, "I'm wearin' awa Jean." It wasn't an orthodox gospel solo, and I'm not saying he'd do it in Winnipeg—but it worked; and it's such human-understanding things as these that make Ralph Connor "oor ain Charlie."

It is rather amusing now, to compare the straggling uncertain few who used to be coaxed out to the little isolated Presbyterian church, with the surging crowds who elbow and shove to get in to St. Stephen's in Winnipeg. It's quite superfluous to tell of the jammed entrance, and the church that can't seat all who would hear "the man with

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Gen. Lessard, C. B.

Canada's Napoleon, the Inspector-General of the Eastern Division

By Irene B. Wrenshall

IT'S the proudest boast that we, here in Canada, can make—that we give the biggest gifts, the highest honors in our disposal, with exactly the same delight to the men who have earned them, whether they be English-Canadian or French-Canadian. That's one of the things which makes the Dominion the whole souled, hearty sort of country it is—forgive the conceit,—and that makes the rush to enlist and fight for the mother country just as strong in the section where the patois of early French Canadian and Indian days is heard, as in Ontario or the West.

Just now we are being "especially proud" that one of the highest positions in our Canadian military world, the Inspector Generalship of the Eastern Division, is being held by a French-Canadian, General Francois Louis Lessard, C. B.

"He's the last man in the world that you would take for an Inspector General," laughs one of his confreres, "if you are looking for a strutting gold-lace sort of an individual. We call him the Napoleon of the Canadian army for there's no give up about him."

And that's what you think of when you see him, as the writer did one crisp winter morning in the official administration building.

It was intensely cold out of doors with the thermometer ranging somewhere about zero, but there was no chill in the air inside the official department, typewriters going without cessation, orders being hastily given and as hastily carried out, and everything being done with exact military precision. The General was outside, somewhere in the exhibition grounds, looking over his men, but presently he came in, his sturdily built figure being heightened in its military distinction, by his short service overcoat, and plain khaki cap. He looked every inch of what he is—a soldier, not a drawing room figure, with clanking sword and blazing epaulettes, but a hard service commander, a virile son of a virile country. In his first words of greeting as he apologized for the heat of the room, in his affable and informal fashion, laughing as he said, "The boys are evidently trying to 'make it hot' for me, roasting me out in this way," he betrayed his French Canadian

origin, in the soft inflection which characterized his speech.

He would talk about everything else, this North American Napoleon, with his kindly face, his firm jaw and his black eyes, at once a comrade and a leader, but he could not and would not talk about himself. Unassuming and deprecatory he would shrug his shoulders in typical French style and say, "Don't let us talk about me, talk about Toronto, which is my favorite city, or about the boys, or about the war." And, as is usually what follows when a general issues commands, he got his own way, and was soon deep in describing manoeuvres, and "how well the 'boys' were getting on in their training," and all of the little things not forbidden by "red tape."

But if General Lessard won't talk about himself, with the single exception of telling you that he has some Highland fighting blood on his mother's side, and the rest of him is Canadian, exported from Old France, there are plenty of people who are quite willing to talk about him. Men of the Hunt Club in Toronto, for the General is an ardent horseman, officers who fought side by side with him through the South African war, and, best of all, the men under his former command; soldiers who, in spite of his powers as a disciplinarian, and they are many, and his quick temper, will tell you that there isn't a truer soldier in Canada than Lessard, nor an officer better qualified to command troops in action. His personal popularity has grown and strengthened since the days when, as a full private, he entered his first regiment, the Queen's Garrison Artillery, at Montreal. His first appointment came as a second lieutenant when he was twenty years old, and in the following year he was gazetted as a first lieutenant in the same regiment, transferring to the 65th Regiment a few months later, and to Cavalry Squadron C. in the same year. From then on his promotion was steady, Captain, then Major of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, then Brevet Lieut. Col. in 1901 with the title substantiated in 1907, and finally Major-General and G.O.C., of the 2nd Cavalry division in 1912, with the crowning honor of Inspector General of the Eastern Division, in December last.

The North West Rebellion, which gave so many of the officers of later years a taste for military life, found him in Cavalry Squadron C., and won him his first medal. It was in the South African war where he was in command of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, that his military career first attracted the attention of Canadians in general, and where he received his Order as Military Companion of the Bath. If you look in the military list you will find a long array of operations and actions in which he figured, and the important words at the foot "mentioned in despatches." Going out with the first contingent he remained in South Africa from 1899 to 1901, commanding the Dragoons, which he still calls "my boys," in the Orange Free State, in the Transvaal and in Cape Colony, and winning the Queen's medal with five clasps.

It is the little incidents that show up the big man and one of the many instances of General Lessard's personal interest in his men occurred during the South African war, and was related by one of his fellow officers.

"One of the first times the Canadians were in action, at Vaal River, one troop of Lessard's command, in performing a little flanking movement, had gone too far away from the main body and were exposed to heavy rifle and pompom fire. They were in grave danger of being surrounded. Prompt action on the part of their colonel was the only thing that prevented the latter, but he could not save them from a withering fire which threatened to wipe them out. Fortunately it was near the close of the day and under cover of the darkness, to the surprise of the rest of the force, the endangered Canadians crept back, one by one, and two by two, each one not knowing what had become of the rest, thinking they were the only ones who had escaped, and telling blood curdling stories of their experiences, on their return. When the Sergeant Major called the roll, he found that every man was in his place by 11 p. m.!

"All were in turn astonished to see each other and were welcomed as men risen from the dead by their comrades. When General Lessard heard the good news, tears of gratitude came into his eyes, and when the suggestion was made by the acting chaplain that the men be gathered together and their attention called to the miraculous escape of their comrades, he immediately gave orders to that effect. When the Doxology was recommended along with a thanksgiving prayer, Lessard enquired as to what the Doxology was, having never heard it. The first few words being repeated to him he exclaimed at once, 'That will do, that will do, that is just what I feel.' The men talk of it still, that quiet evening service, with the Doxology sung, and their commanding officer's face as he listened, and watched them retire quietly to their bivouacs.

"And his love for his men is always present," went on the narrator. "At the funerals of Borden, and Birch, Spencer and Radcliff, Filson Bilder and Anderson, Lessard as commanding officer, was, in every sense, the chief mourner.

GEN. F. L. LESSARD, C. B.
He loves his horses first, then his men, then his officers, and lastly himself

His love for his men is that of a brother, and yet he was always a strict disciplinarian, his orders being promptly obeyed with the usual amount of military fear and regard, but with an extra amount of affectionate appreciation and respect."

There is a saying round the camp that the General's affections and regards run something like this—first his horses—then his men—then his officers—then himself. There is an incident which is told illustrative of this well known care for the animals.

The General has always been constantly looking after their interests and rebuking the men for lack of care, and any abuses to which his attention was called. On one occasion in South Africa where a horse's daily and only ration was nine pounds of oats, one of the men, being provoked at the

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The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN EVEN BREAK.

"DOES he mean," asked Jeffrey, turning to me, "the girl Gwendolyn was telling me about last night—the girl who had been murdered and thrown into the river?"

"That's who I mean," said Richards. "This is the first clue we have found as to who she might be. What do you know about her?"

Jeffrey didn't answer. Instead he went over to his "kodak corner," rolled up his sleeves and looked as though the only thing of importance in life was my opinion of his latest photographic reproduction.

Richards repeated his question. "What do you know about her?"

"Nothing," said Jeffrey.

There was another silence.

"Come along, then!" said Richards impatiently. "I want to find out all you know about her."

"I know nothing about her, I tell you," said Jeffrey. "I never even heard of her till last night."

"You painted her portrait," said the lieutenant.

"Oh, if that's what you want," said Jeffrey, "I can tell you a little, but not so very much. This is the portrait of Miss Claire Meredith. She was, I understand, a very charming young lady, with considerable artistic talent and the expectation of a very large fortune, which she would have inherited from a wealthy maiden aunt had she survived her. As it is, this young lady died three years ago in Paris of small-pox. Her aunt, who is as rich as she is eccentric, and as eccentric as she is rich, has ever since been inconsolable over her loss, and last November commissioned me to paint this portrait. If you want to find out more about the young lady, you will have to go to the old one."

"You never saw the girl yourself? You said she lived in Paris, didn't you?"

"She died the year before I made my last visit to Paris," said Jeffrey. "I painted this from a photograph."

The lieutenant himself was now looking thoughtfully at the canvas.

Jeffrey laughed. "No spirit-painting about this, lieutenant. The spirit-portrait was the one I washed off just now."

"Well, it's a good picture of her, all right—of the girl they found in the ice, I mean. It's almost as good as a photograph of her. You can see who it's meant for right off."

"Did you happen to notice," asked Jeffrey suddenly, "whether the paint was wet—I mean the outer coat that had been put on over this—when it was brought into the station?"

"I couldn't say," Richards answered. "I don't believe so, though. Because it would have messed up everything if it had been. There wasn't any cover over it. Why?"

"I was wondering," said Jeffrey, "why they painted over it. Of course, the obvious explanation would be that the raid had been tipped off, just as police raids usually are."

"Like hell, they are," said Richards. "If ever any one was caught with the goods, that bunch was. Tipped off! Who do you think you're talking to?"

Jeffrey laughed.

"To an ornament to the force," he said. "But you needn't look so fierce about it. I'm not a reformer. And anyway, in this case, if the raid had been tipped off, the paint would have been wet on the canvas. Unless, of course, they got hold of the schedule of raids several days in advance."

The lieutenant snorted. He was too indignant for articulate remonstance.

"But I can't think of any other reason," Jeffrey went on, "why they should take the trouble to disguise the picture."

"You can't ?" said Richards.

"No," said Jeffrey, "and I don't believe you can."

"Well, then, Mr. Sherlocko, you'd better stick to painting portraits and leave crime to the police. I'm just a plain bluecoat, but I can see a reason."

He gave his attention to the portrait again; held up his hands so that they framed off the shining mass of hair and scrutinized the mask itself.

"It's like her," he said, "but only in a general sort of way."

"What is the reason then ?" asked Jeffrey, apparently paying no attention to this last remark.

"It's so simple," said the lieutenant, "I'm ashamed to tell you."

"Out with it !" said Jeffrey. "I play fair. I acknowledge when I'm wrong. You certainly did a good job getting this portrait back. That was a fine, clean piece of reasoning."

"Well," demanded the lieutenant, "doesn't that reasoning help you to find a reason why they should disguise the portrait ? Why did they take it in the first place ? Because they wanted a ringer for this dead girl, so that the old dame who ordered the portrait—"

He didn't bother to complete the sentence, but went on thoughtfully after a moment's silence.

"You say she hasn't any family ?"

Jeffrey nodded.

"And that she's rich and nutty ?"

"Eccentric was my word," said Jeffrey.

"And that she can't get over losing the girl ?" Richards went on. "Why, the thing's as plain as the nose on your face."

Jeffrey stroked that member thoughtfully.

"Well," he said, "you're putting it all over me to-day. Perhaps I can work it out after a night's sleep."

Richards got up decisively and put on his overcoat.

"Well, I've done theorizing enough for one day," he said. "Now I'm going to get busy."

"I don't suppose you'd tell us what you are going to do for anything in the world," said Jeffrey.

"Oh, I don't mind telling. I've got nothing up my sleeve. Everything done in full sight of the audience. I'm going to round up those spiritualists."

Jeffrey laughed. "Good luck to you," he said.

There was a step in the corridor outside, a short double ring at the bell, and a miscellaneous assortment of letters fell through the mail-slot in the door upon the floor inside.

Jeffrey went over in a leisurely way and began picking them up. He always had a large, variegated and interesting looking mail. But the thing that was absorbing his attention just now was a Japanese picture-postcard. It absorbed him so completely that Richards delayed his farewell and both of us stood watching him curiously.

"How are you going to find those spiritualists ?" he asked at last. "You've put them out of business, haven't you ?"

"Oh, they're not far away," said the lieutenant. "We'll find them. It may be rather a long job, from your point of view, but I think we'll have them in a week."

"I've a notion," said Jeffrey, "that I can help you find them."

"Coming to life, are you ?" laughed Richards.

Jeffrey nodded. "Your theory is that my Jap has bolted," he said. "In other words, that he was in cahoots with those spiritualists. Very likely they have some other member of his family working for them—openly, I mean."

"All right so far," said Richards; "but what good does that do ? I'd rather find three spiritualists than one Jap. They're the meanest kind of a proposition to lay hands on."

"Here you are then," said Jeffrey, and he handed the postcard to the lieutenant.

I looked at it frankly over his shoulder and was as completely puzzled by it as he. It was addressed to Togo, to be sure, and postmarked at the Dorchester Street post-office here in the city. But on the reverse side there was nothing at all but a familiar little Japanese picture of Fuji, with a few snaky trees and a sea-gull or two in the foreground and a couple of vertical lines of Japanese characters printed on the side.

The lieutenant looked at it blankly. "What's the idea ?" he asked in rich scorn. "Me to go to the Dorchester Street Sub-station and ask them who mailed this, and if he happened to leave his address ?"

"I've an idea that his address is on it," said Jeffrey. "Only, unfortunately, I can't read Japanese."

"Where's there any Japanese except what's printed down the side here ?

"It isn't printed," said Jeffrey. "That's the point. Look at it slantwise and you'll see, if your fingers aren't sensitive enough to feel it. It's been written on in India ink, in a wonderfully careful imitation of printing. Let it warm under your thumb for a minute and you'll find it's sticky."

"What makes you think it's got anything to do with our mystery, even so ?" I asked.

"It's got to do with some mystery anyway," said Jeffrey. "A Jap could have dashed off that message in two minutes, writing in the ordinary way. This job must have taken him an hour

JEFFREY IGNORED THE QUESTION, AND LOOKED AS THOUGH THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IN LIFE WAS MY OPINION OF HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION

or two. He was willing to go to that trouble rather than have any one suspect that Togo was getting communications of any sort from his own people. A sealed letter might be opened. A message, that looked like a message, might be read. This thing was calculated to slip by as something too unimportant to look at."

The lieutenant was studying the postcard as if he couldn't be quite sure whether Jeffrey was joking or not.

"You're the original, self-acting mystery-maker, all right," he said. "What will you bet it doesn't say 'J. Shimbashi, Postcards and Novelties, Tokio,' or something of that sort?"

"Find somebody who can read it," said Jeffrey, "and if it says anything like that, I'll buy you the finest dinner at the City that you ever sat down to."

"That goes," said Richards in a manner that he meant to sound a little heartier and more confident than it really was. Jeffrey had a diabolical way of hitting it right, even when he founded his guesses on such trifling and tenuous grounds as this.

The lieutenant waved a large hand to us in amiable farewell and took his departure, his footsteps resounding in a steady *decrescendo* as he strode down the corridor.

As soon as he was fairly gone, Jeffrey dropped into his big chair limply, like a man who was tired. His failure to follow the policeman's train of thought was so new an experience that it was no wonder he took it hard. But he looked as he sat there like a man who has just come through some exhausting effort. Neither of us spoke for quite a while.

"I've played fair with Richards, I think," he said. "How about it? Do you agree with me? It really looks to me like an even break. Only each of us takes the line that suits his talents."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand you," said I. "But I do think you played fair with him, absolutely. In fact, I thought it was mighty good of you to give him that hint about the postcard when he had been so cagey with you about his explanation of the portrait—about their reason for putting the paint over it, I mean."

Jeffrey got up rather suddenly and went to his paint-table, where he stood with his back to me, busy among his colors.

"So," I went on, "I don't see how there can be any question about your playing fair. But, Jeffrey, I believe I see what he was driving at—in a general sort of way that is."

"Do you?" he said in a queer voice. Still he didn't turn around.

"Yes," said I. "You remember he thought they borrowed the portrait in order to help them find and make up what he calls a ringer—somebody that they can impose on Miss Meredith's credulity with. Well, Jeffrey, suppose they found her—found somebody almost miraculously like what Claire Meredith must have been.

"Suppose right in the middle of their work that girl disappeared and then was found in the ice. Perhaps one of them murdered her; perhaps they knew some one who is likely to have murdered her and were afraid to tell what they knew. Anyway, they kept still about it. And then, all at once, it occurred to them that it wouldn't do to have any one see that portrait—it would lead to too many questions—so they daubed it over with paint. I believe that's Richard's idea. You know he said he was going to round up the spiritualists."

Jeffrey turned round toward me weakly. There were tears in his eyes, but they were tears of suppressed laughter. He shook his head at me and wiped the tears away.

"Drew," he said, "you will be the death of me some day."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Why, you dear old dub," said he, "didn't you see that I was pounding away till my arms ached, trying to get that idea into that policeman's thick head?"

"Oh, come!" said I. "Don't try to work through a bluff like that. You were puzzled and I think you might admit it. I know you see most things quicker than I do, but once in a while —"

"Drew," he said, "listen. Do you remember that as soon as you told me of the—well, call it resemblance of this face here to that of the girl they found, that I told Richards decisively how she had died of smallpox three years ago; that her rich, eccentric aunt was alone in the world and was inconsolable over her loss? Could I have done any more, short of saying it in so many words, to suggest to Richards that they meant to impose on the old lady with a resemblance? When I challenged him to find a reason why the paint had been put on this canvas, was there any possible way left open to him to explain it, but the way he took?"

"But why didn't you say it right out? That's what I want to know."

"Because," said Jeffrey, "I wanted Richards to believe that the idea was really his. I wanted him to take it seriously. He's got an idea that my notions are fanciful; that I have a lucky way of guessing. The only way I could make him take that notion seriously and could divert him from the other course that lay open to him, was by leading him to believe that he was getting the better of me—putting one over on me. I thought that you were on to the game all the while. You certainly played up to me as if you were."

Then he laughed again.

But for once his mirth couldn't charm a smile out of me. I felt very ill-used and rather sulkly.

"Come," he said, "you'll really have to forgive me for that. I was too perfectly delighted to hear you going on so seriously, telling me all about it."

"All right," said I; "only the next time you really want any sympathy from me, look out.

"I shall get it," said Jeffrey soberly. "God knows I needed it badly enough this morning, and you were there with the goods. I don't know what I should have done without you."

"All right," said I; "you're forgiven. You always are. But, Jeffrey, what was the other course of action that lay open before Richards? What was it you didn't want him to do?"

Jeffrey didn't answer, but his face became intensely thoughtful again.

"An even break," he said. "I honestly believe it's an even break. But we'll wait and see."

CHAPTER IX.

FIGHTING THE DEVIL WITH FIRE.

I WAS just finishing up an afternoon's work at my office a day or two later, when my clerk brought me word that Lieutenant Richards, of the police, wished to see me.

He came in rather impressively and seated himself beside my desk. But, after his first word of greeting, he let the better part of a minute go by in silence. Underneath his officially omniscient manner it was possible to see that he was both puzzled and excited.

"Well," said I at last, to start things, "who pays for that dinner at the City?"

He didn't answer the question directly, but brought his big fist down on a heap of documents, that it took the office-boy half an hour to straighten out again.

"Your friend Jeffrey," said he, "is a queer fish. He'll be blind to a fact that's as plain as the scareheads on the morning edition of an afternoon paper, and then he'll turn round and take a picture-postcard and find out more from it than the whole department could learn in a week."

"He was right about it then?" said I.

Richards nodded. "Are you sure he can't read Japanese?" he asked.

"He said he couldn't," said I, "and I've never had any occasion to doubt his word."

"Well, it beats me," said the lieutenant. "That printing was an address over on East Twenty-Second Street, just as he said, spelled out in some

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What is an Internal Bath

By R. W. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands; and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-in-toxication," "auto-infection," and by a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practise of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is certainly too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 315, 280 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in Canada Monthly, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity of learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but *send for the book now*, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?

This Story Told A Billion Times

Here is a story we have told a billion times in magazines like this. Again and again we have told it to nearly every housewife in the land.

Millions who read it ordered these delights. Their folks, morning, noon and night revel in Puffed Wheat and Rice. But other millions miss them. For their sake we repeat the story over and over here.

The Premier Food Delights

Puffed Grains stand pre-eminent among cereal food delights. They are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. They are the only foods in which every granule is blasted by steam explosion.

They are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods, endorsed by all authorities. Every atom feeds. Digestion is easy and complete. The one regret is that all grain foods can't be treated likewise.

They are bubbles of grain, airy, flaky, porous. They are thin and crisp and fragile. The wheat and rice kernels are, by steam explosion, puffed to eight times normal size. And terrific heat has given the morsels a taste like toasted nuts. Nothing more unique and inviting ever came to a morning table.

Imagine these bubble-like dainties, with a myriad toasted walls. Do you serve anything else so fascinating as these tit-bits puffed from grain?

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Serve as breakfast cereals. At noon or night-time float in bowls of milk. Use like nuts in candy making. Let hungry children eat them dry, like peanuts, or doused with melted butter.

Find out how folks like them, and which grain they like best. Each has a different flavor. These are table joys which every home should have. And as foods which do not tax the stomach, these stand unique.

There are all these reasons for getting Puffed Grains. Do you know a single reason for not?

Order now the one you haven't had.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. **Sole Makers** **Saskatoon, Sask.**

(841)

General Lessard

Continued from page 309

ravenous appetite his horse displayed, kicked the animal on the head, and when it threw its head up, struck it on the nose with his fist. He was not aware that his commanding officer was looking on not far away, but was keenly conscious of it a moment later. He had made a mistake abusing his horse without looking to see if Col. Lessard was in sight.

From the standpoint of bravery, if there were any doubts in the hearts of the men of his command re his courage in action, and under fire, that would have been dispelled after the battles of Vet River and Johannasburg. He exposed himself again and again in various battles, in order to look after his men. Handling them as he did in thirty odd engagements with the Boers, speaks well for his efficiency as a strategist.

General Lessard's loyalty to his church is one of his chief characteristics, and his rosary goes with him in every battle. All his officers well know his feelings about entering every engagement with prayer. While in South Africa during a reconnaisance he lost his rosary and was extremely down hearted as a result. A friend of his, who was with him at the time, sympathizing with his down-heartedness, made a special effort to obtain another rosary for the commander, and at last while on a trip to Pretoria for some extra harness, succeeding in finding what he wanted, much to the delight of his superior.

There was one occasion in South Africa when an incident occurred which will serve to close this sketch, as being typical of what happened many times with the Colonel, and what may be expected to happen in his future campaigns. Had it not been for the strategy of General Lessard, then commanding officer of the C. M. R., a whole detachment of the Royal Irish Fusiliers would have been w i p e d out. The incident is perhaps best explained in a letter of gratitude sent to the General by the commanding officer of the Fusiliers. It reads as follows:—

"Dear Colonel Lessard:

In the few words I spoke to you tonight at the funeral of your two very gallant officers, I am afraid I failed to convey the deep gratitude my regiment owes to the Canadian Mounted Rifles for their great gallantry in going so nobly and fearlessly to the succour of our beleaguered detachment at Wilpoort yesterday.

The counter attack your regiment made occurred at a most critical moment and it doubtless saved many lives in the detachment.

We deplore greatly the losses you

have sustained and we shall ever bear in grateful memory the gallantry and self sacrifice of the 18th Canadian Mounted Rifles on this occasion.

I shall deem it a great favor if you will kindly convey to your officers, N.C. officers and men the purport of this letter.

Yours very Faithfully,
John Reeves, ,
Colonel Commanding 2nd Battalion Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers."

"Oor Ain Charlie"

Continued from page 308.

a heart." While oratory may be a part of the answer, it isn't all, because Charles Gordon has a faculty for attracting and holding the love of his people that amounts to genius.

One of his early books that has especial appeal is, "Beyond the Marshes," which in style and spirit is more like "Rab and His Friends" than anything I know in English literature. The two Glengarry books alone are enough for any one man to have accomplished in a lifetime, and those who have either a hearsay or a practical-experience knowledge of pioneer days, will tell you that Ralph Connor has hit the nail on the head as no other author has done. In an age when nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand books are not only avowedly secular, but sickeningly so, his work stands out with a sincere simplicity that makes one turn to a many-times read copy with confidence and satisfaction.

However, Charles W. Gordon's best effort is yet to be made, and his greatest book is still unwritten. Those who know him most intimately say that he has a tremendous literary power in reserve—that he has it in him to write a book which will easily stand first in Canadian classics when Canada eventually comes into her own.

Five Days in the Land of the Tsar

Continued from page 302.

impossible the tapestry is almost always covered. Only when the Emir is in Russia, paying a visit at the Palace, is the crash removed and, unattended, the barbarian walks there and admires his gift.

We were next led into a reception room, which made more of an impression on me than any other of the many, many rooms in the palace; a room which for the beauty of its proportions, its adornment and its architectural design, stands as one of the

The London Life Ins. Co.

Head Office - London, Canada

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1914 SHOWS UNINTERRUPTED PROGRESS

New Business Written, $10,630,069—an Increase of $1,801,879.
Largest in Company's History.

Rate of Interest Earned, 7.01%—an Increase of 20 Points.
Mortality Only 41.5% of Expected.

Profits to Policyholders One-Third Greater Than Estimates.

The Annual Report Embraces the Following Particulars

New Business	The splendid gain in New Business for the first seven months of the year was held unimpaired to the close and resulted in the largest increase in the Company's history, as noted above. January, 1915, business also shows a splendid increase over that of 1914.
Insurance in Force	The business in force, less reinsurances, amounted to **$30,849,326.74,** an increase of **$3,730,951.72.** The lapse rate has naturally been heavier than heretofore, owing to the special conditions existing. Nevertheless the gain in business in force is practically the same as in the best previous year.
Income	The total Receipts amounted to **$1,464,819.13,** a gain of **$168,978.48** over the previous year.
Profits	The present scale of profits—exceeding estimates by one-third—is being continued. The conditions warrant an increase, which for the time being is deferred until he effect of the expected unusual strain this year has been determined.
Assets and Interest	The Assets now amount to **$5,294,262.70,** an increase of **$648,567.51.** Bonds and Stocks have been taken at a figure much below the prevailing market value. The Rate of Interest earned, without allowance for Head Office Rental, was **7.01%.**
Liabilities	**Seventy-seven per cent.** of all the Company's business is now valued on a **3%** basis. The total Policy Reserve on the Company's standard now amounts to **$4,807,888.**
Surplus	On Government standard Policyholders' Surplus amounts to **$676,148.54,** showing the most satisfactory gain yet made. After setting aside funds to increase Reserves to Company's standard, provide for profits accruing, but not due, and for Investment Reserve and other special funds, the net Surplus on Policyholders' Account is **$255,586.54.**

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J. F. MAINE, Supervisor,
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Is What You Make It

IF you will but treat your skin fairly, you can always retain your youthful freshness without the aid of art or artifice.

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is the natural and sensible means of retaining or regaining the bloom of youth. It feeds the understructure of the skin, transforming soft, flabby muscules into firm, solid flesh and removing lines and wrinkles. Send 5c. for Sample Box and Beauty Book of hints on the care of the complexion and full particulars of our method of removing superfluous hair, moles, warts, etc., by electrolysis.

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recurrent memories of St. Petersburg. It is impossible to describe its many perfections. The design was semi-Moorish, the floor of wonderful mosaic. A staircase of pure white marble, its carvings like lace, led the way to a balcony above. These stairs were let into the wall under a half arch of the same material, the flights ascending and turning back on themselves in four short sections, to the balcony. Facing this stairway, on the other side of the room, were two fountains, dropping water from shells arranged much on the same plan as the stairway; at the top a large shell, spilling the water from the sides into two shells arranged to catch it, and then on again into a large shell, through several tiers to a large basin in the floor. Between the stairway and fountains large doors gave onto a palm garden enclosed in glass, noisy with song-birds of many species. This palm garden gives on an open air garden about three hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide. This last garden, be it remembered, is on a level with the second floor of the palace; twenty-seven feet of earth were filled in over a covered driveway, by the orders of Catherine the Great, and there were trees of more than a foot in diameter growing in this aerial garden. In a long gallery running its length are still hung the rules which Catherine laid out for the behavior of her court. Witness several of them here: "No visitor shall be allowed to get drunk before midnight." "No one, from any cause or consideration, whatever, shall strike a lady, under pain of expulsion."

If such were the regulations prepared by the Empress herself, we can form a faint idea of *les conveniences* as understood in those days.

The palace is too large to be described except in a guide book. There were rooms upon rooms, and halls upon halls, with portraits, pictures, plate, flags and statuary forming a Hall of Fame of the history of Russian achievement in arms, statemanship and art. Our feet lagged and our tongues hung out, before we had half finished the glories of this wonderful place. I would like to show you in detail the throne room, the design of its painted ceiling matching the inlaid floor; the canopy of ostrich feathers over the throne dais. I would like to show you the royal chapel, with its mummied hand of John the Baptist; a prayer to which is said to have been answered in the birth of the Tsarevitch. This chapel is opened once a year, on St. John's Day, to the maimed, the halt and the blind of the populace, and there is said to be almost a riot in the effort of the multitude to get in. Then there is the great audience room, giving onto a balcony facing

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the Neva, where the Tsar and his court, with the entire diplomatic corps, came so near to being wiped out that memorable day in January a few years ago, at the feast of the blessing of the Neva. The salute fired from the Peter-Paul fortress opposite, instead of being blank cartridges, was real canister, and the front of this room over the tops of the windows was torn out by the shots intended to kill the Tsar.

In one room are exhibited the gold platters used at the ball suppers. We were amused at the story of the guide, who told us that only eleven people sat at a table, because the gold platters would hold only eleven Russian portions. In another enormous room the walls were lined with great silver and gold platters called the bread and salts. On these the various cities of the Empire sent their homage of bread and salt to the Tsars at their coronation, and at their various and sundry deliverances from sudden death. An American couple was dashing through this room in tow of a Russian guide.

Full of pathos was the suite of Alexander II. Every detail in his room just as he had left it on that fatal morning when he was killed by the misguided Nihilist; a few kopeks, his cigarettes, his many handkerchiefs. He had the habit of losing his handkerchiefs, and one was placed on each table for his convenience. His books, his writing materials, his clothes, have been left as they were in his lifetime.

One picture in one of the vast reception rooms has haunted us both. Almost all of the paintings represent scenes from Russian campaigns. It is impossible to look at them without realizing the blind devotion to the Crown felt by these soldiers of Russia; but this one picture was a scene on a battlefield; the cannons were evidently required in another position, and a ditch prevented their being moved. The faithful Kossaks have thrown themselves into the ditch, and, filling it with their bodies, the cannons are being dragged over the living mass. It was too horrible for me. I left my husband gazing at it, trying to comprehend, I suppose, what inspired the loyalty that made these men give their lives so willingly for a country that treats them so inhumanly.

We drove across the bridge at the end of the Palace Quay, just by the British Embassy, over to the Fortress. This is a vast horror-haunted prison, of which dire and awful tales are told, the chief state prison except Schluesselberg, where so many unfortunates have been confined, tortured and put to death. It was such an easy way in the old days, to get rid of an undesirable aspirant to the throne. Peter the Great's son was held there a prisoner, as he had mutinied against his progressive father.

Our Russian amazed me with his knowledge of Russian history. "Serge" could recite for us the succession of tsars and tsarinas who have made Russian history. My head fairly whirled with tales of this one killed by poison, that one strangled, and the strange disappearance of another. Verily, uneasy lay the heads that wore the Russian crowns.

About the tombs of the last two tsars were arranged innumerable wreaths placed there at their deaths. At the time we were told the exact number, but as statistics have always bored me I cannot recall it; this, though, I do remember: at the death of the last tsar, the discontent and uneasy state of the people had already been felt. The number of wreaths from various towns, villages,

Continued on page 322.

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WITH DETERMINATION
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POLISHES
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ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS COMPANY
SOLE MANUFACTURERS

WORKS WITHOUT WASTE

The Battery of Youth

These Luscious Flakes of Energy

Think of Quaker Oats as a battery in which Nature has stored up vim.

It is concentrated energy. One big dish runs a human dynamo at top speed half a day. It acts on brains and nerves and muscles. It's a source of spirit, vitality and power.

Millions of children, all the world over, start the day's activity on Quaker. They find joy in the eating and joy in the effects. Millions of others miss it, because mothers don't realize how much oat food means. Or what it means to serve this luscious form.

We are trying to win those mothers.

Quaker Oats

The Fascinating Vim-Food

Mothers have for ages known the value of the oat. Its spirit-giving power is proverbial. But never has science so endorsed it as to-day.

Modern mothers know that youth needs oats, yet few homes serve enough of them.

In Quaker Oats our object is to make this food inviting. Children should eat an abundance. It should become for all one's life the habitual morning dish.

So we pick out for Quaker just the big, plump grains. All puny, starved grains are rejected. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds fit for this dainty dish.

We treat them by dry heat, then steam heat, then roll them into big, white flakes. Thus we get this flavor and aroma.

Children delight in Quaker Oats, and their love for it grows with the years. That's why this grade is important. And it costs no extra price.

You can get it every time, anywhere, by asking for Quaker Oats. Please remember this. In this food of foods it pays to get the best.

Large Package

30c

Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.

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12c

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask.**

The Jade Earring

Continued from page 312.

sort of a flowery Japanese way. They made east with a picture of the rising sun. Can you beat it? Well, I had the place looked up and she's there all right."

"She?"

"The woman whose other place we raided—the one who was doing the materializations. She's a clairvoyant now and crystal-gazer. I suppose her husband's somewhere around in the background."

"You haven't arrested them yet then?" I asked.

"You can't arrest them yet," said Richards, "on the murder charge. The thing's too thin. Of course any arrest in connection with that murder is going to be a tremendous sensation. And if we let the big noise loose before we get our case, we'll probably scare the case away. The thing to arrest them on is the charge of extorting money by the practise of magic. If they didn't know we suspected them in connection with the other thing, we might be able to get some valuable admissions out of them."

"What's the difficulty about that course?" said I. "There must be some difficulty or you would have followed it."

"There is," said the lieutenant. "She's keeping very quiet. She isn't advertising nor holding public seances. Nothing that would justify a raid. The only way to work it is to get some one to make a complaint against her."

"I understand," said I. "Some one has got to go to her and consult her and pay her money and then complain to the police."

"That's the idea," said he.

"And the difficulty is that they're so shy and suspicious, and they know all the investigators so well that they won't take anybody but bona-fide clients. And a bona-fide client won't complain."

My desk-telephone rang just then, and the next moment Gwendolyn's voice was in my ear.

If Gwendolyn wanted to be a missionary and go about scattering sunshine, as the phrase goes, all she'd have to do would be to spend an hour or two a day calling people up on the telephone in the midst of their business worries and giving them the momentary luxury of the sound of her voice.

"I'm in your outer office," she said, "I came down to sign those papers you wanted. It isn't important a bit. But when they told me Lieutenant Richards was with you I couldn't resist asking whether Mr. Jeffrey had been right about the post-card."

"Come in," I said. "We're rather at a standstill and you may be able to help us out."

"It's Mrs. Jack Marshall," I explained to the lieutenant as I hung up.

He had looked a bit dubious on hearing me invite her in, but he lighted up immediately on hearing who she was.

"The manicure girl," he cried. "I wish we could pin a star on her and make her one of the force. Where we'd have been without her in that Marshall case I hate to think."

They greeted each other pleasantly and it didn't take us two minutes to present our difficulty before her.

She sat smiling in thoughtful silence for a moment after we'd done and then electrified us both by saying:

"I'll go and consult her myself."

"You wouldn't want to do that, Gwendolyn!" I cried. "An informer's lot is not a happy one any more than a policeman's. You'd have to go into court and appear against a woman and be subjected to an examination by a third-rate police-court lawyer."

"I'll go," she said, "but I don't promise to make a complaint. Perhaps I'll be so pleased with the fortune she tells me that I'll think I have had my money's worth and sha'n't want to complain."

"But the complaint's the thing we need," said the lieutenant. "We can't do anything till we get it."

"I don't know," said Gwendolyn. "Perhaps after I've talked with her there may be some other way."

She smiled again, and I saw that the outline of that other way was already in her mind, though it was equally clear that she didn't mean to tell us what it was.

Richards saw it, too, and he laughed with a sort of amused vexation.

"You're almost as bad as Mr. Jeffrey," he said. "You want the police to leave the thing alone till you've tried your hand at it."

"Oh, no!" said Gwendolyn. "You can do anything you please. Only I thought you said you couldn't arrest her without an informer."

"Well, you've got me," Richards admitted.

"I sha'n't have to ask you to wait more than a day or two," she told him.

Then she got up, nodded to me, said the papers could wait, and in another minute was gone.

It only needed a glance at Gwendolyn's face when I came home that night to convince me that she had made good her word, so far as her promised visit to the spiritualist went. But when I looked from her face to Jack's I could see that he didn't approve at all of his pretty young wife taking any more police problems on her shoulders, and I suspected him of wishing I'd kept her in the dark about it. Well, I more than half agreed with him.

"You've been to see her?" I asked.

She nodded and laughed.

"And do you feel you've got your money's worth out of the fortune she told you, or are you indignant enough over the swindle to inform the police and have her arrested?"

"The fortune certainly wasn't worth two dollars," said Gwendolyn. "I could tell a better one myself with the grounds of a cup of tea. All about a dark man and a blond man—oh, but it was silly! But she herself seemed to feel that that sort of fortune-telling didn't amount to much, and when I got very sympathetic she told me in a most spectral, blue-lightish sort of way that her real work was in acting as a medium for communications from the other world.

"She wanted to know if any of my loved ones had passed into the beyond, and said if they had she could help me to communicate with them. I got very interested and trembly myself, and asked if I couldn't come to one of her seances. She said she wasn't giving them any more—not publicly, at least—on account of the police."

To be continued.

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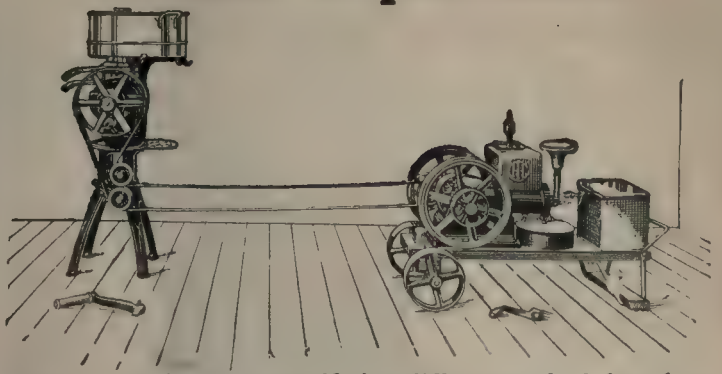

PICTURE to yourself the difference in labor between setting milk in any of the old-time ways and skimming it with an **I H C** cream separator. What a job it is to wash the pans or crocks. How many handlings they need. What a lot of time it takes to fill them and set them away, to protect them from dirt, to do the actual skimming, to dispose of the cold skim milk, to purify the crocks or pans.

Now note the difference. With an **I H C** separator the milk is skimmed while still warm from the cows, the separator is washed in a few minutes and everything is ready for the next milking.

You want the separator that will help you most and save you most. Take time enough to buy a cream separator. The more carefully you go about it, the more comparisons you make, the more clearly you will see that one of the **International Harvester** separators—a **Dairymaid, Primrose,** or **Lily,** will serve you best. See the I H C local agent. Get catalogues from him or write to us for them.

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Get Real Tire Economy!
Motoring is two things---a pleasure and a business. One might say it was used sixty per cent. for entertainment and forty per cent. for commercial purposes. Yet no matter whether you use your car to get orders or ozone, your greatest economy will be the reduced cost of mishaps.
No accident ever befel an automobile but what the tires were forced to play a part in it. And no accident ever was averted but what the tires had a say in that, too.
If you will drive fast,
If you will make those sudden stops,
If the city will water asphalt,
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Why then---the possibility of skidding will always be with you, unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires. When you think of how to avert danger in motoring you immediately think of . . . . . .
DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD.
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SEAL OF QUALITY
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TRACTION

Ted of Tete Jaune Cache

Continued from page 293.

the culprit would wander from house to house asking to be let in.

Though there were plenty of wild bears in the neighborhood, Ted never showed the faintest disposition to associate with them. The companionship of humans had evidently disgusted him with the idea of sliding down again in the scale of being into mere creaturedom. But he must have sighted his relatives frequently, as it was no unusual occurrence to see two or three bears cross the grade quite close to a construction gang, or to find them foraging on the outskirts of the camp for bits of the same food that Ted scraped so joyously out of his own bright tin washbasin, smacking his lips the while.

During the few weeks that we staid in camp, Ted had grown from a woolly baby into a big powerful chap who would have tipped the scales at a hundred or more, and was capable of tipping anything else within sight. It was no joke now to try to dissuade him from a fixed idea. You might as well argue with a glacier. When it was cold, and he wanted to sleep in the office, the screen door no longer proved a deterrent argument. Whether he could have negotiated a wooden door or not, I don't know. He didn't have to experiment. He merely ambled round the house, put up his big paw and smashed in the window, glass, sash and all. Then he came in, placid as a sunrise, and proceeded to make himself at home.

But the liveliest, loveliest book has "Finis" in it somewhere, and Ted's days of petbeardom couldn't last forever. The G. T. P. was pushing its head toward the green water, and the section of road over which Ted's friends presided grew from ten miles to forty. This was about to necessitate a life on wheels, and where, oh where could you put a whole live bear, in a private car? There was good deal of head-scratching and brow-wrinkling while Ted snoozed in the armchair grown so sadly small for him, until somebody hit on the bright idea of selling him to a man who kept a poolroom in Fort George.

The man was phoned. Would love to own a bear. Would send for him.

If Ted opened one solemn little eye and closed it again twinklishly, nobody saw him.

So the poolroom man came, exclaimed over the bigness, the handsomeness and the docility of his purchase and took him away. The boys mourned a little, watching him out of sight, and then returned to life and labor without their playmate.

The sun went down and got up again a few times, uneventfully. No jam hooked. No windows smashed. No buttonless shirts. No confounded bear upsetting the scenery. No nothing.

Then, as the boys sat in the twilight before the same snapping fire one night, and the chap who held down the armchair tried to tell himself he had a perfect right to it, there was a familiar whine outside that sent every man to his feet, and every foot to the door.

"Well—I'll—be—hanged!" said the first to get it open.

Whereupon Ted ambled into the room, sniffed at the men to make sure they were all there, and then climbed solemnly into his too-small chair, put his clever old head on the arm of it, and pretended to go to sleep, so's he could listen without grinning, to the compliments that ascended along with the tobacco smoke.

For a Refreshing Bath
FAIRY SOAP
is white and pure—made of choice materials. The cake fits the hand; it floats. Its rich, creamy lather, cleansing thoroughly—is most soothing, agreeable and refreshing.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
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MONTREAL
"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

King of Highways

This Canada-Made Goodyear Tire

Wherever you go, there is one automobile tire that stands out supreme because of its beauty and self-evident service features.

And wherever motorists are found in greatest numbers, there will also be found this tire, the tire that has come to rule highways—the Goodyear tire.

For motorists have found Goodyears to be the well-balanced tires—each part in keeping with every other part; fabric, rubber and workmanship of the highest quality; tread and "carcass" correctly proportioned for greatest service; every Goodyear tire of master quality, regardless of size.

They call it the quality tire—the sturdy tire. Men gravitate to it. And the trouble-savings which brought them will please you.

Four-Fold Leadership —No-Rim-Cut Tires

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Head Office, Toronto, Ont.
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Wreaths

Continued from page 291.

He stood up and several men began to shout at him. A man who could speak his own language stepped up to him and said:

"You are charged with stealing that wreath."

Ivan's heart leaped. At last, after all the black confusion, he could explain.

"My wife——"

"Now, now!" cried the interpreter, impatiently. "Never mind your wife. Did you steal the wreath?"

"But, my little wife, Tinka——"

"Did you or did you not?"

"Yes, but my ——"

"He says he did," said the interpreter, turning towards the Court.

"He looks as if he had been on a drunk," said the Magistrate. "Fifteen days ought to straighten him up."

"Fifteen days," said the interpreter to Ivan.

Down to the cell went Ivan, not understanding. Then he began to wail. A guard came to him and made threatening gestures. Ivan crept and knelt in a corner, and rocked himself.

Another prisoner, just sentenced for shop-lifting, knocked the crumbs out of a mouth-organ and began to play "Good-bye, my Tango."

Five Days in the Land of the Tsar

Continued from page 317.

societies, and organizations had considerably fallen off, and we were told that the Government, to hide this ominous sign from the people, supplied hundreds of wreaths, supposedly given. Again let me repeat: "Russia, thou land of gigantic frauds!"

We spent all the next morning at the Museum. I am afraid that I do not recall the names of the artists; the pictures I shall never forget.

Most famous of all is "The Kossaks' Letter." You have all seen copies of it. Perhaps you do not all know its story. Peter was so strict with his Kossaks, that he forbade them to plunder and lay waste the conquered cities and countries; not unnaturally, considering the men, the Kossaks were dissatisfied. The Sultan of Turkey writes to them, and offers them service under him with permission to burn, pillage and steal to their barbarian souls' content. The picture shows the writing of their answer. The actual answer is still extant in St. Petersburg, and can be seen by anyone, but we were advised to read it, or the translation of it, alone, not

"bi-sexually." The faces almost tell the insults they are heaping on the absent Sultan; a scribe is writing the letter, and it is being dictated by all of the motley crew. A more curious lot of faces I have never seen together; the tuft of hair, or "tschoop," as it is called, on the top of the shaved heads, the semi-naked bodies, the wild laughter as they enjoy their own indecent epithets, are all painted into that almost living canvas.

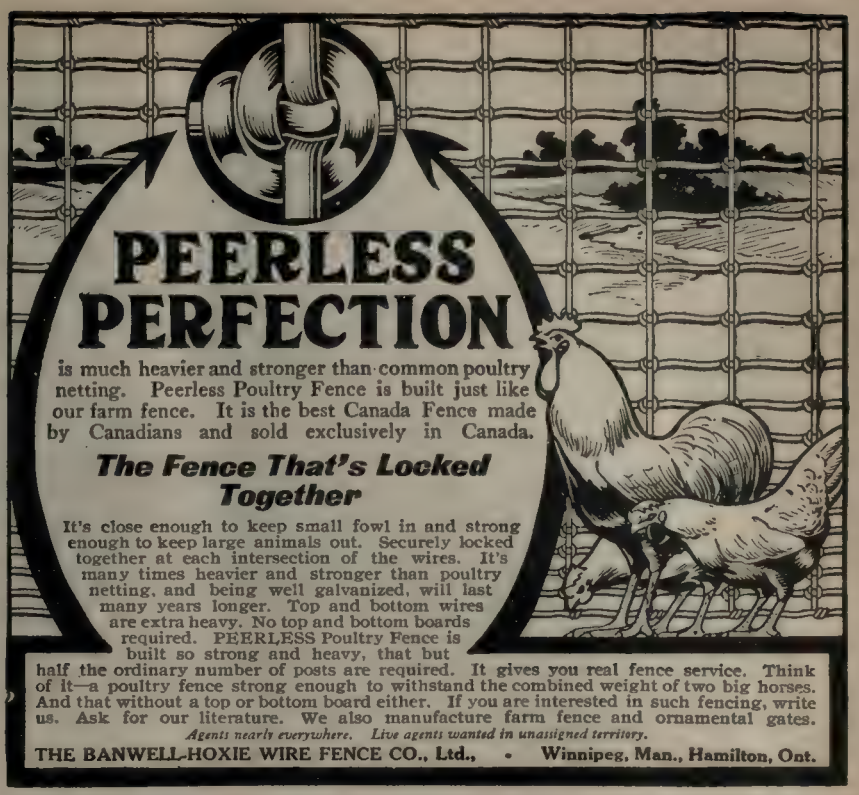
Several portraits of the Emperor Paul, several incidents in the life of Ivan the Terrible, are pictured with amazing realism. Ivan is shown as sitting by the couch of his sick wife, one of the many wives of this Russian blue-beard. In her delirium she is raving and, to misquote Kipling: "The name on her lips is not in the least like Ivan." One sees somehow into the future of this unhappy woman, and sees the fate of the lover whose name she has unconsciously betrayed.

The picture of the wedding of the dwarfs does not appeal to our sense of humor as it did to Catherine's, the instigator of this sad joke. At carnival time she commanded two dwarfs to be married, and pass their wedding night in an ice palace. The picture shows the court headed by Catherine, coming to visit the unhappy pair the next day.

A whole roomful of pictures by Verestschagin are full of interest; gruesome pictures for the most part; the sharpshooter killing the natives, and in the next picture, the sequel; the natives have caught the sharpshooter, and after cutting off his head are taking it away in a sack. My fancy, if I ever had one, for horrible pictures, was nipped in the bud while I was still a child and attending a school in Brussels; one visit to the Wirtz Gallery and I had enough for all time. But even if I do not fancy his subjects, I bow to his art as a painter.

Seven something that night saw us again at our train, our visit over. The charming Frenchman, with the melting, inscrutable Italian eyes, came to bid us au revoir. He told us that: "Maintenant que vous avez trouvé le chemin, il faut retourner." And we said hopefully that we would.

The last handshakes, the last waves, the last good-byes said, and we rolled away. Away from that great, wonderful city, where everything pertaining to imperial power is on an indescribably grand scale; the squares vast, regardless of value or waste of space; the churches, "domed like the heavens and pillared like the firmament," gorgeous in their truly Byzantine splendor; the river, banked in huge blocks of hewn granite; the public institutions, stations, hospitals, museums, libraries, theatres, show places, and bazaars, unparalleled elsewhere for size; the public places and streets swarming with officers and officials, decked out in the livery of the Tsar. Thinking back at it now, it almost overpowers me with the idea it gives of the herculean labor expended on it by its builder. The great Peter set that wonderful city where only marshes had been. Two centuries ago the world famed Nevski was but a bridle-path through a dense forest. He triumphed over almost insurmountable difficulties. He had to subdue his people, brought together from the villages and country roundabout, and had to offer them great inducements to reside in his newly made city. The enormous size of the buildings was intended, I think, to create, and does still create, in the minds of an imaginative people, the impression of the inexorable power of the Throne, and a deep sense of the futility of revolt.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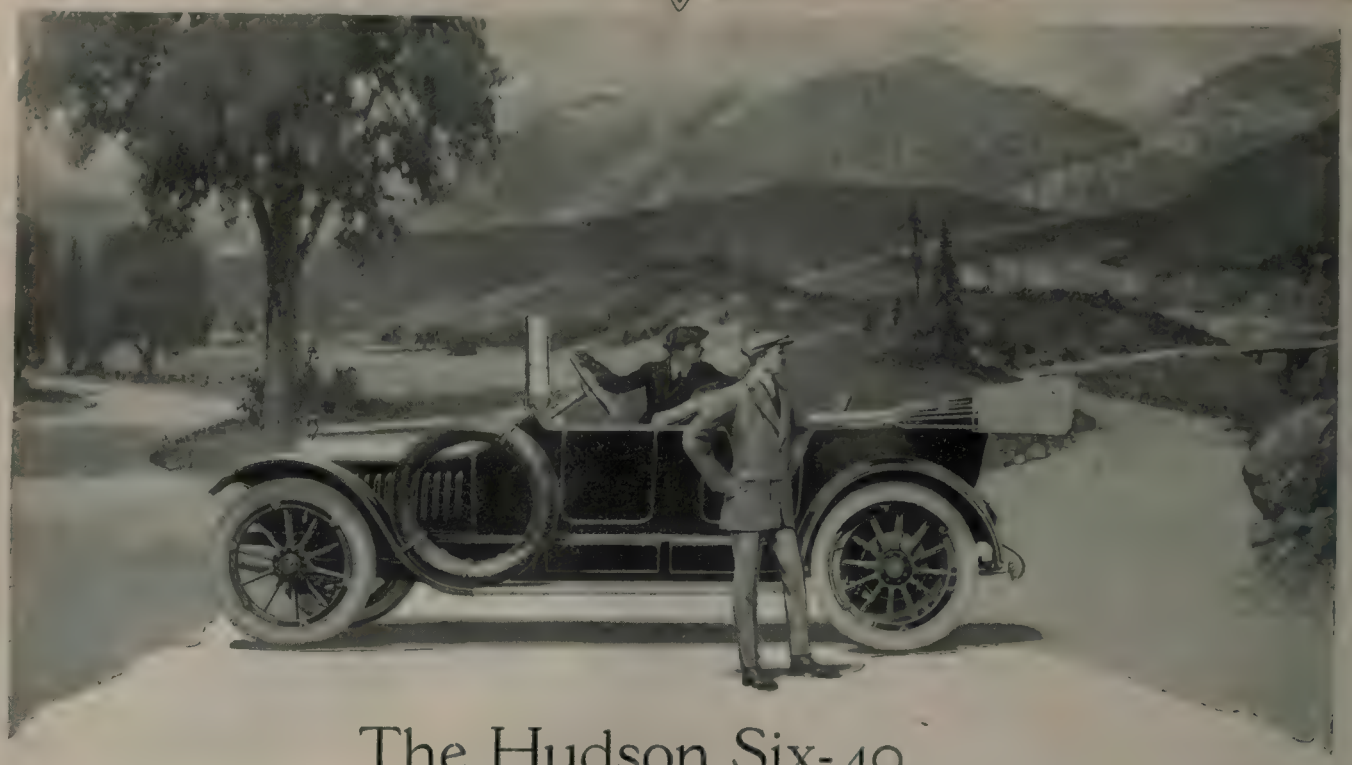

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Dominion Motor Co., Medicine Hat, Alta.
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Legare Gadbois Automobile, 316 City Hall Ave. Montreal, Que., Canada.
Motor Car & Equipment Co., 110-112 Princess Street. St. John, New Brunswick
Mr. P. T. Legare, Quebec, P. O.
Dominion Auto Co., Ltd., 145-51 Bay Street Toronto, Ont., Can.,
Mr. Herbert J. Hambrecht, Berlin, Ont.
Mr. William P. Peters, Kingston, Ont., Can.
C. E. Bernard, London, Ont.
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International Motor Car Co., Ottawa, Ont.
Mr. F. C. Gibbs, Port Arthur, Ont.
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Drew & Johnson, Saulte Ste. Marie, Ont.
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Dominion Motor Car Co. Ltd. Vancouver, B. C.
Vancouver Is. Auto Co., Ltd., 937 View St., Victoria, B. C.
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HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, U. S. A

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

AS though the war were not enough, comes the fearful disaster in Central Italy to further stun a terrified world. Again we must point to the Signs of the Times. This is no "crank" question, but one which should bring every Christian man and woman to their knees in prayer, in supplication, in repentance. Every black-line heading in the daily newspaper means the gradual coming to the fulfilling of the Scriptural prophecies. Consider a moment: The imminent second coming of our Lord to set up His Kingdom began to be preached in 1846. At the Berlin Congress Disraeli opened the way for Jews to return to Palestine to prepare the land for the setting up of the "Kingdom of Israel" which is the hope and prayer of every son of Israel.

The Kingdom is being set up now by "Him whose right it is," and who is now breaking in pieces the Kings of this world: "In those days the God of Heaven will set up a Kingdom that shall never be ended," the fifth universal Kingdom shown to the prophet Daniel.

The Lord of Hosts is now on the side of Israel and the "despised and rejected of men" will soon be in power and glory in Jerusalem.

"Tell us when shall these things be, the sign of Thy presence and of the end of the age." Matt. xxvi., 3.

"For nation shall rise against nation and Kingdom against Kingdom and there shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places." Matt. xxiv., 7.

EARTHQUAKES.

THE earthquake in Central Italy is as much a matter to the artist, to the lover of the beautiful and quaint as anything the Germans have done to that jewel of Europe, Belgium. Little old Belgium was second native home to the writer whose young school days were spent there. Brussels, Antwerp, Liege, and last of all Spa, were happy loafing grounds for two little girls and a divine Mater—one of those darling old mothers of olden times who knew everything from Irish fairy stories to the most learned treatises on every phase of science, history, literature, art—then back again to Roman folklore. We pottered all over Europe. But the winter always brought us to Italy and the Venetian gondoliers' song "Santa Lucia," and to Saint Peters, and the Barberim Palace, St. John Lateran and the Ghetts. Then to Naples, to Venice, to Florence and all about the little towns and villages so many of which were destroyed by the recent upheaval of the earth.

Did you ever feel the faint throes of an earthquake? We have, once in Southern Italy, once in San Francisco, and, oddly enough, once in old London. It is a curious, an unbelievable sensation. You think it is *you* troubled with vertigo, or a sort of seasickness. It must be you, surely not the chimney piece dancing the tango to the ringing of the glass chandeliers which knock and sway together. Then comes a muffled roar from under not from on high, and cracking noises and voices calling, and you remember the advice of a Greek woman who once told you to "run to an archway if there is one in the house, or stand in the doorway—" and you run—and it is all over—but you feel very shaky for a long while. That's a baby earthquake, a mere trembling of old Earth who for the moment has been heaved upon the shoulders of the demon giant who sleeps beneath her. He was but turning in his sleep. Alas! in poor Italy, he was wakeful and angry!

BOOKS.

WHAT a friend a good book is! Such a heap of trash is being issued at long prices that when in the bundle that comes to you at intervals, you find a friendly fellow—one who will converse with you in the wakeful midhours of the night—you almost think Charles Dickens had a hand in sending him along. But who ever was like Dickens? He left nothing for other fictionists to write, unless it were certain unclean stories which for a year or two filled the pages of certain magazines.

"A losing game, me dear Pedlar," says me friend of the Cross-roads where I go to have me midday smoke. "The world is a claner place than people think. There are more gardens wid roses blowing in them than you'll

Continued on page 341.

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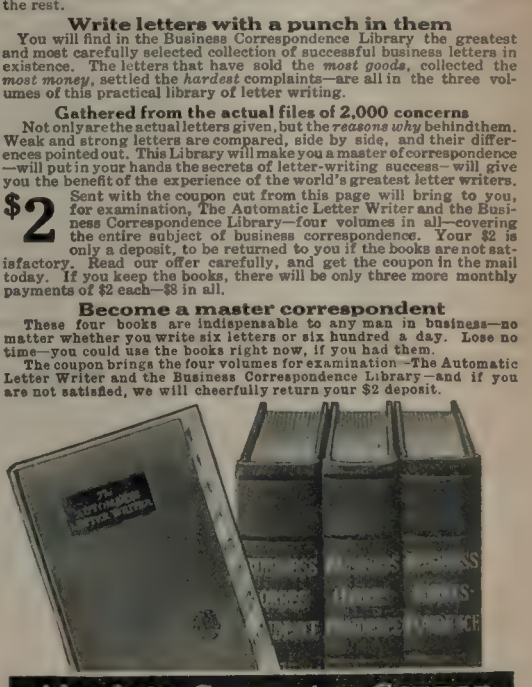

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Hon. Bob Rogers

Continued from page 305.

he has been in Winnipeg. The house is situated amid beautiful environs in Fort Rouge, and is called "Inchera."

The Minister's recreations take the form of riding and driving, so our Western friends say, but while in Ottawa he successfully controls the impulse to do either, and the writer for one, never remembers seeing him "*en voiture*" save for convenience sake.

One hears much of his good works in public, but of his numerous private charities and kindness the world knows little. The humane, tender hearted man, few people, comparatively speaking, connect with him who sits but a bench or two from the Prime Minister, and seldom smiles.

Correction

Continued from page 298.

Thresher, 4th Cheshires." Well, here was a nice mess, an hour to press time, ball game not over and no one else to put on the desk that afternoon. In a minute however, the plucky youngster had dried her eyes, and said straightening, "Poor Fred, I've always been afraid it would happen this way. But thank God he died like a man for his country." And she went back to the proof.

Well, they yanked Tyler as I said, and it was a few minutes before the next sheet came out. When it did, I saw sandwiched in between the 11th and the 12th innings the following—

Correction—Editors note in Casualty list sent this A. M., make Capt. Fred Thresher 4th Cheshires slightly wounded instead of killed. WAP.

The machines were pretty much out of copy, but I passed the sheet straight over to Ethel saying, "Here're the last two innings. Boston's done it again, and there's another item there you might be interested in. Bring me the sheet out to the composing room when you've got the ball stuff."

And a prey to a variety of emotions, I went out to light into the make up man.

A minute or two later, Ethel came. I couldn't stand talking just then, so I grabbed for my hat.

"Mr. Clarkson," she called, "just a second, will you ?"

I turned. Standing backgrounded by the dirty room, she looked like a frail sweet pea in her pale pink dress. There was a faint flush on her cheeks and a mist of unshed tears in those eyes that I didn't dare look into any more, since the editors stood corrected.

"It was so good of you to take an interest in my affairs," she smiled a little tremulously, "I—I've loved that boy ever since we played together. He was always my favorite cousin."

"Cousin ?" I said huskily, "Then he's not—you're not—"

A wave of color turned the sweet pea into a blush rose.

"Oh dear no—why he's ye-ee-ars younger than I am. He's only twenty one."

"And you're—?"

"Twenty-two," she owned, smiling.

"How old would a man have to be before you could—think—of him ?" I asked, unconsciously putting my hand up to the grey hairs that had multiplied only too fast under the influence of war, baseball and hope deferred.

Ethel gave a swift little up-glance,—just one, frightened, roguish, appraising.

"About thirty seven," she whispered, "or maybe thirty-eight."

Then, because the phone had been ringing for five uninterrupted, swearing minutes and no one had noticed it, Central put on the buzzer.

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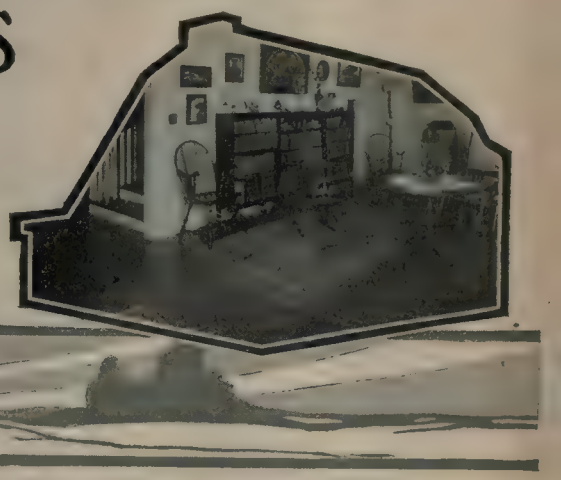
To the Little Bungalow Home"



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Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The Day Before Yesterday

Continued from page 283.

picture in the paper along with Roosevelt and a lady who was going to get a divorce! Gee! I suppose maybe the gang wouldn't be glad to have him in it now. He thought some of turning down an offer of membership but decided to be guided by the impulse of the moment if he ever got the chance.

With the picture in hand he stood before a mirror and tried to fix his hair that way again. After using up a lot of soap and grease he decided that it was not possible and wished fervently that he had been allowed to wear his hat when that picture was taken. He knew that on the street he would be pointed out as the boy whose picture was in the paper, and what if he should not look like the printed likeness? The vacuous smile of the photograph was particularly difficult to emulate, because everyone knows how unlikely one is in any real situation of life to feel quite the same inane merriment that one does at the request of the artist who points the camera in his direction.

Micky mastered that however, or thought he did by the time Mrs. Phelan sent her little Mary over to tell him to come and eat at her board.

Mr. Phelan, who was prominently employed in the stoking department of the steel mills, welcomed Micky with ceremonial solemnity. Mr. Phelan, indeed, was one of the most ceremonious persons you ever met. His being hankered after pomp and ritual and only one thing pleased him more of an evening than to don some kind of a highly decorated mystic garment over his flannel shirt, gain admission by a grip and password to a room so profoundly secret as to preclude ventilation, and there solemnly and earnestly beat the stuffing out of some luckless neophyte. The one thing which stood above that in Mr. Phelan's idea of amusement was to get into the uniform of a South American general, don a hat with three ostrich plumes in it, and carry a richly ornamented sword through the principal streets of our city on a hot day. He was a passionate parader. No holiday was too trivial for Phelan to answer the mayor's call for the Knights of North America and similar fraternal societies to celebrate with the sacrifice of corns and sole leather.

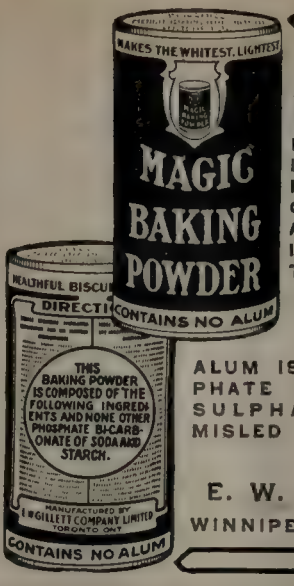
Therefore it meant something when Phelan interrupted his dinner that evening to remark, "There's wan good thing about it all,—yer dad was a Knight of North Americky in good standin'. The byes will turn out fer him in a way that wud make him proud if he cud know it. 'Twill be a good chanst to wear them new uniforms if he lasts till they git here, or rather, if they git here while he lasts." Phelan calculated clumsily on his fingers. "How many days do the doctors——?"

"Hush," warned Mrs. Phelan, who divined the tactless question. "Ain't the kid got enough to sorrow him?"

"That's all you know about it," rejoined her enthusiastic spouse. "The way the Knights do it, 'tis almost a pleasure to be buried."

Any further discussion was averted by Mrs. Phelan's refusal to argue. It was the first time in the history of many wordy battles that the head of the household had retired with the honor of the last word and he was content with his hypothetical victory.

Micky was accommodated with a bed on the floor in the Phelan household which was not equipped with guest chambers, and there he dreamed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confusedly of brave processions of policemen in plumed helmets escorting a carriage in which rode in solitary state a handsome youth who bowed graciously to an envious multitude of "the gang."

In the morning his mother found him there,—his mother, worn to a colorless caricature of herself by a sleepless night spent in the office of the hospital awaiting the end, whatever it might be. Mr. Phelan had gone before daylight to knightly deeds with a coal shovel and Mrs. Phelan welcomed her with rude hospitality.

"'Tis a pot of tea will do you a world of good," she suggested.

Mrs. Flynn laughed a little hysterically. "'Tis all right I am. I've good news to put the heart in me. My man is goin' to get well."

Over the teacups she told of the vigil while Micky sat uncomprehendingly at her feet. "There was something inside of him that was busted or twisted, I dunno, and if it wasn't fixed he wud have gone sure, but late last night a big surgeon that the girl's mother hired come and worked over him, an' early this mornin' he come out to me an' told me that Pat was goin' to get well. An' he sent me to get the house ready because they're goin' to bring him home an' let me take care of him."

Of course that didn't mean to Micky the tremendous crisis in his life that it really was but the back yard wireless got into operation at once and, an hour later, when he went to school. Micky discovered that of the sky rocket of fame he held only the charred stick. It would not have been so bad if anyone had spoken to, or of, him as the boy whose father had very nearly been killed, but even that second rate glory was denied him. He had slipped back into the inconspicuous niche he had occupied the day before yesterday, and no one noticed him at all.

To Widow Stein Micky bowed a gracious "Good morning" in recollection of yesterday's chocolates but if the Widow had any recollections at all they were only regrets, and she ignored him. His teacher scolded him crossly for being late and he sank into his seat, confused and hurt to think that she could forget so soon his grief of yesterday. He almost expected a cry of protest to rise to the lips of his mates, but when a titter of amusement at his discomfiture ran around the room he knew that his fickle public had deserted him.

After school he presented himself to "the gang" who were about to engage in the highly scientific sport of sticking tops.

Johnny Corney brushed him aside.

"For the love of Mike, kid," said he,

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"keep out of the way. Ye're spoilin' the game."

"But you said I could play," protested Micky. "I'm Micky Flynn. Yesterday you said I could be in 'the gang' if I'd let you ride in the carriage at my dad's funeral."

"But he ain't dead, is he ?"

Micky stood convictedof a breach of contract and he silently effaced himself.

The crowning indignity was heaped upon him when, on the way home, "Ratty" Higgins, a fat boy about his

own size, picked a quarrel with him and decorated his eye in day-before-yesterday fashion. Micky was broken and dispirited, so he fought listlessly and without skill. It might be said that he welcomed a physical defeat to take his mind off from his mental despair. What was the use,—he, who yesterday looked back at himself from the front page of the newspaper, was reduced to the ranks, his sword broken and the laurel rudely torn from his brow.

When he finally dragged himself home that night Micky went into the dark closet adjoining the bed room and sobbed the bitter tears of a dishonored hero. He had seen the world's favor turned to harshness, the glitter of fame had become dull rust, he had been hurled from the pinnacle back into the depths which were now more intolerable because he had breathed the air of the mountain tops. His heart was eaten by a longing that seemed unbearable and the tears that ran rivulets across his grimy cheeks were as bitter as the disappointment that prompted them.

At first he did not notice it when the front door opened, but the sound of many voices approaching finally aroused his curiosity and made him hush his sobs. His mother came into the bedroom and after her four burly policemen carrying a stretcher in which lay his father. But such a different father! Surely that wan, crushed, bandaged wreck was not the pride of the Traffic Squad. Yes it was, because it smiled, with the old rich smile that made old ladies and children turn to him as they would to the sunshine.

"Sure, boys," said the voice that was back of the smile, "it was right good of ye to carry me home."

"Did ye think," growled one of the huskies, "did ye think we'd lave thim jar ye in their old ambulance while we had our strength left?"

"Ye're as tender as four mothers," said Flynn, and this time he smiled a very twisted sort of a smile because he was keeping the tears back. "I wish't I cud thank ye."

"Never ye mind about that," said the officer. "You just get well as fast as ever ye can and don't ye go stoppin' thim automobiles again wid yer head."

"All right, Tim, I won't. But this time I couldn't help it. I just saw that kid there an' thin I happened to think of me own little Micky,—she was about the same age as him,—an' I thought if he was there an' something happened to him an' when I came home some night they'd tell me he wasn't here, it made me heart jump in me throat, I didn't stop to figure it out at all an' the next thing I knew they were putting me together again over to the hospital. Honest I don't know how it

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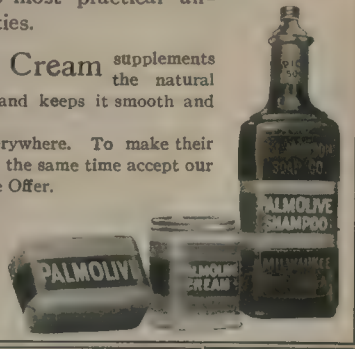

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happened,—all I saw was Micky standin' there."

Over Flynn Junior, crouched in the dark closet alone with his *amour propre*, spread a wave of understanding that burned him with a shame that cleansed him of the petty regrets of his bitter hour and restored him to a right angle with life. This father of his had risked his life because he loved him, Micky. All at once it rushed over him how terrible it would have been if his father hadn't come home at all. He wondered how he could ever face his dad again,—he couldn't with that black yesterday between them. There was only one thing which he could do to clean off the blot—and he did it.

Slowly he forced himself out of the closet and over to his father's chair.

"Hello, son," his father attempted to be jocular in the old way.

"Hello, pa." Micky hung his head and stood a slight distance off.

"What's the matter ? Come over here, I won't break if you touch me."

"It ain't that." Micky dug at a purple rose in the rug.

"Well, what is it ? Out with it."

So Micky came out with it, the whole mean little story, and be it said for him as a man that he offered not a single excuse. For the older man, for Micky was a man now too, let it be said that his understanding was great and his sympathy broad.

After the story was ended he said, "You know now, don't you ?"

"Yep, and I'm—I'm s-s-sorry." The last was hard to get out because the feeling of being just about to cry but not doing it became a trifle overpowering. The only way he could win out over his emotions was to bury his nose in his father's shoulder so that if a few stray tears did get away they would be blotted out before anyone noticed them.

When he finally looked up it was hard to tell which of the two felt the more shyness. Men don't often show their real feelings to each other and after an emotional crisis it is hard to readjust oneself to commonplace conditions. Micky looked at the floor and his father gazed out of the window. Finally, after a long pause their eyes met.

"Son," said the elder with a grin, "let me look at ye. Who give ye the wallop under the eye to-day ?"

And by that token Micky knew that he was forgiven, and that everything, except one or two of his father's ribs, was just the way it had been the day before yesterday.

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The Model Man

Continued from page 290.

him to a little summer house there. I was just going to bring help, when a great idea came over me. I almost suffocated with it. I left him there and hurried round to the gate and got to the house just in time for my dance with Gil Cameron.

" 'Let's not dance,' I said, 'let's walk in the moonlight.' That appealed to Gil's artistic soul. So we walked, and I led the way as if allowing myself to be led—you know how that's done."

"Well, you see, I'm married," said Mrs. Talbot.

"I could 'a'been if I'd stooped to such tricks," said Miss Malkin. Deborah forged on:

"In a minute Gil and I were seated on the stone wall. He couldn't see poor Hilary, but he was right close. Then by the power of hypnoidal domination——"

"There you go again," said Mrs. Talbot.

"Well, anyway," said Deborah, "you see, Hilary's lower brain was keeping his heart and his lungs at work; but his upper brain, or soul-mechanism, was without life—like an electric machine without current or a steam engine without steam. His own soul would have flowed back as soon as consciousness returned, but I shut off the regular channels so that his soul couldn't get back. Then—as it were—I plugged in another feed wire, and into that I turned the—you see, I had meanwhile hypnoidized Gil Cameron. From his soul I extracted the artistic and temperamental electrons and—you've heard of transfusion of blood——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Talbot eagerly. "I had an aunt whose life was despaired of on account of anaemia—and—her people lived in Duluth—had a swell house there—she was a very nice woman, but——"

"You can tell me about her later," said Deborah. "Well, transfusion of blood is an old idea. I think I invented transfusion of soul. Anyway, I transfused the best part of Gil Cameron's shiftless soul into Hilary Phipps' brain cells. You know that the brain areas are pretty well localized and differentiated now."

"Oh, I suppose so," said Mrs. Talbot. "But what was Gil Cameron doing while you were kidnapping his soul ?"

"He didn't do anything. He didn't know what I was doing. He just sat there in a daze. Then I snapped my fingers and woke him, and he came to with a start, and said, 'Excuse me, Debby, what were you saying ?' And I told him I had a partner for the next dance. It was Walt Arnold. I decoyed him to the wall the same way, and borrowed that part of his soul that

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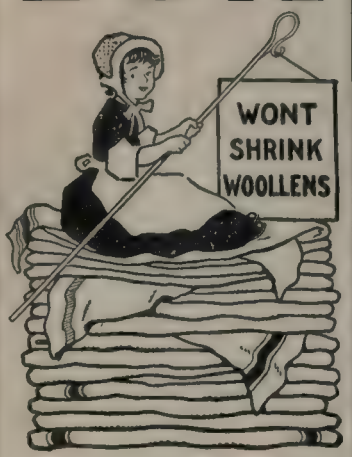

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keeps a man interested in his muscles. And so I did with the four other fellows I had partially liked. And not one of them suspected that anything had happened. They all went back to dance and to amaze their partners by the funny moods they were in.

"There was still more trouble when they went home. Jule Eggert, after I had embezzled his financial acumen, was so reckless that he insisted on taking Harriet Kirtland home in an automobile, and Gil Cameron got so stingy that he made Alice Gregory walk. Walt Arnold was so lazy that he retired from the lawn-tennis tournament next day after the first game, and——"

"We all know the terrible change that came over those poor young men," sniffed Mrs. Talbot. "Their own mothers hardly knew them. Their own fathers could hardly endure them. It was awful. Thank Heaven, my dear boy wasn't invited. But poor Mrs. Phipps? She lost her boy altogether. What did you do with Hilary?"

"Well, you see," said Deborah, "after I had filled his brain with the choicest morsels of those other souls, I found him just coming back to consciousness. He sat up and said——"

"I know," interposed Miss Malkin, who knew storybooks "He said, 'Where am I?'"

"No. He said, 'Who am I?'"

"Well, who was he?" murmured Mrs Talbot. "It's getting kind of cold in here. I feel a draught."

Deborah herself was a bit frightened. This traffic in souls was a grewsome business. Her voice became an uncanny whispering:

"I was afraid of him at first. But he kept saying, 'Who am I? Who am I, please? I can't seem to remember whether my name is Hilary or Alan or Walter Phipps or Gilbert or Jule—or what.'"

Deborah shivered and went on: "Suddenly I remembered that I had always wanted a husband named Leicester Vander Veer. So I told him that that was his name."

Mrs. Talbot leaped to her feet. "Do you mean to say that Leicester Vander Veer was a patchwork crazy quilt?"

"He was my synthetic husband," said Deborah, with a return of pride.

"But Hilary Phipps had coal-black hair and your husband had—he was almost an albino."

"Peroxide," said Deborah. "I always admired what they call the blond beast. Most intellectual women long for a blond beast as a pet. So when I got Leicester home——"

"How on earth did you do that?"

"You see, when he woke up, he was very much bewildered; he had an awful headache."

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"No wonder," said Miss Malkin, "with seven souls crowding into that one pate. That wasn't a brain, that was a boarding house."

Deborah nodded. "And it took some time to assimilate all those forces to that mechanism. At first the monster was like a man in a trance. I didn't dare take him back to the party. I didn't dare go home with him. So I talked to him as if I were a mesmerist, and showed him his watch—Hilary's watch—and I said, 'You stay here till one o'clock in the morning. You'll

hear the town clock strike, if it's too dark to see the watch. Then go down that alley for two blocks till you come to a barn with the door open. You walk through it and come up to the back porch on tiptoe, and I'll let you in !' I made him repeat it till he had it by heart.

"Then I went back to the party, had a dance or two and some refreshments, and went home with my cousin. He took the midnight train. I told mother and father I was going to sit up and read. They were used to that, so they went to bed.

"I found a suit my father had told me to sell to an old clothes man and I brushed it up. I sat for an hour or so thinking everything out and trying to foresee every difficulty. I wrote my creature's future backward, the way people write detective stories.

"A little before one o'clock I tiptoed out to the barn and opened the alley door. Then I went back in the yard and waited. I was all trembly, and horribly terrified by what I had done. I was afraid that the creature I had manufactured might turn out to be another Frankenstein."

"You mean that family of Frankensteins that keeps the clothing store ?" expostulated Mrs. Talbot. "Why, Hilary Phipps didn't look at all like one of those."

Deborah did not pause to explain. She was living the drama over. Her eyes were wild, her voice spooky.

"It wasn't very cold, but I had a chill. I had spasms of fright. What if he didn't understand, or lost his way, or came to me and became unmanageable ? What if he resented my tampering with all those souls and took revenge—some ghoulish, unspeakable revenge ? What if those seven souls fought with each other and would not live together ? A thousand frightful possibilities occurred to me.

"But at last I heard a step crunching along the gravel in the alley. I saw a figure in the square of light of the barn door. The figure groped through, paused to close and fasten the door—you see, Jule Eggert's careful soul was already at work. The closing of the door blotted him from sight. The moon went under a cloud. I stood by a little stunted cherry tree, clinging to it to keep from falling.

"Then the moon jumped out from the cloud and I saw the tall figure of Hilary Phipps just passing me. I seized him by the elbow and he turned, stupidly, like a person waked out of a dream. I motioned him not to speak and to tiptoe, and holding him by the arm, I led him up the kitchen steps, guided him through to the library, put him in a chair, and locked the door. Somehow, he obeyed me. He sat there like a drunken dolt, every

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now and then frowning and passing his hand about his head as if it ached horribly."

"The poor man !" muttered Mrs. Talbot. But another phase of it shocked Miss Malkin. She demanded:

"Do you mean to say that you met a strange young man in the back yard, took him to your room and locked the door, while your folks were asleep upstairs !"

"But she married him afterwards," said Mrs. Talbot.

Deborah rounded on Miss Malkin: "That's what keeps women from accomplishing anything great in the world. They're so afraid of being alone somewhere with somebody."

Miss Malkin snapped back:

"If you'd been a little more afraid of sitting out on garden walls and dabbling in men's souls—you'd be better off to-day."

Mrs. Talbot subdued her with: "Keep your curls on, Caroline, and let Debby tell the rest. Go on, Debby. I can't believe it, but it's awful."

"I talked with my man for an hour," said Deborah, "getting it out of his head that he was Hilary Phipps or any of the rest of his constituents, and finally I browbeat him into accepting the name I had picked out for him. Then I had an awful time getting him to let me bleach his hair. He had Walt Arnold's strength, you know. But I hypnoidized him finally, and blondined him with some peroxide we had in the medicine chest in the bathroom. By this time it was nearly morning. I laid out father's old suit and made him take off Hilary's clothes."

"Deborah !" screamed Miss Malkin.

"Oh, I left the room," said Deborah.

"Besides," reiterated Mrs. Talbot, "they were going to be married."

"When I came back," Deborah went on, "he was in father's clothes. They didn't fit very well, and he wasn't happy in them. When I made him put on one of father's already-tied ties, he became violent. He had Ferdy Draper's foppish ideas, you know, but I appealed to Alan Finlay's eagerness to oblige a lady, and he consented. Then I took Hilary's clothes down and burned them in the furnace."

Mrs. Talbot protested: "You might have found some worthy poor person and given them away."

"Yes, and myself with them ! No, I wanted to hide all traces of my—well, I won't say crime. By this time I heard the alarm clock upstairs and I knew mother would be down soon to get father's breakfast. I was in an awful fret, but at the last moment it occurred to me to hypnoidize Leicester and lock him in a closet."

"How did he breathe ?"

"There was a keyhole in the door," said Deborah. "In the afternoon I

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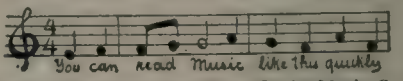

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shipped mother off to a sewing bee, and I got Leicester out of the closet and fed him and began to teach him the imaginary past I had invented for him, and the future he was to carry out for himself. He showed wonderful ability to learn. I put him back in the closet when mother came home. Mother was full of the great news of Hilary Phipps' disappearance, but of course nobody suspected me.

"That night, after the family was asleep, I brought him out again, and by this time he was in the scheme heart and soul—all his souls. I gave him all the money I had in the bank, and told him to slip out and take the midnight train to New York, and I wrote him a telegram to send me when he reached the city.

"In father's old clothes and with blond hair and needing a shave so badly, he never suggested Hilary Phipps to the men at the depot. They took him for a tramp. But the next day I got my telegram, and I felt that all was well. And I took a good sleep and went out to hear what people had to say."

"I don't know how you dared show your face anywhere," Mrs. Talbot stormed. "I should think you would have been afraid to look anybody in the eye. But I remember now that everybody said you were as cheerful as a lark."

"Of course I was," Deborah answered stoutly. "I was thinking of the marvelous thing I had done. I had not only provided myself with an ideal husband, but I had brought into the world a perfect soul. I had taken seven ordinary cubs and made one extraordinary superman out of them. Who wouldn't have felt proud ?"

"But think of those poor mothers," Mrs. Talbot protested. Deborah answered with vigor.

"Oh, I suppose that a lot of mothers cried when Columbus and his crew set out for America. The world would be a pretty place if women's tears were to be allowed to stop all progress."

Mrs. Talbot was not prepared to argue general principles; she was hungry for the rest of the story.

"So you sent your man to New York by himself. New York's an awful wicked place to send a young man, Debby. Still, I suppose you felt safe, seeing as you had given him so little money."

"Oh, no, he took my fifty dollars, and with Jule Eggert's financial gifts he doubled it before he'd been in town a day. Ferdy Draper took him out and bought him some fine clothes and a safety razor, and Jule Eggert took him into Wall Street—in spite of the protests of the other fellows in his head. There Gil Cameron's imagination and Ralph Pelton's memory helped him. In a few days he was making a sensation and a fortune."

Miss Malkin intervened. "I should have hated to have a fionsay of mine in New York alone, especially if he was as handsome as all get-out. How could you control him ?"

"Telepathy," said Deborah.

"Oh !" said the women both of whom were ready to accept anything as explained, provided it were explained by a word they could not understand. Deborah went on:

"So I went to work on my trousseau. Leicester got a position as Warrenton representative of several firms, and came here to live."

"Why didn't you go to New York ?"

"Oh, I was afraid of the effect of the life there. And I didn't think I had the right to rob Warrenton of all those souls."

"And so," Miss Malkin finished for her, "you were married and lived happily for about fifteen minutes afterwards."

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"Just about," sighed Deborah.

"But what I can't understand," said Mrs. Talbot, "is *why* you weren't happy with that husband. Now a man like Will Talbot would try the patience of a saint, but you had an ideal husband cooked up to your own recipe. What was the matter with him? Didn't he jell?"

Deborah's workmanship was impugned. She bristled:

"Nothing was wrong with him. He was the most perfect man in the world—except for that mustache. I'd rather not have had the mustache. But I thought a blond one would help disguise his looks, and I taught him to hold himself erect and to walk well, so that Hilary's own mother didn't know him when she met him."

"But why wasn't your marriage happy?" Mrs. Talbot pleaded. "I can't see why it shouldn't have been the happiest marriage ever known."

"Me neither," squeaked Miss Malkin.

Deborah was strangely moved; she seized Mrs. Talbot's right hand and Miss Malkin's left in hers: "Oh, thank you both for saying that!"

"How's that?"

"It shows me that you are both just as big fools as I was. But, on second thoughts, can't you see how hideous it must be to live with a perfect man?"

"Do you mean a man that thinks he's perfect?" sniffed Miss Malkin.

"No, I mean a perfectly perfect man."

Mrs. Talbot pondered skeptically: "Well, after living thirty years with Will Talbot, I guess I'd risk a little perfection."

Deborah shook her head: "Oh, but you'd regret it. Can't you see the horror of it? Imagine living with a man who has no frailties, no faults—who never has anything to apologize for—who is always right! Think of it—always!

"He never gave me any cause to be angry at him. So I got angry at him for that. We never could have a good exhilarating quarrel, because he wouldn't fight back. He just said, 'Poor girl, I'm sorry I upset you.' He always treated my temper as a misfortune I couldn't help. It robbed me of every shred of self-respect.

"I could never forgive him for not giving my powers of forgiveness a chance. He was so merciful that it was nauseating. We never could have the bliss of a nice bitter spat, where each says outrageous things and then feels ashamed and sorry and both kiss and make up and cling all the closer together. I could never boss him around. I was afraid of him. I could never mother over him, and say, 'The poor boy means well; he's just hasty.' The awful fiend always meant well,

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but he was never hasty. I could never look down on him as a woman looks down on a man. My intuition never outran his intelligence.

"And he was so eternally, infernally sweet. If I brought home a nice, toothsome piece of gossip, it seemed to pain him. If I got mad at anybody, he always saw both sides of the case. He had such artistic sense that I was afraid to buy anything to wear for fear it would hurt him.

"He never complained of the bills, because he made money enough to pay them on the dot; but he made me look like a silly fool, and he never said a word. I could just feel that big seven-cylinder brain working it out as it ought to have been managed.

"He liked everybody, was generous to everybody, admired every beautiful thing or person in the world. I was a mere incident. He loved me; but he loved everybody. His tenderness began to look just like politeness. His character was like a huge sheet of ice. There were no roughnesses to cling to. He froze me by his transparent perfection.

"And he had no individuality! No prejudices, no excesses. He was just a lot of abstract qualities. I wasn't married to a man, I was married to a bundle of tracts. I was married to seven ideal characters—a syndicate of all the virtues. And I got so I abhorred the thought of virtue. He got on my nerves till I wanted to dig my nails into him, just to see if blood would spurt—or milk.

"One day I grew hysterical and I turned on him and told him how maddeningly, loathsomely, boresomely divine he was, and that he was utterly unfit to be the husband of a mere human being. He didn't get mad; he just signed and murmured:

" 'I'm sorry, my dear, that I turned out so badly. What a pity it was that, while you were compounding the prescription that you call Me, you didn't rob the young ladies in town and fit yourself out with a complete set of womanly perfections.'

"For a moment I was tempted to try it; then I realized that it meant the destruction of myself. I should be committing soul suicide. There's nothing anybody clings to like one's own self-hood.

"But I realized that he was right and that I had married myself off to a foreigner from another world, or rather from no world at all; that we should never, never be able to understand each other, and that I should end in a madhouse unless I escaped.

"It was then that I fled from his odious presence and slammed the door on the beastly angel I had built. In this state they grant divorces on the ground of incompatibility, and my uncle is a lawyer, who arranged it beautifully. If ever there was incompatibility on this earth, we had it with a vengeance. But I am free—thank Heaven, I'm free."

The overwrought girl sank back in her chair in a swoon of rapture. When she opened her eyes, Mrs. Talbot was at the door.

"Where are you going?" said Deborah.

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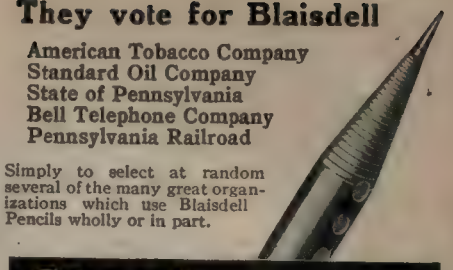

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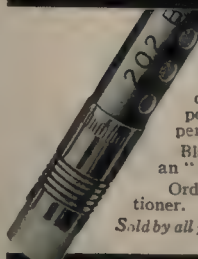

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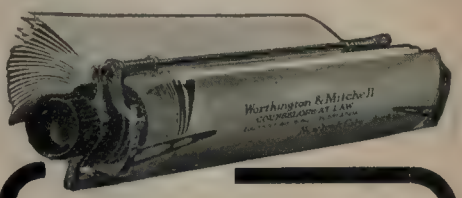

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Miss Malkin lingered, still tempted to believe that she could have done better with almost any kind of man—even a hopelessly perfect specimen. The door opened and Mrs. Talbot reappeared to say:

"After you delivered your monster, do you suppose he took his own advice and tried to build himself a perfect wife out of those seven girls?"

"Undoubtedly," said Deborah.

"And that experiment didn't succeed any better than the other, you think?"

"Of course not. Can you see the home life of two absolutely perfect beings—with no quarrels, no mistakes, no leaning on each other, no bitternesses to make the sweet sweet? Just one Sahara desert of monotonous level! I wonder they didn't murder each other. But of course they were too perfect to do that. So their only escape was to dash off in opposite directions.

"What do you suppose has become of them?" Miss Malkin asked in a shuddery awe.

"I suppose that they are wandering over the world, looking for happiness, and dying of loneliness. He's driving some poor woman frantic with his perfections, and she's driving some poor man to drink with hers."

"Thank Heaven, they'll never come back to Warrenton," said Mrs. Talbot. "Come along, Caroline. Good-night, Deborah."

"Good-night. Oh, by the way, Mrs. Talbot, unless he has some other engagement, you might ask Mark to call this evening. I'd be gald to see him."

That night, while Mrs. Talbot and Miss Malkin were spreading the alarming news like a pair of Pauline Reveres, Deborah Bland was grimly feeding to the stove in her den bulky tomes groaning with huge words and metaphysical fol-de-rol. They were dry enough to make a supernormal blaze.

She was surprised at her task by an uncanny, Poe's-raven-y tap-tapping on a window pane. It was repeated thrice before she recruited courage enough just to turn her head on its axis. Through the glass darkly she described the figure of the husband she had manufactured—her *opus* first and last.

The window opened on the porch, and before she could move or cry out, he raised the sash and clambered in.

"Wha-wha—d'you wa-wa?" was the best she could say, and he answered in a desperate whisper:

"I want to be disbanded."

She only stared and stuttered, so he explained:

"This morning I passed a small shop where they do job printing. A compositor was taking a frame of type apart and distributing the letters to their different cases. I want to be distributed."

This appalling demand froze her completely. But he melted her with the old appeal:

"My seven mothers are longing for me."

She wept comfortably at this, but retorted: "What of your seven mothers-in-law? Where is your wife?"

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"I found her on your porch, too. She is just dying to die."

Deborah pondered a long, anxious while, then shivered with sudden resolution: "You unravel her, and then I'll distribute you."

Leicester Vander Veer seized her hand and kissed it before he went to the window and helped his ephemeral wife. Then the scholarly portion of the man's brain moved him to salute Deborah with one glorious farewell: "*Ave, creatrix, nos morituri te salutamus*"

It would be contrary to public policy to describe what happened then, for there are certain processes which are better kept from the general knowledge, lest careless persons experiment with them disastrously.

It must suffice to say that in a little while six young ladies in town sat up with a start in their six beds with six violent headaches, recovering from which the next morning they proved to be entirely their old selves. And Miss Ivy Lynn, the long-lost and well-wept, was found knocking at her own door. When her astounded and dishevelled father let her in, she paralyzed him with a familiar cry of:

"Get busy with the veal, fond parents, the prodigal daughter has come home. Don't ask me where I've been, because I don't know, and I didn't like it."

Meanwhile, a classic witch at her incantation, Deborah Bland was dissolving the parliament that had been Leicester Vander Veer. Six young men woke the next morning with chaotic befuddlements concerning wild nightmares. Ferdy Draper made for the barber; Walt Arnold reached for his dumb-bells; Jule Eggert began to think money while he shaved, and the others of the six resumed their customary characters.

About midnight a wild cry of joy was heard from the Phipps household. Mrs. Phipps, wakened by the doorbell, looked out of the window and found her Hilary on her front step. She fled downstairs barefooted and gathered him to her aching heart. She telephoned all the neighbors the next morning the glad tidings that her boy was home.

The neighbors have not seen him yet, for he refuses to leave the house until his hair has gone back to its original color, and his mother does not care how long that takes.

Most of the people in town are not speaking to Deborah Bland these days, but Mark Talbot is speaking to her every evening. And every now and then she amazes him by sudden exclamations such as this:

"You dear old dunderhead, you've got a million faults and I adore them all. We shall be so blissfully unhappy together!"

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The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 325.

find in hot-houses, an', moreover, they're sweeter, an' the woods an' meadows an' lanes an' waysides do be blooming wid wild flowers. Wan thing I'll tell ye, though it may be cracking up your paper an' swellin' your hat-band. This little "mag" you're workin' wid is clane an' sound an' dacent. I'd break your head, oul man, if you wor workin' for thim other kind."

Did you ever hear the like of him—sour old gink, and yet the dearest and wisest—for the Man at the Cross-roads is no fiction image. He is not made of lath and plaster. He is not like those gods of "staff" we see at Exhibitions looking as strong and beautiful, and see some weeks afterwards streaked with rain-marks and cracks. He's a real old wise, sane fairy-man who accompanies the Pedlar in that inefficient chap's travels; guides and lectures him and occasion-

Let the Knox Cooks cut your "high cost of living"

It isn't necessary to stop eating delicious desserts, puddings, salads, etc., to economize. For by using

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

you can make quickly and cheaply all these dainty dishes.

The gelatine in each package is so divided that the housewife can use it to serve a small family or a large party—each package makes TWO QUARTS (½-gallon) of jelly—enough to serve sixteen people.

This Evening Serve a Knox Snow Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 1 cup sugar. Whites of two eggs. ¼ pint cold water, ¼ pint boiling water. Rind and juice of two lemons

Soak the gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Dissolve in boiling water and add grated rind and juice of the lemons and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Strain and let stand in a cool place until nearly set. Then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and beat the mixture until it is very light and spongy. Put lightly into glass dish or shape in a mould. Serve with thin custard made of the yolks of the eggs, or cream and sugar. Different fruit juices may be used in place of part of the hot water.

NOTE If you use Knox Acidulated Gelatine, which contains Lemon Flavor, you will not need to buy lemons.

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An illustrated book of recipes for Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Cream, Sherbets Salads, Candies, etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2 cent stamp and grocer's name.

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Packed in Johnstown, N.Y. and Montreal, P.Q.

ally puts up his dukes against him. But, faith, he's not to be beaten for he's Mr. Dooley and Pete Dunne rolled into one.

To revert to our "sheeps." There are three worth while new books. Two by Birmingham, the latest apostle of Ireland, and a delightful bundle of quaint Scottish wit and sad humour, aptly called "Thistledown," by Robert Ford. The illustrations in all three books are little gems of art, the art which understands humour, pedantry, sport and religion. To give you an inkling, or rather a wink into the delightful humour of Scots folk:—

During the time of the great Russian war a countryman accepted the Queen's shilling, and very soon thereafter was sent to the front. But he had scarcely time to have received his baptism of fire when he turned his back on the scenes of carnage, and immediately struck off in a bee-line for a distant haven of safety. A mounted officer intercepting his retreat demanded to know where he was going.

"Whaur am I gawn?" said he. "Hame, of course; man, this is awfu' wark; they're just killin' ane anither ower there."

. . . . . .

It is odd—"quare," the crusthore of the Crossroads would call it, but upon relating the above story to a Scots-Canadian, he was immensely riled. "You wouldn't tell that story if it had been an Irish one," said he. But I would if I had any such quaint-canny story to tell of my dear improvident country.

To resume:—

Two old Scots matrons were discussing current events. "Eh, woman," said one, "I see by the papers that oor sodgers have been victorious again."

"Ah, nae fear o' oor sodgers," replied the other. "They'll aye be victorious, for they aye pray afore they engage wi' the enemy."

"But do you no think the Germans 'ill pray too?"

"The Germans pray! Yatterin' craturs! The Laird would no ken what they said."

. . . . . .

"Anither bawbe, mistress," said the grocer. "Cawnils are up on account o' the war."

"Eh, me!" said the good woman. "An' can it be the case that they really fecht wi' cawnil licht?"

. . . . . .

The whole book is delicious—God love ye Scots man but we have laughed and wept with ye.

Birmingham's Irish stories are somewhat different. I find them pervaded with the Celtic melancholy which lies under the froth of Irish humour. I shall never forget the horror of "mine own people" when once on a visit to the saddest land on the top of the earth, one mentioned with joy, the laughter-loving stories of Ross and Somerville.

"And to think Cauthleen, that you would forget that not only is Ireland the Niobe of Nations, but as well, she has been called the Buffoon of the World!"

"Gracious!" we said, "and what better title than the last? To make

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Blue-jay, for 12 years, has kept some people free from corns. Now nearly half the people who have corns end them in this way.

They simply do this:

Apply **Blue-jay** at night. It is done in a jiffy, and the pain ends from that moment.

In two days the corn is loosened. Then they lift it out. There is no pain, no soreness, and the corn is completely removed.

Pare corns and they remain ever-present. Use old-time treatments and the corns don't end.

But apply a **Blue-jay** plaster and that corn will leave you. If it doesn't, apply one more, for some corns are stubborn.

A million corns a month go that way. Let yours be among them. Start today.

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WATCH FOB. Exactly like illustration. The latest fob out. Has bewitching little figure of Miss "September Morn" handsomely embossed on heavy metal plate. Beautiful oxidized silver finish. Size of medal 1¼ x 1¾. Genuine black leather strap. Boys, a real work of art. Classy, alluring. Make 'em all take notice. Agents wanted everywhere. Dandy sample fob and our great easy money proposition to hustlers sent Postpaid 50 cents.
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everybody laugh ! to be happy ! what better employment in life !"

But the old ladies shook their heads; "You have got foreign and democratic ideas," they said, "you have forgotten poor old Ireland."

Well, perhaps, Birmingham, with brogueless stories will please them. He writes with insight, understanding, and a quiet sort of humour that is purely Celtic. And he writes with knowledge of an almost uncanny people that of itself is singularly racial. No outsider could write like that.

Let us hope that two blessed old Connaught ladies will be satisfied.

OUR BOYS.

THERE is rather an opinion expressed notably by one London weekly that the Canadians who have gone to help the Empire in her struggle against Germany are "too strenuous." Britain should learn, and remember that our boys are men of a higher class—if in a democratic country such a word may be used—than the men recruited from England, Ireland and Scotland. Very many Canadians who enlisted as privates are men of means. They went simply and purely out of a love that was fired by patriotism. There should be no criticism from Britishers at home. If conscription compelled us to send our men willy-nilly, why then, they might be talking; but the women of Canada gave their best and their beloved—all, in fact that made the comfort and joy of their lives—and surely no sour or undignified word should be printed in a British newspaper !

MY CANADA.

LOVE Canada. Though the "quare island," that dear holy and jolly place is my native land, I want when my grand day of release comes to lie under some wild little maple tree. Will you permit a poor Pedlar to talk personally for a minute ? When everything was lost at home, and, with empty Pack, I came to this dear Country, I found again a home, a living—and a great love for the sunny, the snowy land. Nor could I ever express my gratitude—only that when the call comes I hope to lie in the one country I know that is free and fair to all men.

That's why, that when they say anything that might reflect on our Canadian boys, some of the wild Celtic blood flames up and rushes in red ink into my pen.

K. OF K.

HAVE you read about K. of K's. cigarette ? Up came the War Lord to Salisbury in his motor. It was night. The motor purred, then stopped. A tall man pussy-footed it across to the camps. It was an Irish-Canadian (bless the breed) who was doing sentry go, and smoking a cigarette at the same time, just like Pat Canuck.

"Who goes there ?" says he with bitter gallantry.

"A friend," says Kitchener.

"Your business ?" asks Pat Canuck.

"Commander - in - chief inspecting," says the Big K.

"A surprise party ?" says me man. And then that delightful Irish-Canadian offered Himself a cigarette. And Himself took it.

"Can you bate it !" said the Cross-roads man. "We breed the stuff but Canada makes rale men of thim."

Which is partly true. For believe me or not, we have "rale men" yet in Old Erin. Thirty-six thousand of them answered the first call, and when you remember that emigration has decimated them, that's not a poor recruiting. No, sir.

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FOR THE WOMEN.

A WORD for the women. The whole face of the world has changed for what used to be called the "fair sex." They have done enormous work. And the patience of them! The suffering! Someone wrote the other day that women could weep in secret but that they *MUST* give up their men. As though they haven't given them! And helped them and prayed for them! Oh, those tears that are shed in the night! God love you — the dear mothers and wives and sweethearts and sisters of our boys! There is no glory, no triumph, no music or drum beating in this war for the Woman. Hers it is to suffer in silence, to weep, in the dark when all the house is asleep, those bitter, secret, dreadful tears that sear the eyeballs as they creep slowly across them and fall down the worn faces of old mothers.

Once I heard a preacher say:—"It will astonish you, men, when at the last you will see God call to His side the many women you have looked upon as footstools—or worse—"

Perhaps He who can wipe away all tears, will heed the noiseless weeping of the stricken women. Only He may console them, those poor fallen leaves from the Tree of War.

"If there were a world of women there would be no more wars." Oh, wouldn't there be? The Pedlar in his long life tramps knows a thing or two, but like Brer Rabbit—or was it Brer Fox—he is not likely to talk about it. He might get clawed again (he has been called many a time) and he feels little interest in the question.

THE WOMEN OF THE FUTURE.

A VIRILE female exclaims in the columns of a Saturday Post (by the way we wish that popular paper would exclude certain Jew stories—not dear Perlmutter and Potash).

"The question which the women of the future must decide is how far they are justified to their children and to themselves in practicing their devastating fidelity. I do not think they will ever be equal to the decision, for they are really devoted to men more than they are to their children or to themselves. The present situation affords abundant proof of that. They are serving war offices in a domestic capacity, to the injury of every other duty and without hope of reward. Strange fanaticism! Pathetic evidence that they are made to obey, not to think of or to save themselves. They are the vestals of love to whom Nature seems to deny strength of mind or will to determine their own fate."

But if we are not faithful wives and mothers—What?

That's what you'll say when you see the *Wisconsin*—especially if you've seen other row boat motors. And the Wisconsin is even better "on the job" than it looks on display. Its unusual power, steady running and dependability make it the only outboard motor you should consider.

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Thirteen years of experience in marine motor building is back of the Wisconsin. It is built to outwork and outlast any other motor in its class—and it does. Has High Tension Reversible Magneto Ignition—steady firing at all speeds. Rudder Steering—giving perfect control when motor is still. Send for Faee Catalogue T — see in detail why the *Wisconsin* is *your* motor.

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CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
APRIL

LETTERS *from an* ENGLISHMAN *to his* SON *in* CANADA

The dear old dad back home doesn't even know he is writing for a magazine. He figures to himself just one khaki-clad boy who will read them o'nights while he is waiting in the second contingent for his call to the front. The writer of the letters however, is the author of a History of the Expansion of the British Empire, which is a standard work among the wise men of the old country.

August 15, 1914.

THE war has sprung up so suddenly, so far as the English public is concerned, that we are hardly yet able to realize what an enormous trial awaits us. The financial ruin of Germany and Austria seems assured in any event. We, here in England are going to weather it extremely well by all symptoms, our home manufacturers will presently be in full blast as no supplies come from France or Germany, and our allies and all neutral countries are dependent largely on what we can do for them. Our harvest only just beginning, is the best for decades and our green crop equally so. Such industries as iron, shipbuilding, glass-making, chemicals, are booming. One of the largest shipyards announces that if their yards (on the Wear and Tyne) were three times the size and their staff to match they could work twenty-four hours a day without overtaking work for home and foreign customers. And this firm employs 5,000 men already.

There is *no* opposition to the war here; it is an act of grace that Grey and Asquith were responsible and not Bonar Law and Lansdowne. The Irish transformation is wonderful and may mean a lot in the ultimate solution of the question. With you, I suppose the Quebec people are quite content to join in helping us.

The struggle will be prolonged. France will not be rushed and England once in the field will go on tenaciously. The trouble is that we cannot get the German fleet out of their armed ports. There are half a dozen or so of their cruisers afloat on high seas but they will be chased to neutral harbors or captured by our swift cruisers.

The Burning of Louvain is Worse for Germany Than the Loss of a Great Battle

August 30, 1914.

. . . .As things are to-day the general issue is in the balance. The fleet is master of the sea. We are in no fear of raids, though we should rather welcome a small one as a stimulus to recruiting.

Our expeditionary force has been wonderful, absolutely up to the highest standard and has inflicted immense losses on the enemy at Mons and since has checked the German plan of operations, enabling Russia to make progress in the East.

We look forward to a long struggle; and the country will see it through. Possibly Italy will join us. Russia is far better prepared than was expected and will put 3,000,000 men into the front line. Austria can do little outside her own borders, she is so harried by her own Slavs. The burning of Louvain is worse for Germany than the loss of a great battle. One can hardly imagine the States keeping up their friendly attitude to the Emperor. The Irish are all on fire for the United Kingdom and the fact that Louvain is the great Catholic university of the world touches all of that faith. Turkey may come in on German stimulus—to her own final undoing.

This country is absolutely united, and the fact that a German victory would mean surrender of the Australian colonies and the trade routes to German hands makes it a big imperial matter. The seas are, barring flying pirates, quite safe and so we count on colonial contingents—hard trained men who can shoot. We shall want all we can get. Don't believe anyone who thinks we are going to finish by Spring, and still less anyone who thinks we shall give in whilst our fleet is intact and food secure. Nor will Russia, to whom it is a war of creed as well as of race. We are far more united than in the Napoleonic war. Churchill's speech to the American press deputation yesterday is significant of the national attitude.

As to Canada, I am convinced that you are wrong in thinking that the credit of Canada will be seriously affected in Great Britain. I have talked a good deal of this with business

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men. They say this: "The British Empire will have the biggest advertisement it has ever had, if the colonies all come together to help. We shall realize that the British standards of policy and the rest are so far more acceptable to English investors than those of Germany and the continent indeed at large, that a desire for *home* securities (on the wider idea of home) will be the dominant note of English investments." I would go farther and say this: Money will be *poured in* upon you, and if only you can get Eastern Canada to give us a good tariff where possible and a thumping discrimination against Germany and Austria, you may set up a trade relation for the good of the West, which you have no present idea of. . . . Pay five per cent. and you can get a lot of money twelve months after the war is over.

. . .. .Already there are signs that trade is becoming more normal. The chief financial trouble lies in the broad fact that Germany and Austria owe us about one hundred and fifty millions on balance for trade differences and securities; and we in return are in their debt about twenty-five millions which our commercial repute will make it necessary for us to find in due course.

The financial ruin of Austria is complete and German trade and credit are so hard hit that England, France and the United States will run the finance of the world for many years to come.

We are going to stick it out, and we shall win, as everyone realizes what is at stake, and believe me *we are glad* it has come at last under conditions far more favorable than we even hoped for. It is a war against Huns.

September 11, 1914

. . . .The Indian news is very hopeful, and if we can get a good sound fifty thousand men of colonial type in the field we shall be able to force an invasion of Germany. As everyone expected Austria has crumbled and Germany in accordance with precedent has left her ally and tool in the lurch. Italy is prepared to act; indeed if she does not she stands to be left badly in the end.

There is the *strongest* confidence at the war office and amongst all public men of all parties that we are going to put Germany in a tight place. She will be financially hard hit, and her prestige internally sorely tried. Southern Germany will not be so ready to follow the Kaiser's lead. The poor man is very ill, cancer of the ear, which gives him awful pain at intervals, and he has, properly enough, no confidence in his son as the future leader of a restless empire.

Russia is going ahead in great spirit and with far better organization than was expected.

Money is very easy, nearly unlendable at three per cent. We shall get all our war-loans at three and three-quarter per cent. and can guarantee loans to Belgium and France if needed. The crime of Louvain is worse in its effects than I anticipated, and now I hear awful stories of German behaviour.

The men are most fierce because of what they saw of the treatment of women and children. One man told me that he saw an old man and two women and a child of seven, with hands and feet tied, laid out in the roadway to be run over by motor lorries. He himself trod on them in the dark and set them loose. Our men profess great contempt for the courage of the German private, and if they only had two to one to meet they would walk through them.

. . . .You will be glad to hear that Canadian Government stocks are the firmest department in the market, and free dealings are possible in them nearly on a four per cent. basis. This cannot be said of any other securities. The money your Government now spends on the war will come back to you ten times over. . . . Austria will sue for peace presently unless Germany gets a big victory over Russia.

September 23, 1914

. . . . . The naval news to-night is very trying (sinking of the three cruisers by [submarine) but I dare say there will be a retort *not* courteous presently. The worst is that such a loss prevents us from detaching fast cruisers to round up the three German fast cruisers wandering about the Pacific.

. . . .We have two thousand five hundred German military prisoners close to, in a wire compound. They are as fine as any troops the enemy has; Prussian guards, dragoons, some staff officers, etc. Aldershot seethes with activity and the new recruits are becoming soldiers very quickly. There is a fine strain amongst them, more like the colonial and United States enlistments. Armaments are being turned out at a great rate, naval and military. Speaking goes on, floods of it, and all on one note. But behind it is a grim determination.

Whatever happens there will be a great many fewer German men of twenty to forty years of age by next September than there were on August 1st, 1914. Russia and France, to say nothing of ourselves, are thinning them out. It is a perfectly sober estimate that they have four hundred thousand (subjects of the Kaiser) hors de combat already; and the Russian army will trample out a big lot presently, even if they lose man for man..

But the difficulty of securing raw material (e. g. leather) and of employment for the non-fighting class is their real trouble. German diplomacy never reckoned on being held up as they are at this moment both on the east and the west fronts.

The rank and file of the French army is proving quite good, especially in attack. Our men get on well with them and believe in their courage and endurance. Sir John French has a free hand and gets most ample support from Kitchener and the Premier.

October 11, 1914.

. . . .To-day we have news of the fall of Antwerp. . . perhaps this is the high water mark of the enemy's success. Certainly they have filled up the cup of evil doing; for nothing more monstrous than their entire treatment of Belgium has been known in modern warfare. . . . . F. M. on Smith Dorrien's staff wrote

We don't see what possible good the Germans will get by Calais. They must be even bigger fools than we think they are if they fancy it will make any impression on English determination

on Wednesday that "everything is going on top-hole" and a wire came through from one of French's staff on Friday morning with even stronger encouragement. . . . The output of heavy guns fifteen and sixteen inch is amazing. Aircraft factory busy on the best aeroplane in the air. If the enemy sends Zeppelins we are ready, and have air-craft guns whose range and power is not expected by Germany. On all sides is confidence that the turn has really come and that Russian pressure and the collapse of Austria are making German headquarters very nervous. There is not the slighest alarm or hesitation in this country; and France is making good all along her front.

Economically we are doing well, very well, though in some spots there is weakness. International finance, where Germany and Austria are concerned, is the real trouble; and there is no way out in that direction seeing that bankruptcy faces both German and Austrian commerce. We destroyed thirty German liners in Antwerp docks before evacuation, and some are big Nord-deutsche Llloyd boats. . . If you hear comments on Indian troops, remember that Sikhs and Gurkhas are cold-area soldiers, accustomed to cold far worse than they will get in France. The Gurkhas, too, are accustomed to rains—some two hundred inches fall a year in Nepaul. They are wonderful shots, and of the toughest sort in the native country. The Princes, too, are fighting men, and act as company officers under English colonels and alongside English fellow-officers. Kitchener would have no "ornamental" people; and you remember he commanded the Indian army for several years before going out to Egypt in 1911.

26th Oct., 1914 . . . . Yours of the 9th this morning and cutting of the article by James O'Donnell Bennett. This cable or letter which was published 6th October is dated 12th September, since when much has happened. The German staff was then perfectly aware of the failure of their French campaign and of the enormous lossess entailed by it, but they had just scored in East Prussia and were elated accordingly. Now their position in Poland is very bad indeed. It is never alluded to in official staff reports issued to the German public; but the outlook there is very bad indeed for our enemies.

At this moment the issue on the coast area of Belgium is uncertain: but we do not see what possible good the Germans will get by Calais. They must be even bigger fools than we think they are if they fancy it will make any impression on English determination. It would, perhaps, bring in recruits faster than we can do with them.

The news which comes from the staff at the front is most encouraging. The advantage originally gained by the German readiness and the excellence of their first live troops is being steadily worked down. The men now in France though very numerous, and far exceeding the allies' totals, are below Franco-British standard, and consist largely of time-expired men out of condition. This does not apply so much to the troops against us on the Yser and the Lys. These are the last of their young, trained men; and when these are knocked out there are no more to spare. The idea that the Eastern army could be drawn upon is wholly shattered by the failure before Warsaw.

This person, James O'Donnell Bennett who writes for the American press, is very easily impressed. And he is a bit of a fool to give himself away so completely. Had he been allowed a fortnight in British and French staff circles he would have had a better basis upon which to write. We circulate German staff reports daily and read all the chief German papers and are not blind to the point of view taken at Aix or Berlin, so far as the staff there are willing to reveal it.

But Bennett knows nothing of what the men behind really know or think. They use him as a tool, and an easy one, and laugh at the gullibility of the smart "press special." The "calm confidence" of Germany is equalled by the determination of England and the resolution of France. We are not excited—things are perfectly normal: Our trade is so good that we do not read the papers as much as journalists would like. But it isn't a matter of weeks or even of months. We expect to hold the Germans to their trenches for a year or more and our present plans are made for a campaign in Western Germany in 1916. Russia's pressure will be such that Germany will have to weaken her western line; and the retreat from Belgium is only a question of time.

Our censor is very severe; and your press men feel it. But the self importance of the press doesn't impress us. Kitchener told Northcliffe to his face that he must remember that he could always have a poisonous news owner shot on sight. Writers like James O'Donnell Bennett, who are not typical of the men from your side of the water, either north or south of the international boundary line, do not realize that just now we are so much controlled by the Government (and with our hearty good will) that it is not a matter of concern to us that adventurous press men can't get news and can't print what they like. Publishing facts doesn't alter facts, except for the worse: and just now journalists are the less important people of the country. Certainly we aren't going to be concerned about the feeling of a few sensational scribes. If Bennett thinks we are ignorant of the truth, first we don't go to him to enlighten us, and next, if we like to be ignorant, why we shall be: and we won't alter that out of special regard for his profits. What matters is that the men at the helm and the look-out *know*. What we individually know is of no importance to us, any more than it is to the private soldier on march. Why should we mind if the fooled outsider pities us for our ignorance ?

It doesn't matter to us if a few sensational scribes think we are ignorant of the truth; we don't go to them to be enlightened; and if we like to be ignorant—why we shall be

Nov. 2nd, 1914. . . I have your letter of October 5th. Things are going on very well. To-day we have news that Turkey has come in, and this will settle up various questions in due course. It will give us Egypt; it will give France Syria and Palestine, and to us jointly will come the Bagdad Railway: Russia will "protect" Constantinople. Incidentally Italy will be most likely drawn in—so we are all cheerful at Grey's skill in avoiding action against Turkey, and allowing her to be forced by Germany into doing silly things.

The feeling about the fighting in France is most confident. The enemy is being worn out and is fighting for his life. On the east front Russia is pushing very hard indeed and the losses of Germany are appalling. Pares, the English correspondent at the front,

The English officer in charge of the Lincolns sent for two guns and battered the whole place down on their heads—"and they lie under the bricks still," he said, "out of the wet"

whom I know well, and who knows Russia intimately having lived there for years, is amazed at the mastery which the Russians have already secured over the Germans. Man for man the Russian is as good as the German, and there are numerically four to one of them.

During the past week the German papers have begun to prepare the people for the truth by dropping hints as to the inevitable "slow course of operations," and the "difficulties of weather," and the "advantage of holding lines for purposes of resting troops," and more of the like. All of which is meant to pave the way for bad news.

Here in England we are sending down to ports of embarkation battalions of fine fresh troops of all arms. I see the working of the new recruits almost daily and discuss it with officers. The opinion is emphatic that they are a long way above the average of the old line battalions, in quality—physique and intelligence.

Yesterday I spent some time talking to wounded men just back from Nieuport and Lille. They have the heartiest contempt for the German infantryman. They tell me the Indian soldier is fighting splendidly and that the German is scared by their recklessness in hand to hand work. I had some vivid stories of the fighting; and some terrible stories of low-down behaviour on the part of German officers.

One lad of the Seaforths told me that three of them came across a German officer lying wounded in Lys in the trench just evacuated. One of the three went back and told the Sergeant, who came along with a young subaltern to help the officer out of the trench to the ambulance. The sergeant and the sublieutenant leant over the man to lift him. He then whipped out a revolver and shot both in the head; whereupon my lad put his bayonet through his throat.

"And I am not sure I did right, as he was wounded and we may not touch a wounded man !"

I told him I thought he need not worry !

Again I heard from a non-commissioned officer of the Lincoln's of a bad case of white flag. A farm house was held by ten Germans or so. On the advance of the Lincolns the Germans sent out a man with a white flag. Directly the party sent to receive prisoners surrendering got within range they were all shot down.

The English officer in charge sent for two guns and battered the whole place down on their heads—"and they lie under the bricks still," he said, "out of the wet."

B——has a story from a Belgian doctor, who saw a Belgian priest crucified on his church door and left to die ! Our men say that when the French and Belgian troops get into Germany no one will hold them back—they will kill ruthlessly in return for the horrible things they have seen done by the enemy.

Another officer told me he himself saw from ambush, a battalion of Germans prodded forward by their own officers with the sword point; and many of these infantry are men of forty-six to fifty, who can't run, when they have to face a charge. So we believe that the end will not be long delayed—even the Manchester Guardian can speak of "the tottering German Empire."

By Easter we shall have seven hundred and fifty thousand men ready, beyond the existing force in France

We are not much concerned about mishaps to ships, as our resources in new vessels, especially new submarines, are enormous. The tax on patrolling ships due to transporting troops in distant waters is now coming to an end and then the cruisers of the enemy will be rounded up. They must be getting foul, and ammunition dwindling.

Canada's keep good, especially Dominion loans; and as gold is piling up in the bank we are not likely to see much slump in prices of good investment stocks. Banks and insurance companies I hear are already buying the best things, believing the lowest has been passed. Sales absolutely show increase on 1913.

December 3rd, 1914.

. . . . I have yours of the 6th November a few days ago. This you may get for your birthday, with our good wishes. We are fairly active, but again money is slow, though Canadian bills have been paid up with little delay. To-morrow I have to see R—— of Toronto, who is over on English business.

All things considered we are doing well. Recruiting is satisfactory, and after New Year will be more so. In fact trade is generally so good that voluntary enlistments are naturally less frequent. There is so strong a confidence in the ultimate outcome that many people think that to keep up the economic productiveness is one of the more urgent needs.

The War Loan was a great success, thoroughly national; no foreign subscription. Prices generally on stock market are higher than at the outbreak of the war. Goold tells me that stocks can't be bought, and many industrials are keenly sought after.

I hear that a raid is to be tried by Germany, but we are ready. The whole East coast is prepared and of course rail communications are excellent for concentration. Kitchener firmly believes that one will be tried and he hopes it may.

We are satisfied with the United States opinion. Canadians are having a tough time at Salisbury Plains, as French is of the opinion that strict discipline is necessary to enable them to stand up against night attacks and to obey orders to retire in order to maintain the line when necessary.

There is no doubt we lost a big battleship amongst the North of Ireland mines—the Audacious—and perhaps two transports, empty, were lost by submarines off Havre. But the Russians have done much damage to the German Baltic Fleet.

Everyone is very cheerful both as to army and navy. By Easter we shall have seven hundred and fifty thousand men ready, beyond the existing force in France. And France is rapidly creating another million troops out of very good material.

There is not to be any speedy collapse of Germany. Another twelve months at least, before the blows tell. They have already lost one and a half millions of men, and Austria half as many in addition. Japan refused formal offer of alliance from the Kaiser.

There will be no great activity in emigration from England to the Canadian West for some time, but we shall want all the wheat you can grow, and at a good price.

To be continued in next issue

Some Slums, A Rector And Helen Mary

By Frank R. Adams

Author of "The Flivver," "The Day Before Yesterday," etc.

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

THE car belonging to the man who was the confidential wheat broker sloshed stolidly down St. Catherine Street. Like the confidential broker himself his car was wide and comfortable and inclined to hang over the edges a little in graceful bulges.

The confidential broker was not inside the voluptuously upholstered limousine but the lady friend of the confidential broker was. Like his car, his lady friend was a testimonial to the confidential man's opulence. Her clothing was a little too rich, her furs were too ostentatious and she even had on a little more rouge than most of the ladies on St. Catherine Street did, which is saying a good deal. She wore the bored air of one who has too much physical luxury.

The reason she was bored was because life for her was one round of monotonous gaiety and luxury. She lived in a too luxurious apartment up town, she ate too many expensive dinners with the confidential broker, she saw too many "tired-business-men" shows. The rest of her time when not absolutely idle she spent in entertaining the confidential broker, who was so easily amused that it caused her no exertion whatever.

"I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS SO MUCH FUN DOING THINGS FOR CHILDREN," THE LADY EXCLAIMED

Aside from the broker she saw very few people and thought of nothing particular except how to retain her beauty which was a problem nature so far had relieved her of.

She was on her way now to one of the gilded hostelries where she was to meet the broker and eat and drink up about $25 worth of the day's profits. She had started early because she had nothing else to do and was so tired of herself that she much preferred sitting in the reception room of the hotel to being cooped up in her own padded cage. At the hotel she expected to spend an hour watching expensively gowned ladies from London and Paris, who had come across to parade their expensiveness.

At a corner near Peel Street there was a tangle in the traffic and the crossing policeman held up his hand, commanding an unexpected halt. The chauffeur of the big car put on his brakes suddenly, too suddenly in fact, for in the slippery slush the rear wheels skidded to the right until they struck the curbing with a jolt that shook some of the confidential lady's powder off. An expression of annoyance crossed her face. The chauffeur was too careless. He would have to be replaced.

Her annoyance increased as she noticed that a crowd was collecting around the automobile. The policeman had come up and the driver of the car had climbed down from his seat to talk to him.

When she looked out to see what was the matter, a cry of dismay and pity escaped the confidential lady's lips. On the sidewalk lay a small boy.

She opened the door of the limousine.

"What has happened?"

"Yer car broke the leg of the kid when she skidded," volunteered another small boy picking up dirty papers out of the slush. "I guess most of his papers is too dirty to sell, too."

The lady beckoned to the policeman.

"Officer," she requested, "will you find out where the boy lives. I will take him home and get a doctor."

The policeman was evidently impressed and ascertained that the boy's name was "Puggy" Shaner and that his address was a settlement building 'way up east of the G. T. shops.

"An' you better hurry," added the policeman, "because a busted leg like that ought to be set as soon as possible or it will cause a lot of trouble later."

The officer lifted the dirty little boy and placed him apologetically on the pale mauve upholstery of the limousine. The lady herself occupied one of the folding seats.

"Ask my driver to go carefully but swiftly and please give him the address."

The boy had ceased crying almost as soon as the policeman had placed him on the cushions and now when the car started up gently he opened his eyes and gazed around in wonder at

the palace of glass and silk on wheels in which he found himself. At length his glance rested on the lady herself but apparently she interested him not so much as the car.

"Gee, it's a swell bus ain't it ?" was his mature comment.

"Do you feel any better, dear ?" The lady leaned over and touched his forehead.

"Don't call me dear," the boy struggled between shyness and a mannish desire not to be considered effeminate. "My name is Shaner,—Puggy Shaner."

"All right Mr. Shaner."

"You can call me Puggy," then he added, uncertain of the social customs of the strata in which he suddenly found himself, "if you want to."

"Now that's settled Puggy. How is your leg ?"

"It don't hurt much."

As a matter of fact the pain was more or less deadened from the shock but it would come on with redoubled force later.

"This must have cost more'n a hundred dollars," he estimated with a mind not yet accustomed to dealing with sums of more than three figures.

Puggy wasn't a very old little boy as the lady noticed when she studied his face solicitously, not more than ten or twelve. He was pretty tough though, if not in actuality, at least in his own estimation, and he evidently spent a good deal of time living up to his opinion of himself.

When the car stopped the lady looked up in the rapidly gathering dusk into one of the meanest streets that she had seen for a long time,—since long before she had become the lady friend of the confidential broker. The car had come to a standstill in front of a dirty group of tumbled down buildings. Between two of these buildings there were narrow entry ways leading up rickety flights of stairs, through unlighted halls to grimy forbidding looking apartments.

To one of these the chauffeur carried Puggy Shaner. The lady preceded him up the stairs lighting matches to show the way.

The door that they finally entered opened upon a single room which obviously did duty as parlor, dining-room, kitchen and bedroom, for the Shaner family.

At present it was occupied by a little girl slightly Puggy's junior who was engaged in bathing a tiny golden haired baby. The ablutions were being performed in a dish-pan set upon the floor and were evidently a success as far as the baby was concerned, because he was laughing.

The little girl looked up in wonder when they walked in unceremoniously.

"The little boy is hurt," the lady explained. "Where is his mother ?"

"Oh, he hasn't any mother," the little girl replied in a matter of fact tone, getting up politely and leaving the baby chasing the soap in his bath.

"Then who takes care of him ?"

The little girl laughed. "Nobody; he takes care of us. I'm his sister and this is his brother." She glanced apologetically at the urchin in the water. "He sells papers and I keep house."

Without further directions the chauffeur placed Puggy on the bed.

"I don't sleep on the bed," protested the young gentleman. "This is for Mame and the kid. I sleep on the floor over there."

"Not this time," said the chauffeur positively.

THE SOCIAL INSTINCT URGED PETER FLEMMING TO SAY, "MAY I SEE YOU AGAIN ?" SHE THANKED HIM WITH HER EYES AND SAID, "NO I THINK NOT ; I HAVEN'T MANY MINISTERS AMONG MY ACQUAINTANCES"

"How about a doctor ?" asked the lady turning to Mame, who had abandoned her charge and was hovering anxiously over her brother. "Is there a physician near by ?"

"I don't know," she returned.

"Gee, you ought to see the swell automobile I had a ride in," interrupted the boy with the broken leg. "It's got silk cushions and everything, and a flower in it."

"Honest ?" the little girl echoed admiringly. "Gee, don't you have all the luck!"

The lady took command authoritatively. "Philips," she addressed the chauffeur, "you had better go for help. I wonder who would know about a doctor around here ?"

"Oh the rector. He'll know," suggested Mame.

"The rector ?" repeated the lady.

"Yes," explained Mame. "He has charge of the Five Points Settlement. He knows most everything and he can tell you just what you want."

"All right," the lady agreed. "Where will we find him ?"

"It's about three blocks in that direction," the little girl pointed vaguely.

"Don't you know the number ?"

"No but I can go to it. Shall I go and get him ?"

"Yes. Take her over in the car, Philips, and bring back help as soon as possible."

But the little girl objected, overwhelmed by an afterthought, "I can't leave the kid."

"That's all right," the lady assured her. "I'll take care of the kid."

"Will you ?" the girl asked eagerly. "Did you hear that Puggy ? I'm going to ride in the automobile too. Won't that be grand ?"

As the chauffeur and Mame left the room she laid a parting junction on the kid's new nurse. "Don't let him eat the soap. It's the only piece we've got left."

After the lady had made Puggy as comfortable as possible, she turned her attention to the naked infant who was splashing around in the dish-pan. Mame's fears were justified. The kid was munching contentedly on the slim bar of soap. He was making very little progress, however, as nature so far had only equipped him with one tooth which was conveniently placed on one side of his mouth on the upper jaw. This gave him a quizzical expression to say the least and made the rest of his facial interior seem rather bald.

The lady rescued the soap which the baby gave up politely but with a reproachful look.

The lady judged that the bath had been prolonged sufficiently and she lifted the dripping youngster and de-

posited him on a towel which lay near by. Fortunately the room was warm enough. It was so small that the fire in the diminutive stove was amply sufficient to thoroughly heat it. Drying the baby was a game as far as the kid was concerned because he seemed to regard every movement of the lady as an attempt to tickle him. She discovered that he had an astonishing number of pink toes and even more dimples, which were allocated in surprising places. Judging from appearances no matter how poverty-stricken the family was the baby's nourishment had not been overlooked, for he was as fat and soft and happy as all tiny babies should be.

The problem of dressing the youngster was one that the lady did not attempt. Instead she picked him up and wrapped him carefully in her fur coat which she had taken off before she made his acquaintance in the bath.

Thus attired she sat down and held him in her arms. All at once the kid began to cry and she looked him over hastily for any indications of a pin concealed in her furs. Her suspicions were unsupported. "What can be the trouble?" she asked of the wide eyed Puggy, who was watching her with frank admiration.

"He wants you to rock him and sing to him," volunteered the head of the house. "That's the way Mame puts him to sleep after he gets washed."

"Oh." The lady was a trifle diffident about her power as a vocalist. "What does she sing ?"

" 'Bye Baby Bunting,' 'North Wind Doth Blow,' and songs like that."

"I'm afraid I don't remember those songs."

"Oh, anything will do. I don't think the kid would know the difference."

The lady raked her memory for a song appropriate for lulling a baby to slumber. Her memory, treacherous, turned up only such selections as "You Made Me Love You, I Didn't Want To Do It," and "You Made Me What I Am To-day, I Hope You're Satisfied." They were obviously inappropriate but music must be had, so in a voice long unattuned to song she hummed softly through the words of the current rag time successes.

THE LITTLE GIRL LOOKED UP IN WONDER WHEN THEY ENTERED UNCEREMONIOUSLY

She was in the midst of singing a refrain the words of which ran:—

"If you cross your fingers and bend your knees
And do the hesitation, you can hug and squeeze,
Your syncopated darling just as much as you please—"

when the door opened to admit the relief party. Mame and the chauffeur were accompanied by a tall blond young man with an authoritative air, who went at once to the bedside.

"Well Puggy," he exclaimed, "what have you been doing to yourself now ?"

"I had a ride in a swell automobile." This one fact overwhelmed all of Puggy's other sensations.

"His leg is broken Mr. Flemming," volunteered Mame, who had relieved the lady of her burden and was now putting on some of the kid's clothes.

Mr. Flemming took a small grip from the chauffeur which he opened and produced a splint, bandages and so-forth.

"Now if you'll help me," he requested of the driver courteously, "we'll fix it up in no time. Grit your teeth a little, son," he said to Puggy, "because it's going to hurt."

"I got you," replied the boy soberly. "I guess I can stand it."

And he did. It was only once that he had to let out a groan and he apologized for that.

"I didn't mean to yell Mr. Flemming, it sort of slipped out. You didn't really hurt me much."

"How soon can I get back to work?" he queried anxiously when Flemming had bandaged the leg up.

"I'm afraid it will be six weeks anyway," the man returned smiling. "You don't want to walk on it too soon or it will be crooked."

"Six weeks ?" the boy was stunned. "Why in six weeks somebody else will have stole my corner. Besides how can we live ? I just paid the rent and I ain't got two bits to my name."

"That's too bad," sympathized the man. "It's hard luck when the head of the family gets laid up. We'll have to fix it some way."

The lady spoke up apologetically. "In a way it's my fault that he was hurt and I think I ought help to pay expenses until he gets well.

The tall young man cast a cool, appraising glance at the speaker. She blushed consciously as she felt his glance penetrate her rouged cheeks and lips and search out the soul of her down deep inside.

At length he smiled a frank reassuring, boyish kind of a smile as if to say, "You'll do."

The lady smiled back at him shyly wondering what had become of all her accustomed boldness.

"Thank you," he answered her offer of help at last. "There are a great many things needed here that you can furnish Miss—" he paused politely.

"Helen Mary," she supplied and then blushed hotly as she added, "That's my real name; anyway those are two of my real names."

"And I am Peter Flemming," he returned holding out his hand. "That's my real name too."

"I should like very much to help, Dr. Flemming."

"Oh, I'm not a doctor. I happen to know how to set a broken leg but in

Continued on page 493.

Ghosts of the Lost Ships

WHAT THE FIDDLER'S GREEN MEANS TO JACK TAR, AND HOW THE LONELINESS OF THE DEEP WILL GIVE EVEN THE LANDLUBBER "THE H'ANTS"

By Frederick William Wallace

Author of "McGonnigal," "Slush and Parsimony," etc., etc.

Illustrated by F. D. Brady

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH, ALL TRUE SAILORS KNOW IS THE JONAH OF THE SEA

EVER since primeval man launched the first coracle, superstition and fear and reverence for the unknown have been connected with the sea. The great wide spaces of wind-ruled water were full of mystery to the primitive imagination, and the vast depths were peopled by creatures beyond the ken of man's most fantastic dreams. The voyagers of early days ventured upon the ocean fully prepared to meet rough weather and spiritually prepared to combat the numerous evil spirits supposed to exist afar from the sight of land. Saint Anthony, the patron saint of sailors, stood in a niche on the main-mast or under the fore-castle; holy candles, blessed by a priest, were always to be found in the binnacle ready to light when any happening of evil was likely to occur, and each race or nation, Christian or otherwise, voyaged forth protected by some charm or exorcism against the unknown hazards of the sea.

The vikings invariably had the carved head of some fearsome creature mounted above the stems of their staunch galleys to scare away any sea animal which might attack them. The Chinese, even to the present day, have two great eyes painted on the bows of their junks, and however dingy the rest of the craft might be, the eyes are always kept freshly painted. Seafarers of every clime were haunted by fear of the unknown upon the watery wastes, and, from the aboriginal Polynesians who launched their war canoes over the living bodies of their captives, to the Christian seaman of later days who avoided sailing on a Friday, the superstition of the sea runs in the blood of all.

The advent of steam and steel has done much to dispel all the old fallacies, but let something unusual occur, and the ancient inbred fear of the supernatural asserts itself in the minds of sailormen in spite of their modernity. Thomas W. Lawson, the great Boston financier, claimed a mascot in the date "Friday, the thirteenth,"—a combination which would make a sailor shiver—and the big, steel, seven-masted schooner of the Coastwise Transportation Company was named after him and launched on a Friday to dispel the old nautical yarn of the ship that was "launched on a Friday; sailed on a Friday, with a captain whose name was Friday, and lost with all hands on a Friday." The "*Thomas W. Lawson*" sailed for several years without mishap, but the old fallacy held good when she got away out of her course while on a voyage to England and struck on the rocks of the Scillies one winter's day and drowned most of her crew. Curiously enough, the date she came to grief was on a Friday and the thirteenth day of the month.

Nowadays, the Friday sailing day superstition is a dead one. The majority of liners sail on Fridays. Take the sailing list of the British lines and you will find that to be a fact. But let any series of mishaps befall a vessel which sailed on that fateful day, and the fore-castle oracles will immediately refer to it as being a potent factor in the ill luck. The writer claims to be as modern in his ideas and as free from superstition as most shore people, yet I have run up against some incidents which were inclined to shake my disbelief in the occult at sea.

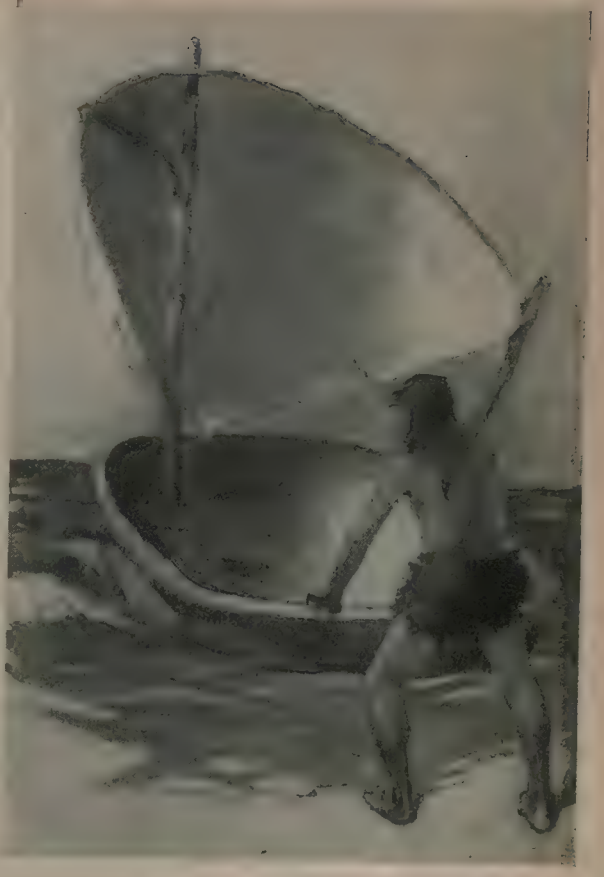
A brand new tern schooner, loaded with coal, ran ashore on the Nova Scotia coast some years ago, and with the crew—all of whom were saved—there was a black cat which they had picked up afloat on a plank out at sea during the voyage which terminated so disastrously. How the cat came to be floating around on the wreckage, and the name of the vessel it belonged to, are mysteries which have not been solved. However, the cat fell into the hands of a number of my old fishermen shipmates whose vessel happened to be in port at the time the shipwrecked crew arrived, and with his feline majesty aboard, they hoisted sail for the fishing grounds. They had barely made the edge of the Bank before a winter howler struck in and, with the wind blowing fifty miles an hour, they hove the schooner to under foresail and jumbo. For several days they tossed and tumbled over the wild Atlantic seas, while squall succeeded squall and it looked as though the gale would never let up. On two occasions they had narrow escapes from being run down by steamers tearing across the Bank and, with the tumbling and knocking about aboard of the small craft, all the gang were wishing they were safe in a shelter harbor. During

the gale, the cat sat under the cook's stove and refused to eat. "That there cat is dyin'," remarked one of the gang casually, and attention for the moment being centered on the cat, someone passed the opinion that the cat was responsible for the bad weather. Instantly, the crowd lolling in their bunks began to regard the animal with interest, and when one of the younger men said that it should be hove over the side, the others dared him to do it. Nothing daunted, my young fisherman friend procured a sack, placed the cat and some coal in it, and going on deck threw it over the bows. When the next watch was called, the weather eased off, and when morning broke the sea had smoothed down enough for the dories to be hoisted over and the trawl lines set. When they commenced hauling the gear, the young fisherman responsible for the burial of the cat the night before, *found the sack with the cat in it hooked up on his trawl*! Of course, the whole affair may have been but a strange chain of coincidences, but knowing the whole story to be absolutely true, the reader must pardon me if I credit that cat with a little more than ordinary feline attributes.

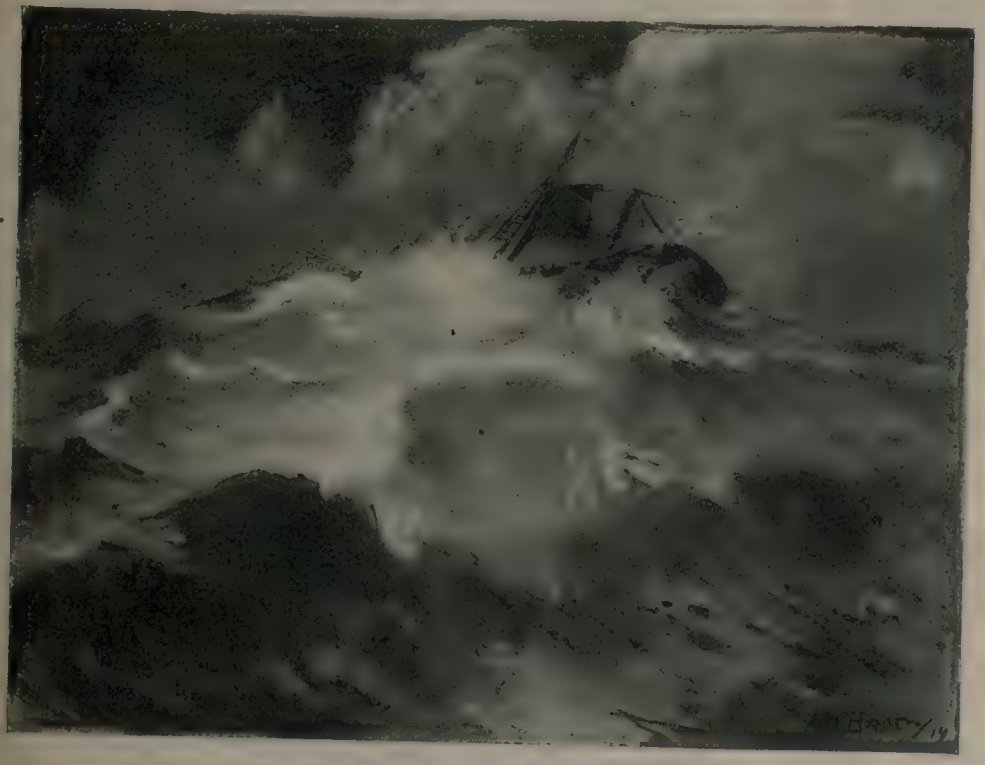
Cats aboard ship are not credited with occult powers, but I have known cats to do things at sea that I never saw or heard of them doing ashore. I have been shipmates with a cat who thought nothing of jumping overboard from the vessel and swimming ashore. The usual objection to getting his fur wet did not seem to trouble this particular cat and he would be found on deck at all times. While dressing down fish, Tim would welter among the slimy fish until his fur was plastered flat on his body and he looked like no creature I have ever seen before or since. On several occasions, he has sprung overboard after Carey chickens and gulls hovering close to the vessel while the men were cleaning the catch and, in response to his caterwauling, the gang had to launch a dory and rescue him. Tim, however, did this once too often, and when leaping out at a gull one night while the vessel was on Brown's Bank, he was unable to be located in the dark and vanished. I would not like to state that he was drowned, even though he left the vessel seventy miles from the nearest land, for if the proverbial nine lives attributed to a cat hold good at sea, then Tim is probably living yet.

Old time sailormen always reverenced sea birds of certain species. The little brown, black and white feathered Mother Carey's chicken was held sacred by seafarers of all nations. These pretty little birds can be seen skimming between the hollows of a roaring gale-whipped sea, and their very frailty and tininess in comparison with the warring elements may have caused the simple minded seafarers to regard them as being protected by the Divinity. The name—Mother Carey—is derived from the Italian—Mater Cara—and the French seamen call them "Oiseaux de Notre Dame"—Birds of Our Mother. I have heard seamen say that the souls of the Apostles reposed in the Mother Carey's chickens. Other religious reasons have been advanced for their peculiar sanctity among deep water sailors, and none of the fraternity would ever think of harming one of these birds. Among the fishermen of our coasts, the "Carey chicken" is not accorded any particular reverence. Around the fishing vessels in summer, they are a nuisance. When dressing down fish at night, they become attracted by the glare of the kerosene torches around which the men are working, and as the birds fly in their faces, the fishermen will make a swing at them with a broom and knock dozens into the sea. The sickening carrion smell which emanates from the Mother Carey chickens tends to put them in the bat class with the men of the fishing fleets.

Gulls and albatrosses, among deep-water seamen, are popularly supposed to be the reincarnated souls of sailors lost at sea. It is also said that any



EVER SINCE PRIMEVAL MAN LAUNCHED THE FIRST SHIP SUPERSTITION AND FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN HAS BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE SEA



OCCASIONALLY THE LOST CAPTAIN WOULD HAIL OTHER SHIPS TO RELIEVE HIM; AND THE SHIPS THUS SIGNALLED WERE DOOMED NEVER TO REACH PORT

old sailor who has served fifty years upon the briny is endowed with the ability to converse with the gulls. When one of these ancient "fifty year" men die, they do not go to the orthodox heaven. Instead, a mythical region known as "Fiddler's Green," is reserved for shellbacks who have served the allotted time, and the enjoyments accredited to this place are summed up in the terse explanation: "Fiddler's Green is seven miles to wind'ard of Hell where the drinks and smokes are logged, but the score is never paid." Sailors say that all the good looking women on this mundane sphere land in Fiddler's Green for the sole purpose of filling the pot and pipe of the poor Jack who never had a chance to make love to much feminine beauty while on earth. When they tire of Fiddler's Green and its delights, the old sailors are at liberty to turn into gulls and roam the seas. All sailormen hope to fetch to an anchor in the snug harbor of the Green. Heaven or hell has no place in nautical theology, for, as sailors say:—"To work hard, live hard, die hard, and go to hell after all would be hard indeed !"

Of late years, gulls and albatrosses are not regarded with any superstitious awe by modern sailormen. If a man should kill either of these birds and bad weather happened to follow, the slayer would be blamed, but if nothing untoward occurred, the incident would not be noticed. Coleridge, in his poem "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," voices the old deep sea superstition regarding the killing of an albatross, but nowadays on Southern ocean voyages, if a sailor can kill an albatross he has a number of souvenirs to take home. The leg and wing bones make excellent pipe stems and cigarette holders; the great beak is mounted into an inkstand; the skin of the webbed feet can be turned into tobacco pouches and so on. A shark is a sailor's *bete noir*, and when one is caught, it is Jack's delight to carve him open and make a walking stick out of the back-bone. A shark cane, nicely mounted with Turk's Heads and with a wire run through it for stiffening, is really a handsome article, while it is claimed the possessor will never be drowned. A shark's tail nailed to the flying jib-boom of a sailing vessel is good for fair winds. Modern windjammers with short steel bowspirits and no flying jib-boom have killed this little fancy, as they also have the other old saw of sticking a knife in the foremast to raise a breeze. It would be quite a task to drive a knife into the steel masts of present day square-riggers.

Among old time seamen, those really excellent sailormen who hailed from Russian Finland were credited with occult powers. These Russian Finns were splendid carpenters and they were to be found in that capacity aboard most American and British sailing ships. No true deep-waterman would ever fall out with a Russian Finn. If he did, he would work hard to ingratiate himself back again in the foreigner's good graces, lest evil befall him. Seamen of that nationality could converse with the gulls and have messages carried and delivered by them; they could control the winds and bring bad or good luck to a ship. No Russian Finn need drink water unless he cared to, for by merely turning his cap around, he could name the liquor he wished to have and take his pannikin to the scuttlebutt and find his wish fulfilled. This apparently was solely confined to Finns, as many seamen of other nationalities have applied to them for something stronger than water, only to find their request growlingly refused.

Sailors of the old windjammer days often wore gold earrings—it being claimed by them that the wearing of earrings was an excellent thing for the eyesight—but this, with a host of other fallacies has died out. The modern sailor who has paid his shore debts "with the foretopsail sheet" (i.e., run off without paying them) no longer propitiates the gods by singing the "bunt chanty" while rolling up a square-sail.

It used to be considered bad luck aboard ship to turn anything upside down. Watch an old time shellback lift a hatch cover off and you will see him place it on deck right side up. Nowadays, a deckhand will heave things down without thinking whether they are upside down or not.

In certain latitudes during electrical storms luminous balls of light would appear on the yard arms and trucks of ships. These were called "corposants" by sailors—a word derived from "Corpus Santo"—the body of Christ—and if any of the men happened to be aloft at the time, they would immediately shield their faces from the glare. For a man to have a corposant shine in his face was an ill omen. The sight of the Flying Dutchman was another sign of ominous portent, and this particular superstition is probably the best known connected with the sea.

As the yarn goes, Captain Vanderdecken in the Amsterdam ship "Braave," set sail around 1650 for a voyage to Batavia in the Dutch East Indies. On the homeward run, the "Braave" met a succession of westerly gales off the Cape of Good Hope, and after being beaten back from the longitude of Agulhas a number of times, Vanderdecken lost his temper and swore a mighty oath that he would round the Cape even if it took until the day of judgment. Some say that his pilot or sailing master remonstrated with him and that Vanderdecken threw him overboard, but the story goes that on the Dutchman's defiance of the elements, a blood red cloud appeared in the heavens and upon it were traced in mighty letters "Until the Day of Judgment." From then on, the "Braave" and her crew were compelled to keep the sea and work out their penance by forever beating against the westerlies in the effort to double the Cape. Occasionally, he would hail other ships for his position, and the ships so hailed were doomed never to reach port. Thus, the sight of the "Flying Dutchman" was feared by sailors, and many a young shellback on his first voyage to the eastward has been frightened almost to death by the fleeting glimpse of some old windjammer lying to in the swing of the "Roaring Forty" seas.

Superstition is often invested in ships themselves, and the peculiar careers of some vessels would lead one to believe that the supernatural held sway upon them. The old Australian clipper ship "Leander" is held up by sailors to have been possessed of a devil—she having killed or washed overboard no less than 78 men in four years. Whether she actually was responsible for the death of that number it is hard to say, but she got the name, and old sailors state that oftentimes on a dark stormy night, aloft on the yards or at the sheets and braces, there would be more men on her decks than there were upon her Articles.

The deep sea fishermen of our Atlantic coast are a pretty hard headed crowd and little inclined to believe in the supernatural at sea. Indeed, I never was shipmates with men who worried less about Friday sailings, Carey chickens, gulls, etc., than they do. They are so used to the real hazards of the sea that they have little time to scare up additional ones by a belief in the occult, yet they have one or two "h'anting" yarns.

Most Southern Nova Scotia fishermen have heard of the schooner "George Haskell," which, when running before a gale of wind and heavy sea, drove over and sunk an unknown vessel. The shock of the collision was scarce felt aboard the "Haskell" and the only evidence which remained to tell of the tragedy was a smudge of green paint on the cutwater and a broken bobstay. However, upon succeeding trips, it is said that on dark nights ghostly, oilskin-clad men would be seen standing around the "Haskell's" decks and gathered around the mainmast fife rail as if preparing to

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The Hubble Bubble House

By Beatrice Dillon-Lawrence

Author of "Betty of Q.," etc.

Illustrated by P. C. Sheppard

BOB WEST is the Managing Editor of the "Sunday Crier," the principal and largest Sunday paper in the busy, throbbing city of X——. One day a novel idea entered his news-seeking brain, the substance of which he imparted to his ablest and most intelligent reporter, John Carr, who hailed the scheme and departed after some discussion to carry it out.

The idea amounted to this—West intended to run a full page series of sketches on—"The Intimate Home Life of the Canadian Citizen"; and each nationality was to be dealt with in its turn. Now the fact that Carr chose the Syrian Colony to begin these articles, was rather by accident than design.

A good reporter, like a good illustrator, must have varied knowledge and make friends and acquaintances amongst many different classes of people, and Jack Carr was certainly not an exception; he not only strode, in his commanding way, over the different castes of society, but over the boundary line of nationality and color as well. He had warm friends in all walks of life and his chief knew that this man with his handsome sunburnt face and winning smile, was the man to perform the present assignment successfully.

"How long do you want?" he asked.

Carr looked thoughtful.

"This is Monday," he chewed the end of his fountain pen meditatively. "Suppose you give me until—say Friday to gather my material and I'll write like the deuce and hand it in before the paper goes to press on Saturday. Right?"

The Chief nodded.

"If you don't get all you want, couldn't you dope up something?"

"SUPPOSE YOU GIVE ME UNTIL FRIDAY—I'LL WRITE LIKE THE DEUCE AND HAND IT IN BEFORE WE GO TO PRESS SATURDAY," SAID CARR

Carr made a disparaging gesture.

"I'll get all I want," he answered confidently. "This is going to be a regular bona-fide article, filled with heart throbs—you know the kind." He joked and picked up his hat.

"Well, I'm off, West, wish me luck."

"Hold on," cried West. "What bunch are you going to start on?"

The reporter leaned back against the half-open door and studied the floor and the ceiling, the open window and finally, with a charming smile, the chief's face.

"Well, I know a Greek fruit man—and a Hebrew clothes manufacturer, and a Syrian importer. I say, make it the Syrian Colony — old Belama's daughter is going to be married this week and I'm surely good for a bid to the festivities."

"O.K. then let it be the Syrians first." The editor returned to his work and the office door slammed.

On Saturday, the editor was in a fury, Carr had failed to show up with the manuscript and what was worse, he had not been in the private office all week. Once or twice, West had seen him in the outer office, but when he had sent for him, Carr had disappeared.

Just before the paper went to press, a messenger boy arrived and handed a large envelope to the managing editor, who by this time had exhausted his vocabulary at Carr's expense.

The envelope contained a bulky manuscript and a note. He heaved a sigh of relief and rushed the former off to the press to be set up. He trusted Carr enough to be able to turn it in without even glancing over it; but he sat down and read the note at his ease.

"Old Man:

It was a more strenuous game than I thought. Am all in, maybe it's the heat, but I'm taking a week of my

AS ONE BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE LIGHT, THE FIGURES SQUATTED ON THE FLOOR SMOKING HOOKAHS BECAME MORE EASILY DISCERNED

holidays now—('The devil he is,' muttered West.) Put Elliot on next week's article and tell him to make it Greek. Don't worry, he can do it.

Will be back on the job Monday week. Jack."

The editor read it first in the morning paper and in common with a great many other people was surprised and delighted with what he read. It was an interest-compelling article dealing with the inner life, hopes, ambitions and aspirations of this little band from far-away Syria, depicting their customs and recounting anecdotes of their loves and fears and hates. An article that throbbed with life and enlisted the sympathies and concern of its readers. It was the heart cry of a strong man in tune with the romance of the East, and it called forth the admiration and congratulations of Carr's fellow reporters. On the following Monday he was offered three different positions on rival papers but John Carr had dropped completely from mortal ken. His relatives said vaguely that he was "away" and West spoke likewise; but the following week he returned, a little silent perhaps, but willing and eager to take up the trail where he had dropped it. And this is how he came to write his famous article.

After he left the newspaper office Carr walked hastily a few blocks east and entered a store, with the windows painted green halfway up and displaying white enamel lettering above, stating that the store was the headquarters of the "Eastern Novelty Co." and underneath, in smaller letters—"Salim Belama, Importer and Commission Merchant."

The reporter nodded to a few clerks lounging around the counter, who were making a pretence at taking stock.

"Mr. Belama in?" he asked.

One of the men pointed to a private office.

"In there," he said and then bawled out—"Mr. Belama — Mr. Belama."

The door of the office opened and Mr. Belama issued forth and greeted his friend effusively.

"Hello, hello," he said in a rather foreign voice. He was a short, stout man with thick black hair, an olive complexion and the most wonderful dark eyes. "Come in." He motioned to the room behind him. "Have a cigar."

Carr came in and sat down and had a cigar. He was turning over in his own mind the best mode of attack, and decided to be frank about it. So, he told Mr. Belama what the paper wished him to do and what he wanted to write about and that he wished to be introduced into his friends' family circle. His host nodded approval and beamed with pride. They were having a little party that very evening. Would Mr. Carr come and welcome? They would also be honored to have him at the wedding on Friday morning. Their weddings were usually held on Sundays but a ship left New York for Havre, France, on Saturday and contrary to the usual custom, under which the man gets married one day and resumes business the next, his daughter and her husband were going to take a trip to Syria. The son-in-law was going on business, he hastened to add, evidently deeming a honeymoon unusual. As he himself was the head of the Syrian Colony and a pillar of the Greek church, all of his friends were coming to the wedding and were closing shop for the day. Would he expect Mr. Carr to-night? Yes, he could, and Mr. Carr took down his address and left.

At first Jack didn't see any difference between Mr. Belama's home and any other; he was welcomed quite gushingly and introduced to the Syrian men and women present. He saw, as one generally sees upon entering a crowded room, a great many people staring at him and only one vacant seat. However, when his eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, he noticed several seats he might have occupied and a few things contrary to the customs of the Occidental. In the first place, the parlor was double and he noticed that as the ladies entered they said a few words here and there and presently joined a group of women in the back room and the men were gradually left to themselves. Small tables were arranged around both rooms within easy reaching distance of the chairs and in the front room these were piled with boxes and trays of cigars and cigarettes. Then, for the men's further refreshment, sweet wine and turkish coffee in cups the size of a thimble, without saucers or handles, were passed around. In the other room, the tables held plates of fruit, glasses of sweet wine, and nuts, which the feminine portion of the gathering broke open like professional nut-crackers.

In both rooms there were old men and women squatting on flat cushions on the floor, and smoking hookahs or hubble bubble pipes, so called from the peculiar noise they make when the fumes of the burning tobacco and perfumed charcoal strike the water in the bottle below. One was handed in turn to all present, much as the Indian takes a whiff from the pipe of peace.

Everyone was very agreeable and pleasant to Carr and made him feel himself to be an honored guest. Even the ladies were constantly sending him in delicacies from their own tables; especially one dark beauty who had previously attracted his notice. When Mr. Belama spoke to him again he asked who she was—

"That is my daughter Nejail, (pronounced Nejlah) who will marry on Friday," his host answered. "You would like to talk to her, eh?"

Jack said that he would be very pleased to meet her, so Mr. Belama led him into a small sitting room where three old women were smoking hookahs and left him.

"Gee, nothing but hookahs," he thought. "This is a regular hubble bubble house."

Mr. Belama returned with his daughter.

"Here is Mr. Carr—Nejail," was his informal introduction, then he was called back to his guests.

The two young people stood measuring each other, regardless of the three pairs of bright old eyes watching them.

The girl was thinking that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen, and he was watching the dark luring eyes and pretty gestures reminiscent of a Turkish woman adjusting her veil. She seemed to hold an invisible veil across her face and she played it as coquettishly as a Japanese girl, her fan.

"It's awfully good of you to allow me to come to your house, Miss Nejail. I—eh—" he was a little embarrassed and looked meaningly at the three old women staring at him.

Nejail smiled and dropped the invisible veil to display her white teeth.

"You may say anything, Mr. Carr," she said ingenuously, in response to his mute inquiry. "These old women do not understand anything but the Syrian language."

Carr laughed aloud at her quaint permission and this removed the restraint between them. Nejail motioned to a chair and they both sat down.

"What I was going to say was—you have a very charming name." Nothing had been farther from his thoughts at first.

Nejail smiled again.

"It means—Oh thou of the beautiful eyes—" she said, "Or—thou beautiful one—there are prettier names." She spoke rapidly in Syrian to the old women and they gathered together their hubble bubble pipes and left the room.

"What did you say to them to get them out ?" asked Carr.

"I said—supper is ready—and they hurried away. You do not live to eat but when we are old we have nothing to live for but eating and smoking.'

The note of finality in her voice forbade comment.

"How appropriate your name is—Oh thou of the beautiful eyes—but I suppose I ought not to say so. Your fiance—" She looked at him questioningly. "I mean the gentleman you are going to marry—mightn't like it."

Nejail shook her head.

"No, no," she said vehemently, "He would be glad to think that someone admires me, for he doesn't."

"He doesn't," repeated Carr. "Are you joking ?"

"Oh no, we neither of us like the other. I didn't know him at all until a month ago and have seen him only twice since."

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Jobs That Pass in the Night

"I HAD AN INSPIRATION—THE CRYING NEED OF THE WORLD WAS A HISTORY OF THE EUROPEAN WAR"

WHEREIN IT IS PROVEN THAT EVEN THE MOST DESPERATE WILLINGNESS CANNOT FIT A MAN INTO A NICHE HE WAS NOT MADE FOR

By James J. Larkin

Illustrated by M. B. Aleshire

THIS is the tale of a "man without a job."

It isn't the usual wail of a starving family, a stoney hearted landlord and "the worst-is-yet-to-come" predictions, but it contains the philosophical reflections of a chance acquaintance of mine, whom we will call "Phil Arkley" (because that is not his name) who persistently refuses to be downhearted over his unemployment because as he declares: "It isn't cruel to joke about being up against it, and it isn't careless. It is simply a Safety First precaution with me.

"For if I worried and moped I'd likely go crazy, and if I fretted my wife would do likewise, and that would be worse still. So instead, the wife lines up the three youngsters every morning before I start job-hunting and calls out in real military fashion—'Are we downhearted'? and you ought to hear the kiddies holler out 'No!'

"Silly ? Perhaps. But between you and me it is not *as* silly as it looks for it makes a fellow and his wife feel just a little bit stronger to know that nothing is so bad but that it could be worse. Besides, that is the nearest I can get to real recruiting for four very good reasons—a wife and three children."

Arkley was a bookkeeper in a large manufacturing firm which, as he puts it "got the idea that this war was going to be fought in Canada instead of in Europe." Hostilities consequently began with discharges, his own among them.

"You see," the erstwhile bookkeeper states, "it was something like this: The boss came in one morning and read the war news. 'Business as usual' he declared as he swung down to his birds-eye maple desk. Shortly afterwards I received a neat little intimation that my services, owing to business depression and the war, were no longer required. This of course created a difference of opinion between the boss and me and I came to the conclusion right then that there was not room enough in that firm for both of us, and as the boss wouldn't quit I had to.

"Forthwith I declared war on all vacant jobs. I captured a few. They lasted anywhere from one hour and a half to a week, until for strategetic reasons I made it a policy to slink away cautiously every evening, so that the boss would forget to tell me that he didn't need me in the morning.

"And you ought to see me, a chartered accountant with an 'M.A.' if you please, putting on double windows for a big fretful landlady; packing boots for soldiers into boxes; driving a regular clothes rack of the equine species for a butcher, while his regular meat delivery pilot, sick with grippe, figured out whether or not he was to drive that antiquated animal on recovery. (I mean the driver's recovery).

"But between these indications of 'perceptible progress' as General French would say, I have had some merry times in my war on vacant jobs. I've been 'repulsed', 'out-manoeuvred', 'surrounded', until at times I have had to figure out how I could successfully 'out-flank' the butcher and grocer.

"Later on, with a municipal election in the offing, I thought perhaps I might find something at the City Hall. This was almost a fatal error. I've had a sore hand ever since. For after the civic satellites got through shaking hands with me and telling me precisely how just my cause was, I nearly believed that I had secured a job. When I woke up I found that I was only going to get a job,—when they opened up a street, built a sidewalk, or a sewer or something.

"I gave that up. None of our family ever lived to be centenarians. That isn't in our line.

"Then I nearly became interned on a farm until the farmer announced that in consideration of first-class, gilt-edged, early-dawn kind of service he would condescend to pledge me my board. But he wasn't boarding whole families.

"I got the idea about then that the day labor market was pretty well flooded. Apparently I wasn't able to carry any position by assault. There was no way but strategy.

"'Scheming—that's the way to get around it' I told myself, as I set out to hunt up a forty-second cousin of my wife's who runs a moving picture theatre.

"Having firmly impressed upon this cousin the startling fact that blood is thicker than water I expressed the deepest concern in his theatre.

"Needless to say it worried me greatly to see him trying to run a first-class, up-to-date moving picture theatre without a singer. In fact I could see that if he didn't get a singer at once his theatre was going to the bow-wows. There was nothing surer (to me). Now of course I only mentioned it, but I was something of a singer myself.

"(I sang Christmas Carols in a church choir once when my youth was sufficient excuse). Thus it was that I became a moving picture Caruso.

"My coming out night was auspicious. Several times I finished a full lap ahead of the pianist who somehow or other didn't seem to like me so well after I had sung. He even muttered something once about a 'runaway locomotive that tore through all the stops.' Another time I heard him remark something about 'Longboat.'

"At closing up time I found my wife's forty-second cousin not angry at all, but regretful. From what he said to me I guess my strongest point as a singer was that I wasn't as bad as some other singers. Philosophically he remarked that as he had engaged me for a week I had better go on, but he begged me, with tears in his voice, to be as easy on his patrons as I could.

"My next scheme was more timely. I hit on it in the course of one of my daily visitations to a favorite bookstore. Oddly enough I had never known that men were making small fortunes every day, selling the latest, most complete, deckled-edged, educative, thrilling, beautifully-illustrated history of the European War. No family should be without one. School teachers clamored for them. Libraries were junk heaps unless one of these books reposed within their shelves. And look at the price—ridiculously low. All this the little want ad said until with great apprehension lest the 'Territory' should be 'snapped up' as the want ad expressed it, I fervently hurried a letter off for a contract and samples.

"But selling the history of a war before the war is over didn't seem to be my forte. Everybody thought the pictures were fine. They agreed that the Allies were putting up a great struggle. Thought Kitchener knew what he was doing. Hoped that the Canadians would make good on the firing line; asked me how long the war would last, and confidentially informed me how this whole blamed business came about.

"What chance had I to sell war books, when everyone I met seemed to know more about the war than even Kitchener himself?

"So now the wife's keeping her accounts in the deckled-edged, illustrated history of the great European struggle.

"Schemes—I revelled in them! Chromos of soldiers gone to the front—what loyal wife wouldn't want an enlarged picture of her husband at so much per? But all the loyal wives seem to be concerned about, when I called at least, was just how much they were going to get out of the Patriotic Fund. My loyal wife told me I had better wait awhile. I did.

"Schemes? Why not a Loan and Savings Society to take care of soldiers' wives' Government allowance, while the soldiers were away? But my matrimonial business partner asserted that she knew another chap who had established a Loan and Savings Society, mostly with widows' and orphans' money too, and who had a little time yet to serve in Kingston. The liquidators had just finished up with what was left of the savings.

"Back to the want ads again. This time I was to leave footsteps on the sands of time. No ordinary job was this one to be. 'Let me write the Nations' songs and I care not who makes the laws.' Song writing—that was it.

"For here was a philanthropic firm advertising that it must have song-poems, or go out of business. The world was clamoring for songs. The music was easy to get but who was going to write the lyrics?

"Come on in and become famous. Send on all your poems at once. Don't worry about the polish; that would be attended to.

"It was. No product of a boiler shop was ever turned out more strenuously than that song poem of mine. All about the 'Cannons' roar he heard no more', the 'Shot and shell and flaming hell,' and etc. It left 'Just Before the Battle Mother' away behind.

"But I awoke one morning and found myself—not famous, but in line for a thousand copies of my remarkable song to sell if I would send on $19.70 at once, parcel post, or any other old way, not that the firm wished any money at all, oh, no, but just to pay for the cost of publishing the song.

"After some reflection, I decided that as the firm had been so kind to me, it would be a shame to impose upon them any further. Besides wifey remarked that we were not in need of any wall-paper just then.

"I tried the next ad because it was a challenge. In bold type I was informed that any 'intelligent' person could do very nicely corresponding for

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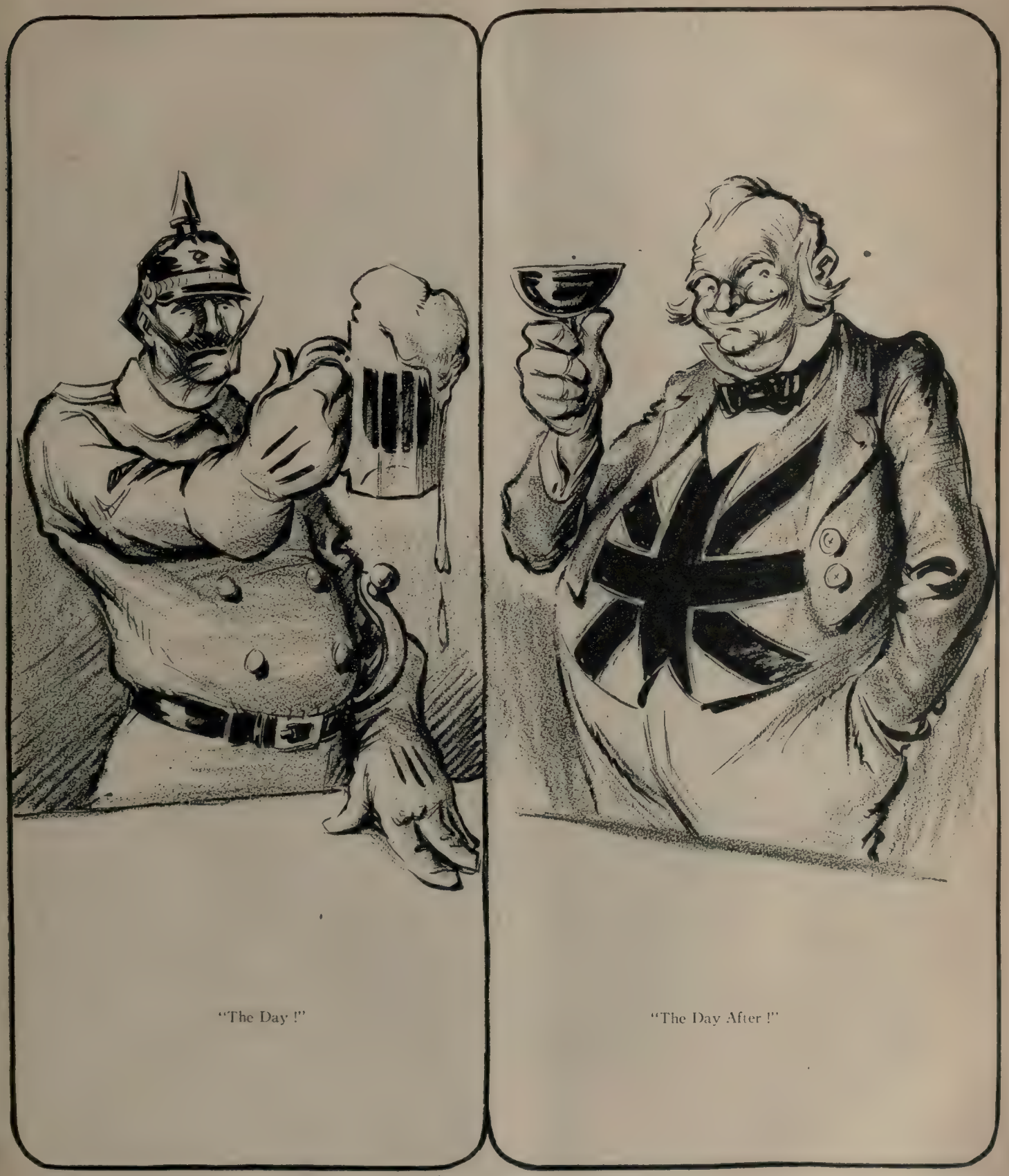

"The Day !"

"The Day After !"

TOASTS

The House That Jack Built

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT, A DEADENING DREAM, A HOSTESSLESS HOUSE—AND A MAN WITH A HUNGRY HEART

By Alice Brown

Author of "Meadow-Grass," "The Mannerings," etc.

Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins

JACK GRANT, at five o'clock of the summer afternoon, was in the new house, measuring for a corner shelf. He was a robust fellow, something over thirty, with aquiline features and a skin brown and tightly drawn. His blue eyes looked out steadily from their background of tan and seemed the keener for it, like the eyes of all men who live much in the open. He had been thinking about the possibility of the shelf all day while he mowed the east meadow and answered mechanically the pleasantries of the other men. Jack was much prized by his fellows, but they never hesitated in pelting him with all degrees of banter, because his attention, they knew, was absent, and he never really cared. Actually, his mind was on the new house, so perfect now, except for the furniture which would probably never be moved in, that it was hard for him to find a place for any addition to its practical uses and its charm.

People were gentle with him over his worship of it. They even refrained from asking, "What you going to do with your house?" when they heard his engagement to Lyla Gordon was broken. They were too sorry, for Jack was not, they thought, "much consequence," but Jack must have set his heart upon her, or he wouldn't have built her a gem of a house with a soapstone sink and multitudinous closets, "all complete." But no one could tell what Jack felt, not even the uncle and aunt living in his old home "up the road a piece," and whom he had meant to leave when he went into a house of his own.

All that was certain about his side of the affair was that he tended and dressed the house now as if he were adorning it for a bride, fitting it with magic contrivances, all to make woman's work the easier. One night even, Abel Fellows, going past at something after eleven, saw a light there and thought somebody had broken in. So he tiptoed up to the kitchen window and peeped, and there was Jack, face flushed and hair in a tangle, rubbing down wainscoting as if he had been at it for hours and meant never to stop.

But this moment of the corner shelf was one of the last ones out of the stillest summer day, full of green leaves and birds. Jack had taken a lingering look at the world before coming in, for he knew he should work late. A feeling of solitude was upon him, and an intimate sense of communion with his house. He always had that when he was alone, here, whether it was because the house had been the work of his hands or that it rehearsed an unfinished dream, not even he could say. But he had no sooner taken up his plane to run it along the strip of board under his hand, than a step struck the porch floor.

At that he frowned, though as the door opened and some one stood there to bid his eyes receive her before she spoke, he had assumed his old attitude of indifferent calm. But when he looked up at her, Jack did start. This was Janet Gale who lived "down the road" a mile away. She had come within the year to be with Gran'ma Gale, and Jack did not know her very well. But he had seen her at church and walking along the country road, taller and of finer build than any of the neighborhood girls, and almost to be afraid of too, with her calm soft-colored face and her large, deep eyes.

The eyes were what spoke and dominated. They were a living power, and even a startling one because their darkness shone so from the cloud of her soft, light hair. Once, at the celebration of the town's fiftieth anniversary, Jack had stood with her for a difficult ten minutes in a tableau of the first settler and his wife. They two had been chosen because they made, so the neighborhood said, such a likely pair, and they had accepted the call with simplicity, as they did all evident duties.

To-day Janet had come with a purpose, and she did not hesitate in running for it straight.

"I wanted to ask you something, Mr. Grant. Gran'ma said it wasn't my place, but I thought I'd rather be the one."

Jack was looking at her in a kind of alarmed surprise she could not understand. He seemed to come to some sense of his own working disarray, and pushed his fingers up through his hair.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

There was one chair, a rough kitchen

WANDERING TO THE WOODS, JACK SAT THERE WHITTLING AS HE REALIZED THAT HE COULD NO LONGER GO INTO HIS OWN HOUSE

one, sometimes to be sawed on, sometimes piled with nails and cleats. She shook her head briefly and continued:

"No. I've only come for a minute. Mr. Grant, it's about your house." There she flushed, for she had evidently felt her feet to be on ticklish ground. Jack frowned a little and stood immovable, facing her. Whoever paved the way to talk, it would not be he. This she realized, and herself frowned with the sudden difficulty of it. But she was a young woman of direct address, and threw down obstacles by a dash and onset. "Mr. Grant, maybe you didn't know I was engaged to Bert Yule." Here she did hesitate, conformably, as if such things were not usually offered with so crude a haste. Jack nodded and looked at her the more intently, trying, apparently, to make her out. Having got over the introductory step she was more at ease, and took her course with a clear directness. "I haven't seen him for over a year. He's been workin' in Alberta. But he thinks he'll come home."

"Oh !" Jack accorded.

"He wants to come here to live, maybe set up a shop, or get a piece of land and keep bees. I don't know how it'll turn out." She forgot him for a moment; he could see, her fine brows knitted in consideration of the doubtful question of bees and their swarming, and the price of honey. "Well !" she recalled herself and turned to him with a sudden smile. It warmed her face wonderfully, and moved his heart, too, in a way quite aside from her simple purposes. "Well, if we settle down here, the first thing'll be a house."

"I see," said Jack, gravely. "I see."

He stood quite still, not looking at her now, one hand resting on his bench, the other at his side, a perfect picture of the artisan in repose. She began again and now she hurried.

"I thought of your house. I couldn't help thinkin' of it. It's the prettiest house I ever saw in my life, and gran'ma said maybe you'd sell or let. But she said it wasn't my place to ask you. She said 'twas a man's place. But there's Bert, 'way out in Alberta, and here I am on the spot."

It seemed a perfect reason, especially when she looked at him in that soft, kind way.

"I see," said Jack again, very slowly. "You want to hire my house."

"Hire it or buy it. I couldn't say about buyin'. Bert never's gone so far as that. I don't know—" She hesitated an embarrassed moment, but with a certain dignity went on, "I don't know whether he could. I don't know exactly how Bert's fixed."

Jack found himself wanting to leap off here at a tangent and ask her whether she was going to marry a man she estimated at a random guess. But he pulled himself back to the house.

"WAIT A MINUTE," SAID JACK TO THE PATHETIC LITTLE FIGURE IN THE DUSK. "WHEN'S IT GOIN' TO BE?"

"Let or sell," he said, "I s'pose it's all one to me. It ain't likely I shall ever go into the house." But his face contracted, as he said it, and she hastened on.

"Gran'ma said you told her so. 'Twas when she offered you some balm and wormwood. If you hadn't said as much as that, I never'd asked you."

Jack smiled a little.

"Wormwood's all right," he corrected, with his gentle humor, "for a house a man builds and never lives in. Well!" He shook his head, as if he threw off deadening dreams. "Want to go over it?" he asked, abruptly. "Want to see the house?"

She brightened at that, and came at once out of her perplexity of wondering whether she ought to be in the business at all. So they began their slow and admiring progress, for Jack was as frankly eager over it as she. He showed her all his little devices for beauty and for saving work, and pointed out the window he had cut after there seemed to be windows enough, to bring the tip of the big maple into the bedroom. When they went upstairs and he opened the drawers of the linen closet, fragrant with new wood he began to feel the excitement of the bride, an emotion made up of delight in the things themselves and a sense of the strangeness of it all. She had not dwelt much on the overthrow of his

hopes. Gran'ma, so old that her opinions got easily blurred and their expression rather negative, had said only, that Jack had meant to get married, and she guessed it never came to anything, and Janet, instinctively solitary in her habit of life, had asked no one else.

Finally, they went "up attic," and Jack took her to the big dormer he had thrown out at the back, just, he told her, to face Mount Everlasting. And there, by natural consent, they sat down on the window seat and followed the purple outline in the farthest sky. Janet recalled her gaze. She was looking straight at him now, and her eyes drew his. He thought he had never seen such soft, dark eyes except in some kind animal, and he almost forgot Janet herself in regarding them, as if they were a separate source of power and life. Janet, calm as she was by nature, looked very vivid. She was, Jack saw, in love with the house. He, too, was in love with it, and he felt the reasonableness of their accord.

"Well," she said, as if she could not hold silence any longer, her desire was so big, "goin' to let me have it?"

Jack did not answer. It hardly seemed important, compared with the riddle of her eyes.

"Am I," said Janet, imperatively, "am I goin' to have it ?"

That recalled him. He seemed to catch himself back out of some deep musing.

"I'd rather you'd have it," he said, "than anybody else."

"Then may I ?"

"Anybody I know of," he clenched it, and then with a headlong haste, "anybody in the world."

That surprised her, and her eyes gravely questioned.

"But I don't know," said Jack, also recalled perhaps by his own intemperate speech. "I've got to think about it."

She rose at that, her mission being over, and the dusk outside shutting out Mount Everlasting more and more and so advising her that the reason for being there was done.

"Well," she said, "you think about it."

"Be careful of the stairs," Jack bade her, and she returned with a joyous note in her voice:

"Anybody couldn't fall on these stairs. I don't believe gran'ma could. They're so easy, and then the rail's just in the right place."

Jack knew the meaning of that tone. She loved the house and thought it was almost hers.

When he stood in the doorway watching her down the steps, he called out suddenly and she stopped.

"Wait a minute," said Jack. "When's it goin' to be ?"

She stood there, almost an heroic figure in the dusk.

"When's what goin' to be ?" she parried in the thrilling voice responsive to that nearing change.

"The weddin'. When's he comin' on ?"

"In about a month," said Janet. "That's when he's comin' on."

Then the dusk enveloped her. Jack went in, not to work, but to think it over. The little shelf he laid aside. It was not finished that night or the next. Indeed, it was not put up for months, until a winter day when he was still thinking of these things, but after another fashion. The next night he brushed his hair rigorously and went up to see her. Janet was sitting on the steps of the little low-browed house, and gran'ma, her chair drawn close to the entry sill, dozed, and dropped a few words at intervals, like leaves from an autumn tree. But Janet, in her white dress, looked like the spring itself, a tree all over bridal white, and so Jack thought, in other terms, as he came up the path and saw her rise to meet him.

"Good evening," she said, in her sweet, full voice. "Gran'ma, here's Mr. Grant."

"That you, Jack ?" gran'ma asked, from the depths of her revery. "Well, you better come in, both o' you. It's gettin' damp. I guess I'll poke off to bed."

"You leave your chair," Janet bade her. "I'll fetch it in when I come. We'll sit here a minute, it's so nice."

But Jack did not sit at once. Instead, he stood before her, his tall bulk seeming to top the syringa down by the gate and shut it out. But its breath came sweetly to them.

"When d'you say he's comin'?" he asked abruptly.

"In about a month." Her heart beat hard. Janet was a calm creature, but sometimes she wanted things very much.

"I s'pose we needn't mention it to anybody, need we ?" Jack was continuing. "We needn't mention it till then. I hate talk."

"Why, no," said Janet, wondering a little, but thinking it reasonable of him. "I don't see's we need to mention it."

"Not to gran'ma ?"

"Not if you don't want I should."

"Well, I don't," said Jack. He drew a breath of greater ease. "I get so tired of their clack. If you could only do anything, and done with it! But you can't. It's 'Why do ye so ?' north, east, south, and west. It's like a flock o' blackbirds."

Janet gave a little laugh. It had more than the music of her speech.

"But I ain't got anything to tell," she said, "not yet."

He answered soberly, with a grave indulgence, as to a beseeching child.

"Well, I guess you'll get it."

"Get the house ? Shall I get the house ?"

"I guess so." She drew a long, happy breath, and he saw again how much she cared. "We can keep our own counsel," he said, "till he comes and the papers are passed. Or if he rents it—it's all one to me."

Janet could simply say nothing at all. They sat there in the soft summer night, she was very happy indeed and he, too, happy, in a way, because the house was, after all, fulfilling its purpose and coming to beautiful use. He was the first to speak.

"Well," he said, softly, "you've got your house." Janet put out her hand to him in the darkness, and he gave it a strong, quick clasp. "That's right," he said. "Shake hands on it. It's a bargain." Jack was a man of few words, except when he was deeply moved, yet he had a little more to say, of a solemn import as befitted the sacredness of the hour. "I hope it'll be blessed to you," he ended, in what used to be his father's prayer-meeting manner. "I hope you'll live in it a great many years."

He stopped abruptly, because he had a sudden vision then of the Janet she would be sometime with her children about her, always calm, and miraculously young. But this was too swift a pace. It made him light-headed, and he returned, impatient of it, to what was. "Now," said he, "as you think it over, is there any changes you'd like made ?"

"Oh, no," said Janet, fervently. "It's lovely, just as it is. It's a perfect house."

"I can't find much fault with it myself," said Jack, in the tone of disparaging pride accorded to our best beloved. "There's the lilacs, now. I set out four, three purple and one white, right 'side the back door. I don't know's I called attention to them."

She hadn't thought of them, she owned. She had been too occupied with walls and windows.

"Were you anyways interested in a mite of a garden ?"

This he put almost timidly, fearing, it seemed, lest her answer should not fit his wish. "Yes," said Janet, "there's got to be a garden. You know, it seems if it happened for all the world as if 'twas meant, gran'ma's got so out with hers. She says, she can't 'tend to it, and it sort of frets her to have other folks fiddlin' round in it, and realize she can't. So she's goin' to give me her perennials if I got a house anywheres 'round here."

"Well," said Jack, in his quiet voice, "come fall, you can move it lock, stock, and barrel. I'll kind o' get the beds

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THE OUT-OF-DOOR GLORY AND COLOR DISTINCTIVENESS OF THE RIVERS OF THE WEST ARE UNFORGETTABLE

Through the West By Water

INTIMATE LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO THE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN WATERWAYS OF OUR WEST

By Aubrey Fullerton

Illustrated from Photographs

IT IS all very well to talk of the languorous delights of the subtropics, but none of them is quite the equal of summer days and nights in the river country of Canada's Western North. You really don't know what out-of-door glory, and nature's witchery, and abounding brightness are, or feel like, if you have never experienced a Western river. Its delights are distinctive and unforgettable. For they are made up of a color, an atmosphere, and a spirit that belong by native and exclusive right to the summer West.

To camp by a hill-set lake, in the still of the Northern woods; to paddle down the magic Peace in a white man's canoe or an Indian dug-out; to ride the rapids of any one of a dozen streams in northwestern Alberta; to wind in and out along a crooked course through the mountain wilderness of British Columbia; to see nature in its softest moods, in a stretch of flowered prairie, or in its most reckless moods, in a deep wild canyon or pounding cataract; to feel one's own tininess in an all-pervading bigness; to breathe a mystic air and drink an elixir that never fails. To do these things is to taste the joy of living, and with such good tastes the Western North is filled.

The water is both a part and a cause of this distinctive charm. There is more water in Western Canada than it gets credit for. The impression, somewhat frequently given, that the West is a great, flat, unbroken prairie, very well adapted to wheat and gophers, but, generally speaking, bare and riverless, is a big mistake; for while it is true that the West has its dry and treeless districts, it is so large a country that it has put these barren parts into a few of its corners, and has still had room to spread out the most remarkable river and lake system in the world, to which not only beauty but very material usefulness appertains.

A map of the western provinces with the towns and railroads left off—with nothing on it, in fact, but rivers and lakes—would yet be a well marked map, gridironed and herring-boned to every point of the compass. For the sake of knowing Canada, such a map would be worth the making, and a little study of it would quite remove the impression that the West is waterbare.

One may go by water from Winnipeg, northeast to Hudson Bay, and northwest to the foothills of the Rockies, a hundred miles past Edmonton; or from the end of the railway at Athabasca north to the Arctic Ocean; or from the very heart of British Columbia's mountain country south and west to the Pacific. All these water routes, covering nearly a half continent's width, are possible with comparatively few interruptions and portages, and when the time comes, and the money with it, some of them at least will be cleared out and made commercially navigable for their entire length. Transformations almost equal to those initiated by the first cross-country railroads are awaiting the day when steamboats will sail the prairie route across the Canadian West, as for many years they have sailed the Mississippi to the south.

THE WATER IS BOTH A PART AND A CAUSE OF THE DISTINCTIVE CHARM OF THE WEST, AND THE IMPRESSION SOMETIMES GIVEN THAT THIS PART OF THE DOMINION IS BARE AND RIVERLESS IS A BIG MISTAKE

To say nothing of the thousand and one streams and creeks that run, like veins and nerve-fibres, across the southern plains, not directly affecting transportation, but greatly helping in watering and beautifying the country, there are a half dozen or more river and lake chains in the middle West and North that rank with the great waterways of America. Of lakes there are twenty-five in Alberta alone that are each more than twenty square miles in area, Lake Athabasca heading the list at 2,850 square miles; in Saskatchewan there is a larger lake area than that of Lakes Superior, Huron and Erie combined. Manitoba is justly proud of its Lake Winnipeg, 250 miles long and 9,000 square miles in area; Great Bear Lake, away up in the north, is the fifth largest body of fresh water in the world.

The rivers that link up these lakes are proportioned on the same scale. The Saskatchewan, emptying into Lake Winnipeg, and then into Hudson Bay by way of the Nelson River, gives a possible route of 1,500 miles; the Athabasca and Mackenzie form a double system of nearly 3,000 miles; the Peace is navigable for 900 miles; the Yukon, up in the left-hand corner, runs 2,000 miles. All these rivers are generously supported by tributaries, which in some cases are themselves very substantial streams. There are no waterway systems in the world whose main lines divide and subdivide more complexly or, with the lakes along their course, drain larger basins. In fact, the Canadian West is the country where nature's watering-can long ago made trickles and river-beds, on either side of the mountain watershed, as freely and recklessly as it willed.

The most conspicuous feature of this many-branched system is the Saskatchewan, a river that will stand comparisons. It is a river, too, worth better knowing, for its own sake and for that of the country through which it crookedly flows. Some have called it the Missouri of the North, and others the St. Lawrence of the West, and to both these borrowed compliments it has some claim. Its real length depends upon whether its mouth be located on Lake Winnipeg or Hudson Bay, for while the geographies say the former, it looks as though nature intended the Nelson River simply to be some more of the Saskatchewan, with Lake Winnipeg a mere incidental. It is an ancient highway of the redmen, and the smoke-wreaths of a thousand teepees once edged its banks. It is the way, too, of the early explorers, who were the first to find how much West there was. And in later times it has seen the frequent passage, in their season, of vagrant trappers and itinerant traders. Men have gone up and down this river of the long Indian name for years unknown. It is an old and storied river, that has played a pioneer part; yet potentially it is new. As a commercial highway and a power-producer its greatness is yet to be.

Surveys of the Saskatchewan's entire length have recently been made for the Dominion Government, with the result that it is now known to be a somewhat variable river, forty feet deep in some places and only five feet deep in others; but a good deal of dredging and the building of a few locks would give a minimum five-foot waterway from Winnipeg to Edmonton. The heaviest piece of improvement would be at Grand Rapids, where the Saskatchewan empties into Lake Winnipeg, a stretch of bad water that would call for some big engineering. This improvement project may some day be carried through, and for an outlay of some fifteen million dollars, so it is said, a commercial waterway may be had on which freight-boats may ply a 1,500-mile route between Winnipeg and the foot of the Rockies.

The Saskatchewan is remarkably spread out. It is mountain-born in both its northern and southern branches, the former rising inconspicuously in the Rocky Mountain Park at the extreme western edge of Alberta, and

the latter uniting several minor streams that come out of the mountains in the southwest corner. The North and South Saskatchewan, after gathering up a score or more of tributary rivers that network the larger part of Alberta, unite below Prince Albert and go on as one to the end. Like all mountain streams, their current is swift and somewhat tricky. The north branch, particularly, is given to sudden swelling at snow-thaw time, and in a single night sometimes carries whole lumber drives to swift destruction.

Of the same mountain parentage, and from almost the same birth-place, comes the Athabasca, and a little higher on the map is that magic river, the Peace. Both flow west and north, pick up a number of lesser streams, and, after a thousand miles each, run into Lake Athabasca. From there they connect, by way of the Slave River and Great Bear Lake, with the Mackenzie, which then makes a through run to the Arctic. There is nearly three thousand miles to the credit of this great Mackenzie system, any one of whose links is itself a river of distinction.

The Athabasca is better known to the outside world for the riches along its way than for its own greatness or beauty. In its earlier stages it flows through an excellent timber country. Below Athabasca Landing it cuts into banks and hills of native asphalt, tar, sand and coal; and just before it turns on its last due-north stretch it leads into what is believed to be the richest oil and gas belt in the world. Navigation is interrupted at this point by many miles of rapids that can be regarded only as a nuisance, but the Dominion Government has done some improvement work on them, and more will likely follow, for the underground wealth of the region is of the kind that the public wants to get at.

It is on this river that one sees, meanwhile, as nowhere else, the romance of northern transport. There is nothing da'nty about a forty-foot flat-bottomed York boat, whose whole get-up suggests the sixteenth century; but there is something wonderfully interesting about it. By such craft, pending the building of a railroad, all the freight for the farther North makes its first stage, and that fact alone—that miscellaneous merchandise is on its way to the wilderness—gives liveliness to what would otherwise be merely clumsy. Reckless, tireless half-breeds, put these heavily laden boats through water that would spell disaster to any others, and seldom lose a dollar's worth. Only once in many years, for instance, have His Majesty's Mails come to grief on their way down the Athabasca. Some three years ago one of the boats, containing a part of the season's mail for the North, was hauled up for the night on the shore

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Disappointing Dad

By Winnifred G. Astle

Illustrated by F. R. Kirkbride

ONE day, early in the Spring, Kerr was interrupted at a very busy moment by a long distance telephone call. Lennoxville wanted to speak to him. He was just wondering who he had any business with in Lennoxville, when he heard his son's voice at the other end of the wire. He had forgotten at the moment that Fred was in the college there.

"What's the matter?" he asked, rather anxiously.

"Can't you come over here to-morrow?"

"Over where? Lennoxville? Are you sick again?"

"No. There is going to be an athletic meet that——"

"A what? Oh, ath—— no, I'm too busy."

"Oh, but father, it's going to be a corker of a meet, and you used to come!"

"Going to be what kind of a meet?"

THE CROWD WAS SHOUTING, "MARSHALL!" BUT AT THE WIDENING MARK BETWEEN THE DARK HORSE AND THE OTHERS THERE WAS A ROAR OF, "KERR, KERR!"

"A cork—I mean a most interesting meet."

"Did you say corker?"

"I suppose I did."

"I'll be there." Kerr hung up the receiver, got up from his desk and walked about the room. Fred, his boy, he of the Roman games, glasses near-sighted and farsighted, and a profound interest in ancient art, had said "corker." Kerr felt happy for the rest of the day. His happiness got him on the train the next morning, and over to Lennoxville, wondering at himself. He looked around for his son at the station, and, not seeing him there, walked up to the college. On the way up, he began to have small pulsings of a feeling he had forgotten. The old trees had not changed. And the slope of the hill down from the gym. to the athletic grounds was still tracked by spiked feet. There they come now, a little army of boys in their white running trunks and their sweaters. They were going down to the track now. Kerr quickened his step. He used to come out of that gym. in white trunks and a sweater. By George!

He'd like to get the things on again, and have a go with the boys. If only Fred—his face clouded. Lock the thought in as he might, forget it, stay away from the place till he died, still the thought was there. The boy had been a disappointment to him. He got a programme from the usher, and picked his way around the oval to the seat he wanted. There it was empty, as if waiting for him. Just opposite the finish, with his back to the sun, he settled himself, and began to open out his programme. He was a little curious about one thing. Just then, a voice beside him spoke plaintively. "Oh, I wish we had a programme!" Kerr looked up. She had not spoken to him. She was looking anxiously for an usher, and beating her lips with nervous fingers. She was a pretty little girl of about seventeen. Kerr looked at his programme with regret. "Won't you use mine?" he said, gallantly. The girl looked at him, and blushed—very becomingly as Kerr thought.

"Oh—" she hesitated. "You are very good." She glanced up to where her chaperon sat. "I think I might—I do want one so badly!" Kerr found her struggle amusing. She was so young and pretty, and anxious not to accept attentions from strange men, and probably quite incapable of using a programme after she got it.

"Do take it," he urged, in his oldest and most fatherly voice. She looked at him again, and he, remembering that the hair about his ears was decidedly grayish, held out the programme confidently. She took it and smiled at him. "I do want one so particularly, and the usher passed us by. This is to be a most interesting meet."

"What is going to happen?" he asked.

"In the first place," she explained, "the weather is just right, warm and good for records. Then, it's the intercollegiate meet, and there are some unusually strong men from the West—Pearson and Murray—in the hurdles, and that big hammer thrower—oh, yes, McDonald. Then, my brother George thinks he'll break his own broad jump record. He's been doing it right along in practice, and we're all counting on him." Kerr felt a sharp pang.

"Is he on the oval?" he asked.

"No, there he is now, coming in at the gate. Isn't he just splendid?" Kerr saw a tall young fellow, with a good head and a very noisily striped blanket, striding down the track. He was a fine looking boy, and Kerr felt another pang.

"He carries himself well," he said. "You ought to be proud of him. So he's a broad jumper?"

"He's the broad jumper," corrected the girl, with a mingling of pride and mischief. "There can't anyone around here touch him." Kerr understood her feeling. He could remember the time when he was as proud of one track performance of his own as he would have been over a diplomatic triumph. He looked rather sadly at the field. He thought of Fred, and how proud he might be if Fred could care for all this. He wondered what had moved Fred to ask him over, and where the boy might be in this crowd. The girl at his side was talking to her friends, and Kerr was moved to steal a look at the programme she held, to seek the other name of George. He found him among the broad jumpers—George Martin, Jr. Well! So that was George Martin's son. Kerr set his lips tightly. When he met the gaze of George Martin's sister, he smiled.

"I think I know your father," he said. "He was a senior when I entered here. I've never quite lost my awe of him." The girl blushed and dimpled. "If you know my father," she said, "I think that I will tell you a secret. I simply must talk about it to some one, and I've promised not to tell the girls." She laughed as she pointed to another place in her programme. "This is the sensation of the day." Kerr followed her finger. It was the 100 yard dash. It had been his race, and when he sat down here, he had been about to gratify an idle curiosity. Well, well! it was still his. He felt a queer glow of pleasure. He had supposed some youngster had lowered that by now. For some ten years he had kept track, but of late he hadn't cared. He wouldn't have cared now, had he lost the record—yet he was a little pleased. The girl was explaining something. "You see that record? Well, just notice that it was made 'way back in the nineties. Of course it has been broken at some of the big American meets; but it has stood for the Canadian record for all these years." This little girl could care, when his own son—she interrupted him. "But it's to be broken to-day."

"You don't say so!" He was really interested.

"And by the darkest kind of a dark horse. It is the most interesting story you ever heard.

"You see," she went on, "he's my brother's chum, this young man. Kerr is his name—Mr. Kerr.

"Oh, yes. Well, it's really pathetic. You see, he isn't strong—that is, he hasn't been. And he always cared so." Her wide open eyes sought his with a look of sympathy that he could answer by astonishment.

Had Fred cared? The girl went on. "You see his father is wonderful—at least, Fred says so. He admires him more than anything, because he's big and strong, and you always feel as if he could do anything, and be a real king of men."

Kerr stared. "Do you know his father?" he asked.

"I suppose I don't," she laughed. "But Fred has talked so much that I feel as if I did. You see, his father has been bitterly disappointed in him, and it has been too bad all around." So Fred had understood!

"When he was just a little boy, he couldn't do anything the other boys did, and he was always sick, and kept being different from boys. And he knew he was different, but he couldn't help it. And he knew it hurt his father's feelings just to look at him, or have him around."

"I don't suppose your friend's father meant to have him know," Kerr suggested.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed. "But he did know. And he used to cry at night like a silly girl. He had nerves—and he used to wish he could die, or be stupid, because most of the boys he knew were stupid. But he couldn't be anything he wanted to be."

"Poor chap!" said Kerr.

Then they had no more talk for some time.

The hurdles were set up and the 220 run. Kerr looked at them all absently. Suddenly the girl turned to him.

"There he is now. The fair haired one, standing up." She was pointing out Fred to him. Kerr gazed. The boy had straightened up. "What made him go in for track work?" he asked.

"He came to college, and heard about this." She pointed to the old record. "His father hadn't ever told him. But all the men here talked about it, and wondered if it would stand this year, and who would break it. Some said it never would be broken till we had a better track. And Fred made up his mind that if anyone did it, he would."

Kerr felt a surprising glow of pleasure.

"Good boy!" he said.

"He was getting stronger, anyway, and the doctor said he would outgrow his cough and things. But you ought to have seen him try!"

"How do you know all this?" Kerr asked.

"He's George's chum, you know—and, then, he has told me things. George says there isn't a man on the field in as fit condition as Fred. He hasn't just run on the track like the rest. He's regularly trained himself in the gym. and everywhere. And nobody guesses it. Everyone thinks that Marshall will win the 100. But George says—Oh!"

Kerr followed her glance, and caught

his breath. They were lining up for the 100—his race. And there was Fred, fair-haired, slim, his white trunks fluttering in the wind, the numbered tag on his shoulder waving.

"He's number five," whispered the girl.

Kerr nodded. He was scanning his son with a critical eye. Fred looked his training, and every fibre of Kerr's big body quivered with pride in him.

"I hope he does it," he had time to say, before the boys got on their marks. The starter's arm went up, and Kerr felt the old sickening heartbeat of expectation. He could hear the familar; "Get ready, set"—and the pistol shot. How well five got away from the mark. Fred sprang from the mark to a beautiful start and gained a yard on the other men. Down the track they fairly flew, each man striving his utmost. Faster and faster their legs moved, and the pace grew terrific.

"What a stride he has !" Kerr almost shouted.

"Keep it up, there ! Good boy, Kerr !" The man was half beside himself. George Martin's sister was begging: "Run ! Run ! Run !"

At the 25 yards, Fred was still leading, with Marshall a good second. At the 50 yards Marshall was gaining a little. The suspense grew intense. The 75 yards was reached with each man working like a demon to get to the tape first. On they flew.

The crowd was shouting: "Go it, Marshall ! Go it, Marshall !" But as the widening mark appeared between the dark horse and the others, there was a deafening roar of: "Kerr, Kerr !" The older Kerr leaned over the railing, and swung his hat. He was running the race. Every stride the boy took was his.

Ten yards from the finish, and the suspense was ended, as it was seen that Fred had the race well in hand and could not be headed.

"Good boy, Kerr ! Good boy, Kerr !" he shouted. Fred crossed the finish the winner, with Marshall one yard behind him. It was a great finish.

"Oh ! Oh !" screamed George Martin's sister. "He won it. I told you so. He won it. He's broken it. I know he has." She had twisted her programme into a string. Kerr sat down shakily. He could remember the day he did it in nine and four-fifth seconds. If only Fred had done it. The announcer's megaphone was turned their way.

"100 yard dash, won by Kerr, '15, time 9-3-5 seconds. This breaks the Canadian record, held since—" the crowd drowned the rest. George Martin's sister, wringing her hands for joy, saw the elderly man who knew her father leap from his seat, clear the fence and race across the track. He made his way through the press of boys that wanted to shake Fred's hand, and of reporters who wanted to photograph him. The two confronted each other, the tall man, broad shouldered, grizzled. The boy slight, fair-haired, breathing hard after his race. The older man gripped his hand.

"You young scoundrel !" he said, not altogether easily—there was something unusual in his throat. "If you had to steal your father's laurels, you couldn't have done it in better form !" He wrung the boy's hand and the two let a good many years slip from between them as they looked at each other. Then the word went around that this was Kerr's father, and the rooters yelled out their excitement in shouting for the two.

KERR FOUND HER STRUGGLE AMUSING. SHE WAS DELIGHTFULLY YOUNG, AND EXTREMELY ANXIOUS NOT TO ACCEPT ATTENTIONS FROM A STRANGE MAN, BUT SHE WANTED THE PROGRAMME SO BADLY. "DO TAKE IT," HE URGED

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason, the commission gets on his nerves, and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew (who tells the tale) at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn, discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, they find the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey relates some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, hears a door shut and finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is announced, presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under the ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this"—displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "That's the girl they found frozen in the ice. Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the fakers took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese post card sent to Jeffrey's valet Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. To aid the police Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Then we both waited a minute, and at last I asked her if the spirits would come anywhere she wanted them to, because then we could have a private seance somewhere where the police wouldn't dare come. She said she could do it, all right, but it came rather high. Introducing spirits into a private house seems pretty expensive business. It's going to cost thirty dollars. And Jack thinks that's awfully extravagant."

"Extravagant!" Jack snorted angrily. "It's the only silly thing I ever knew Gwendolyn to do."

"But what is she going to do?" I asked.

"Why, she's going to bring that woman here—here—to-morrow night—for a seance in this house! I wish you'd try to bring her to reason. I can't."

"I want you all to come," she said. "Madeline won't. She says she's going to spend the night at the Crosbys'. I think that's just an excuse. But I want you and Mr. Jeffrey—oh, and Lieutenant Richards! I want you to call him up, Cliff, and invite him."

At the mention of Richard's name Jack fairly blew up.

"What on earth are you thinking about?" he demanded. "We'll look nicely in the papers the next morning, sha'n't we? I should think you'd had enough of that sort of thing."

"There won't be anything in the papers," said Gwendolyn, rather coolly. "I should think you knew me well enough to have a little more confidence in me than that."

"But, Gwendolyn," I expostulated, "if you have that woman arrested here in our house for conducting a seance, I don't see how you can keep it out of the papers. On the whole, I'm inclined to agree with Jack. You'd better have nothing to do with it. Richards will find a pretext in a day or two for arresting her."

"She won't be arrested for conducting a seance," said Gwendolyn. "That's not the plan at all."

"What is it, then?" I demanded.

She was silent a moment before she answered.

"No, I'm not going to tell you. You might make all sorts of objections. You just come to the seance—it will be down in the library at eight o'clock to-morrow night—and see what happens. I promise you that you won't be sorry if you do, and that you will be sorry if you don't. That's fair. And now, if you still tell me to let it all go and pretend I never went to see her—I never heard of her—I'll do as you say."

"Jack's got the deciding vote," said I. "It's his house, and it's his wife. What do you say, Jack?"

He laughed. "Oh, I haven't the nerve to tell her not to do it!" said he. "A husband's authority is all very well, but it's an awkward thing to exercise on anybody who's as likely to be right as Gwendolyn."

"And you'll come?" she asked. "And you'll let me have Lieutenant Richards?"

"That's the bargain, isn't it? You're

to run the show. We'll obey orders and no questions asked."

"You're a dear," she said. "I've half a mind to tell you all about it. But it will be ever so much more fun for you if I don't. Will you call up the lieutenant, Cliff?"

The Marshalls' library was a big, rather formally arranged room, with a fireplace in one end between a pair of bookcases. Opposite it, at the other end of the room, were another pair of bookcases with a mirror between. It was very dignified and rather solemn for an every-day family lounging-place. I rather wondered at Gwendolyn's choice of it, for it seemed to me that it, more than any other room in the house, was unfitting for her purpose. It would be—well, almost profaned, by a piece of charlatanism such as Gwendolyn proposed to have take place there. But we had agreed to ask no questions.

The next evening, a little before eight, Gwendolyn shrouded the library in semi-darkness, and viewed her handiwork by candlelight from the stairway. Satisfied with the effect she distributed us to our several positions to await the coming of the medium—all of course except Richards, who had to be kept in the background until the seance was actually under way.

The medium herself was a rather rotund person, with a peculiarly disagreeable voice and a pasty complexion. Her cabinet, which was nothing but a wooden frame, two feet square or so, and seven or eight feet high, stood in the corner of the room behind where the medium was sitting. A little to the right from it was a small portable organ, which was apparently to be presided over by the medium's assistant. Jeffrey and I exchanged glances when we saw that he was unmistakably a Japanese.

Jeffrey, Jack, Gwendolyn and I, sat around in a semicircle opposite the medium. Jeffrey's chair was at the end, within reaching distance of the old library-table, which had been moved over to the side of the room to leave sufficient space for our circle.

There was a little doorway at the end of a sort of narrow alcove which led into the back hall. This door was left unlatched, and we had taken the precaution to oil the hinges. When things were fairly started Richards was to come down to this door and station himself where he could observe events and take any action that they might render appropriate.

I had attended seances many times before, and had long ago learned that they were always exactly alike, so that it was with no thrill of excitement or expectancy that I took my seat and waited for things to begin. Jack shared my feelings, and both he and I were puzzled to account for the demeanor of the other two. Of course, such things might be new to Gwendolyn; but even novelty alone couldn't have given that added color to her cheeks nor quickened her breathing.

As for Jeffrey, he was as excited as she, though all he showed of it under a studiously repressed demeanor was an edge to his quiet voice. In the dimly lighted room we were all very hushed and decorous, as the etiquette is at such gatherings.

The Japanese went to the organ and began racking our nerves with hymn tunes frightfully out of key, both literally and figuratively, for we all had associations with them that made the cheap trickery of the present occasion jar badly on our nerves.

After he had played a while the medium began to talk, her throaty, unpleasant voice fittingly accompanied by the rasping wheezes of the little organ. Her English was as bad as her voice and her vulgar platitudes and her supposedly mystic jargon were worse than either. After a little introduction she began to ask questions, with the perfectly obvious purpose of getting data for the communications we were waiting for. Gwendolyn was the only one of us who was either inventive enough or sufficiently interested to make replies, but these were evidently encouraging to the medium, for she warmed to her work.

There were a few preliminary manifestations, the muffled jangle of a bell, and some thrummings on a badly tuned guitar, and then suddenly, in a moment of stilless, a thin, childish voice spoke out of the empty air. It

AFTER SHROUDING THE LIBRARY IN SEMI-DARKNESS, GWENDOLYN VIEWED HER HANDIWORK BY CANDLELIGHT FROM THE STAIRWAY

was pretty well done, and if I had not been waiting for it and been perfectly acquainted with the trick of ventriloquism, by which the medium herself produced it, it might have startled me.

"That's my control," announced the medium in her own voice. "Now, if any of you have any questions to ask of any of the departed, Bright Eyes will give them power to speak and perhaps to appear before you. But I warn you to sit absolutely still in your places, as a single move might have serious results."

There was a moment of silence, if the faint drone of the organ does not forbid the use of the word, and then Gwendolyn spoke.

"I wish to communicate with some one," she said. "She passed over a little over two months ago, on the 19th of December."

It was perhaps ten seconds before the medium answered. I wasn't thinking so much about her as I was about the date; there was something vaguely familiar about it.

"What was the name of your friend?" the medium asked.

"She never told me her name," said Gwendolyn, "but she will know who I mean by what I can tell about her."

"What can you tell, so that Bright Eyes can know who is called ?"

"She was very beautiful," said Gwendolyn, and already the thrill of her voice was beginning to infect me with a new excitement. "She was young, about my own age, I think, and she had wonderful masses of beautiful blond hair."

The organ stopped playing, and the silence gave the situation a new thrill. I felt a current of air stirring about my feet, as if some one had opened a door.

The thin, childish voice spoke now again, but somewhat uncertainly, as if the throat that uttered it were contracted with a sort of unreasoning fear.

"It is not enough," it said. "I must know more."

"The girl I want to communicate with," said Gwendolyn steadily, "was found frozen in the ice of the river. She had been murdered."

It was a long half-minute before the childish voice spoke again. It was fainter still this time, and before it was half through the sentence it had died into a rasping whisper.

"There is no answer," it said. "The spirit does not know it is called."

It needed the grip of Gwendolyn's hand on my forearm to keep me in my chair. Because across the room, opposite where I sat, and almost behind the medium, there came a glow of bluish light. And in the midst of it, apparently itself the cause of it, appeared a face.

"But it has come," said Gwendolyn. "She is here. Look !"

Her voice was not loud, but it rang like a bell; not in terror, but in triumph and as she said the last word she let go my arm and pointed.

For a moment the medium sat without moving, almost as if frozen herself and unable to move. But no one can resist the command of a finger pointing behind one, and slowly, unwillingly, but irresistibly, she turned.

What she saw there at the far end of the room, shining in the bluish light it seemed itself to be the cause of, was the pale, ethereal face and the shining golden hair, silvered by the blue light, of the mysterious, unknown girl the police had found frozen in the ice just a month ago.

The woman looked at it dully for a moment. Then she clutched suddenly at her neck with both hands. The next moment she screamed piercingly and fainted.

There was a rush and the sound of a scuffle by the door. Jeffrey turned on the lights, and we saw a strange man struggling out of Richard's grip; not toward the door, but toward the woman who lay unconscious on the floor.

"Let go of me, damn you !" he said. "I'm not trying to get away. Let me go to her."

He knelt beside her for a moment, without paying any further attention to us; but presently, when he found her regaining consciousness, he looked up and frowned at us across her body.

"What have you been doing to her?" he demanded. "You might have killed her. If you had, none of you'd have got away from me. What did you do to her ?"

The woman drew in a long, gasping breath. "It was the face," she said faintly. "It was Irene's face. I saw her looking at me."

"Where did you see it ?" he asked unevenly.

"There," she said, and she pointed toward the big mirror that stood between the bookcases.

We all followed the man's eyes as he turned about; but what he saw, and all any of the rest of us saw, was our own pale, astonished faces reflected there.

He turned back to her. "Can't you forget that ?" he asked. "Can't you ever forget it ? What was Irene Fournier to you ?"

Jeffrey walked over to Richards and held out his hand.

"Congratulations, Richards," he said. "It looks as if you were right about it, after all."

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST CONFESSION.

IF the circumstances had not been so grim I should have laughed aloud. Richards was the most utterly bewildered man I ever saw, and the gasp with which he received Jeffrey's congratulations was funny enough to draw a smile from anybody. But the hysterical woman on the floor and her husband's anger over what we had done to her, the perfectly genuine devotion that existed between the two, sobered us a little.

"We cannot ask her any questions now," said Gwendolyn decidedly. "Let's go into the billiard-room and give her time to get herself together."

The idea was so exactly contrary to police tradition that Richards started to protest.

"Now is just the time !" he said. "We can get anything out of her now."

Jeffrey grinned. "All right," he said; "go ahead and question her yourself.

But Richards didn't know what to ask her. He hadn't caught on.

"Do as you like, of course," he said. "Show the police how much more you know than anybody else. Go out and leave them alone to make a getaway through that window there."

"Haven't you got an officer here," asked Gwendolyn, "that you can put on guard for a little while so that she can get quiet before we question her ?"

"Yes," said Richards; "we can leave her and her husband together to frame up a perfectly good explanation."

"That's the idea," said Jeffrey. "That'll do first rate."

Richards gave it up. "All right," he said. "Come along."

He called in a policeman, instructed him simply to watch the pair and see that they didn't get away, and the rest of us adjourned to the billiard-room, as Gwendolyn had suggested.

"I want to know," said Richards, when the door was closed behind us, "what it was all about ? What made the woman scream ? I caught the man as he made a rush from the cabinet, but I didn't see what happened at all. And who was the Irene Fournier they were talking about ?"

"That," said Jeffrey, "appears to be the name of the girl who was found frozen in the ice. It looks as if you had the right hunch. It's perfectly evident that they know about her."

"And what did you do ?" asked Richards. "What made the medium scream like that ?"

"We had a materialization," said I. "Who produced it, I don't know. But we saw the face of the girl who was frozen in the ice—the face we saw in the portrait up at Jeffrey's studio the other day. The rest of us saw it before the medium did. When she turned around and looked, she made a queer noise in her throat, and screamed and fainted. You know the rest. But how the trick was worked, if it was a trick, I am as much in the dark as you."

To be continued.

In the Forefront

CAPTAIN BEST OF THE MILITARY Y. M. C. A.; DR. CAROLINE BROWN THE SCHOOL BOARD LADY; FATHER LACOMBE, OF THE BEAUTIFUL SOUL; PREMIER HEARST, THE MAN FROM THE NORTH

Capt. Best of the "Y."

Ex-Lumberman, Athlete, Soldier, Evangelist — all round A 1 Man.

By Irene B. Wrenshall

THERE is a part of military life that one sometimes forgets in the excitement of military bands, uniforms, and dress parades. The part which has a telling effect on the actions of the men themselves, the influence of which keeps them from becoming—amid all the horrors of war—mere madmen, brutes or bucaneers. It's the influence of Christian manhood, which does not weaken the physical fibre but strengthens it, at the same time appealing strongly to the higher powers of mind and heart. Such is the influence supplied in a military camp, and afterwards on the field of battle, by the Y. M. C. A. Necessarily the man or men in charge of the association must needs be thoroughly adapted to their work, when upon them so many duties fall. A personality that stands out in this regard, a man who has proved himself not only a good military organizer, but an extraordinarily capable Y. M. C. A. secretary among the men, is Capt. Best, who "won his spurs" it might be said, during the last years of the Boer War, not only distinguishing himself as a Christian worker but also as a brave soldier, and bringing home with him the Queen's medal with five clasps.

Eager to be off again, he was enthusiastically busy at camp at Valcartier, where with seventy-eight men under him in the Y. M. C. A. canteen, he left an important impression upon the 32,000 men who sailed last autumn for Salisbury Plains.

"I should have gone with those men, but the committee would not hear of it, although I am gazetted in England as being with them," he said.

An all round athlete, a leader of men and an organizer, Captain Best could safely boast that he had been liberally educated for his work and it is among the boys that he is at his happiest, for the boys have been his constant companions all his life.

To those who think that the dash and bravery, pluck and perseverance of a man can generally be traced to his Celtic origin, it is no surprise to find that Captain Best is of Irish descent and Canadian birth and upbringing. Though scarcely in his fiftieth year, he has managed to crowd into his life so far, as much as two men usually attempt.

Captain Best's education has always been closely connected with men rather than books. His practical preparation which has aided him as no university training could ever do, has been gathered through his travels, and his association with people of broad minds and souls.

His boyhood days were spent on a farm near Chatham, Ontario. As a lad he made up his mind to follow the crowd who were going to the Arkansas lumber woods. The excellent experience gained there proved a most valuable training for his future work, as he got into close touch with men, and has never since lost his ability to handle them.

The Y. M. C. A. work and military life attracted him almost simultaneously. His first introduction to the latter came as a private in the Royal 13th Regiment of Hamilton, where in four years he rose to the rank of color sergeant, and was for three years also quartermaster and captain of the Army Medical Corps. His call to Y. M. C. A., work came in 1892, after he had been in business with a well known firm in Hamilton for several years. He was then sent to Brantford, being Y. M. C. A. secretary there for ten years with one year's leave of absence for service among the soldiers in the second contingent

CAPTAIN BEST
He owns the Queen's Medal with five clasps, and the love of 32,000 men.

during the South African War. On his return he received another call, this time to Hamilton, where he was busily engaged in active work in the Y. M. C. A. until last summer, when he resigned to take up general evangelistic work at the request of the Canadian National Council of Y. M. C. A.'s.

When the blow which staggered the world fell, he was at once selected to lead in the Y. M. C. A. work among the soldiers at Valcartier. If all had gone as was at first planned he would have then left with the first contingent, but the Council thought otherwise. They wanted his personality and his experience for mobilization camp work with the second contingent.

His athletic career has been as marked as the rest of his work. At a very early age he became actively interested in athletics, specializing on the half, quarter and mile races. He travelled extensively in the interests of his favorite sport for several years, carrying off first honors in the keenest competitions in Canada and the United States. In all round athletics and pentathlan competitions his scores were among the record highest in North America. It is not too much to say that in the athletic world he is known all over the country, having taken the Canadian championships of one mile and a quarter mile professional besides winning numberless prizes in the United States. His all round athletics in which he holds one of the highest records made by any Canadian included sprinting, distance, and high jumping, hammer throwing, shot putting, and various smaller competitions.

His career in South Africa began in a decidedly romantic fashion. Attached to the second contingent as the Y. M. C. A. secretary, the voyage proved particularly hard upon him, as he was not a good sailor, and as at the time he was not in the best of health, and he landed at Capetown, with the contingent looking and feeling, —especially the former—not exactly "in form." The Colonel in command shook his head over him and consulted with the chaplain, and both agreed that Capt. Best had better be left behind in Capetown, as he would be among the first to lay his bones on South African soil. So there he was left and much to his chagrin, away from his boys. But they reckoned without the athletic career which was behind him. Very rapidly his constitution built up again, and, "more fit" if possible, than ever before, in a few days the undaunted secretary determined to push on and overtake his comrades.

By choosing a shorter way than that taken by the brigade, he reached

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DR CAROLINE BROWN
Who loves politics and clean schools

The School Board Lady

Dr. Caroline S. Brown, of Toronto, who can kiss babies and coerce voters.

By Betty D. Thornley

IF the two requirements of a successful candidate are a clever hand-shake and an ability to kiss babies, it's no wonder that Dr. Caroline S. Brown is on the Toronto Board of Education. She has a hand-shake warranted to send your wedding ring clear through to your little finger and as to kissing babies, when you consider that she graduated from Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, where they enter some four hundred emigrants from heaven every month, she would have no excuse for not being in good practice.

"What made you think of going into politics?" I asked the grey-eyed, fluffy-haired doctor, as soon as my hand had recovered from her welcome.

"Now what a question! You wouldn't ask a man such a silly thing. All men are interested in politics—if by that you mean good city government. And in my opinion, the same thing ought to be true of all women.

"Politics? That's a word that I try to explain away when I talk to women voters.

" 'Is a clean school, *politics?*' I ask them; 'Is lunch at noon for hungry kiddies, *politics?* Is it politics to see that medical inspection is organized and systematized to the best advantage? If these things are politics, then of course I'm a politician. And so're you!' "

That this argument gets 'em has been proved by results.

"Dr. Brown," said a cautious over-the-phone voice one night around Christmas time, "don't ask my name, but I'm a public stenographer and I just want to tell you that your opponent is having five thousand letters typed and sent to electors in your Ward. What're you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," said the candidate placidly, "thanks for the tip, but I don't need it."

After which the unaffrighted tippee proceeded to win hands down on New Year's Day, by a majority of two hundred and sixteen, and that despite the fact that there was another Tory aspirant in her field, beside the Grit candidate.

"Platform? I don't know that I had any," said Dr. Brown, "but I told people that being a woman I was better fitted to represent Toronto's 50,000 mothers than a mere man would be. Also, I had had experiecne as a teacher and if elected would be the first pedagogue to ever reach the Board in our city. In addition to that, I could combine my first two qualifications and say that I was a woman teacher and could thus present the viewpoint of seven-tenths of those on the staff. Last of all, I was a doctor and had had to do with school inspection."

On election day Dr. Brown made a personal call at each of the polling booths.

"Are you going to vote for me?" she'd say, giving each man and woman a cabinet size, autographed, close-to-the-camera smile and one of the special-edition handshakes above referred to.

"And do you know, I could always tell as to whether he meant yes when he said it. See, I'll show you."

According to the woman trustee, if a promiser just takes your hand, any-old-way, dead-fish-style, he's a quitter by nature, and not only can you not depend on him, but he can't even depend on his wobble-souled self.

If he treats you to just the ordinary, conventional, catch-and-let-go, he is reserving his judgment.

But if he grips you firmly, giving your fingers a little extra-measure pressure, he's yours.

Away back in the Dark Ages, when a woman's place was the home and the hand that rocked the cradle wasn't supposed to do anything else except mix cake batter and sew for the heathen, the gallant gentlemen of Kentucky, for some strange reason—maybe a mint julep—decided to give to the charming widows of their state, the School Suffrage. That was in 1838, when Victoria the Good, even though a Queen, was afraid to call her throne her own.

In Canada, there is no such thing as Dominion franchise, since the Dominion merely uses the lists compiled by each separate province, said provinces legislating as they feel moved. Up to date, no legislature in Canada has seen fit to grant provincial franchise to other than, "male persons—twenty-one years of age and British subjects by birth or naturalization."

But in 1850 Ontario gave school suffrage to women single and married who were ratepayers, and in 1884 the same province granted full municipal suffrage to spinsters and widows, subject to certain assessment qualifications. Later on, the other provinces followed suit and at once the various suffrage organizations started out on the job of making the voters vote. Which job was a man-size article, with nails in it. Who wants to stop basting the New Year's turkey to go out and plunk for school trustee? At present, women have school franchise and eligibility throughout Canada except in Quebec where they are excluded from the School Board and where only widows and spinsters possess the vote. In New Brunswick, the most enlightened province as per standpoint of the "Canadian Women's Annual," one of the members of the Board of Education must be a lady.

Married women have the municipal franchise on the same terms as men, in Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia where the provinces followed the example of their capitals which had previously removed the "No Admittance" sign from the polling booths.

But this growth hasn't been nearly fast enough to suit the suffragists who refuse to be placated with anything less than the full coast-to-coast, plumb-to-Parliament franchise. And the pilgrimage to Queen's Park and every other centre of Government of, by and for half the people, has become as much a part of miladi's calendar as the day on which she ascertains whether her Easter bonnet is to be à la peach basket or oh-pill box.

Invariably however, she meets with the same response, based on stern figures, subtly applied.

"You women don't want the franchise! You don't use what you've got," said the late Sir James Whitney, stamping his foot.

"When the ladies really ask for it, all of them and altogether, they'll get it," smiled Sir Robert and Sir Wilfrid, duetting like the Gold Dust Twins.

"That's what we're up against nowadays," says Dr. Brown; "When only two per cent. of the women electors turn out to use the ballot they have, we can't persuade the men that the other ninety-eight per cent., to say nothing of the wholly unenfranchised rest of them, are perishing for the privilege of doing an X on everything in sight."

The Doctor thinks the country women are going about to solve the problem in the right way, though it's as slow a process as growing oaks. The Ontario Government founded the Women's Institute eleven years ago. There are now eight hundred and fifty branches, with a membership of thirty thousand, scattered all over the Province. Each branch gets the benefit of the lecture tour that the Government arranges, and what the members don't know, they're so keen to find out that they hold the visiting informer by the skirts, until she's told them.

"I talked from two to six one afternoon to a little group of women up on Manitoulin Island," said the doctor. "Every half hour or so, I'd stop and say, 'But I'm sure you must be tired.' 'Not a bit of it,' they'd answer altogether, 'and if your voice isn't worn out, would you mind going on a little longer?'"

One woman left at five, apologizing profusely because she had a long train journey ahead of her after she left the boat, and couldn't wait another minute. And all this time, mind you, the lecturer was giving her audience nothing more exciting than facts about baby culture!

"City women ought to meet together to study public questions," was Dr.

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AN OLD MAN AND HIS DREAM.

The gentle Father himself planned the Home for aged people and shelterless orphans. Lord Strathcona gave "a little souvenir" of $10,000 and Pat Burns supplies it with meat. It is beautifully situated at Midnapore, ten miles southeast of Calgary.

The Man With the Beautiful Soul

Father Lacombe, a Napoleon of Peace to the old Last West.

By Christian Richardson

"Send me men for the combat
Men who are grit to the core,
Send me the best of your breeding,
Lend me your chosen ones;
Them will I take to my bosom,
Them will I call my sons,
And I will not be led by weaklings
Subtle, suave and mild,
But by men with the heart of Vikings
And the simple faith of a child."

AND they sent a little French Canadian priest, hardly out of his 'teens, and the pet of the Bishop's Palace in Montreal.

That was sixty years ago, when over the prairies, which now give us a hundred and twenty-five million bushels of wheat in the year, the Indians and buffalo roamed. A graphic picture is

left by his cheery young brother Gaspard who visited him a few years later.

"Ma dear ! The first day he gave away ma red flannel shirt—the only one ah had in ma sack, because he had nothing himself but what he wore. Heu ! The vermin and cold were so bad ah only stayed three days in camp. Some half-breeds passed, bound for St. Albert, and I joined them—ah-d have left sooner if ah could."

But that little priest stood on the prairie between blood-thirsty Blackfeet and murderous Crees, a very Napoleon of peace. When the two tribes were on the warpath he was the only man, white or red, who dared pass from one camp to the other. His voice, heard through the blackness of the night outside the stockade, sent the skulking braves of both back to their wigwams and saved Fort Edmonton from massacre. And when he would not live in the fort, but pushed on west to the mission head-quarters at Ste. Anne, Governor Howard built him a house in the fort. The Crees and Blackfeet would respect the place that held the house of "Blackrobe" even when he was far away.

And Blackrobe dared not only the Indians, but John Rowand himself, builder of "Rowand's Folly," the biggest dwelling west of Norway House, a man hard and unsympathetic, whose creed was "a man not dead with three days' illness, is not ill at all."

"You are not suffering, Rowand," said the boy priest a few days after this pronouncement, when the great man came to have a felon dressed; "three days have passed and you are not dead; it's all imagination."

"His face took on an awful look," said Pere Lacombe, telling the story fifty years afterwards, "If I had not been his friend and a priest he would have struck me ! Hah ! He was like gunpowder, that little man !"

History was made fast in the Canadian west. Edmonton to-day is the seat of the Provincial University. When Pere Lacombe went there first, the Indians cut one another in pieces on occasion and hung hands and feet in the trees where now stand the business blocks of Strathcona. Winnipeg was Fort Garry; Pembina was the headquarters of the wandering Salteaux; St. Paul was a huddle of huts whose "Cathedral" and "Bishop's Palace" in one, was a log shanty eighteen feet long; and the Bishop's bed a coffin too short for the body for which it had been made by His Grace's own hands. In Father Lacombe's first buffalo hunt, in 1850, they slaughtered eight hundred of the great stupid brutes in one battle, and, taking hides and one or two choice cuts, left the rest of the carcasses to the scavenger prairie wolves.

But whether hunter, farmer or ambassador, Father Lacombe was ever and always the priest. Butler, Hector, Rae, Southesk, Dallas, all so long gone over the Great Divide, and yet his contemporaries, all bore testimony to the marvels wrought by the Oblat father and his confreres at Ste. Anne among the Crees and at St. Albert among the Blackfeet.

"See !" said Governor Dallas of the Hudson's Bay Company, "how with all our resources and men our pits are falling to ruin, while these priests, with nothing but a little book under their arm, are performing wonders !"

Father Lacombe's dam on the Sturgeon river was the first dam built by any one but beavers west of Ontario, and his mill was the first mill. "The houses rose by enchantment," he exclaimed in telling the story. His crops preshadowed the Government experimental farms of to-day. The mission quarters were an oasis in the desert. They had vegetables and fruit galore, and "meals served as in the house of a gentleman" Lord Southesk testified.

In the matter of transport, Father Lacombe, with his train of Red River carts, was ahead of the Hudson's Bay Company by five years. His bridge across the Sturgeon river was the first bridge in the Territories and against the will of the Company too, which was anxious not for roads and farms, but furs.

"But look you !" said the father, "I am tired of wading through water and mud. To-morrow you come—everybody—and cut timber and build us a bridge, and any man who comes not, he shall not cross the bridge. I will set a man to watch !" The father fed them, of course, and in three days the bridge was built. Built on tea too, and yet there are people to-day trying to tell you that prohibition does not prohibit and that you cannot make people sober by act of parliament. Why not, when they are made drunk by the thousands every day in the same fashion ? Only one man did not welcome the bridge—Governor Dallas. The day he appeared on the scene he ordered it down. The chief factor, Mr. Christie, listened respectfully, entertained his chief royally and sent him on his way. But the bridge stayed.

St. Albert and Ste. Anne's were but starting points for Father Lacombe's work. His parish ranged from the international border to the Peace River and from the Red River to the Rockies. The whole prairie was his hunting ground for souls. In fire, flood, storm, disease, the Oblat Father was priest and physician both. To the Blackfeet he was "The Man of the Good Heart," to the Crees, "The Man of the Beautiful Soul."

To the whites his value was untold. Railway magnates readily consulted him as to which pass to choose for the great pioneer line. Emigration officials got him to take charge of parties of settlers. His representations were largely the cause of the organizing of the Royal North West Mounted Police, and of the laws forbidding the sale of liquor to the Indians. Had he been left on the plains instead of called east—before 1885, there would have been no North-west Rebellion, for by that time the Indians would have learned of him instead of being under the influence of Dumont and Riel. His "Ladder" for teaching the Blackfeet was used by the Pope for other missions. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Sir William Van Horne, Lord Strathcona were all personal friends. Again and again has he been in Europe the guest of the great—but "the nobleman's palace is not so precious as my poetique hut in the wilderness where I wrote on my knees my sermons in Cree and Blackfeet." He was always lonesome till "ordered back to Canada." When the Manitoba School question became acute he hastened to Ottawa with his counsels. In the days of the Klondike rush when the Government found it necessary to "make treaty" with Crees, Chippewayans and Beavers of Lesser Slave Lake, Government and Commissioners insisted on Father Lacombe taking the long journey with the latter. He pleaded age. He was weak and wanted to rest in his "hermitage." But in the old, loved open air life he grew strong and young again. Again and again has he retired to his hermitage at Midnapore, Alberta, and each time has he been called forth for more work.

"When it is given to you to kindle the love and reverence of everybody you meet, is it right that you should bury yourself in a hermitage ?" Sir William Van Horne would protest, and send him a railway pass "a charm against conductors," a valuable painting for his church or a substantial contribution for his Home for the Poor. "You worry because you are not used to debt as I am" Sir William Van Horne wrote once with a cheque; "It is your creditors who should worry. I am used to debt. I am never out of it."

"I love that man !" Father Lacombe was wont to exclaim in his impulsive fashion. "He is beautiful in the little things of life."

So is Father Lacombe. He could travel fourteen days across the prairie in biting winter weather on "bouillon of skins, old sacks, cords and pieces of moccasins" and share his last spoonful with starving Indians; and once back in Montreal be the soul of the distinguished company gathered at dinner in his honor in the home of Sir William Van Horne, an evening with

whom he called "a vertiable triumph of refinement and amiability."

One of Father Lacombe's stories gives a vivid picture of Indian life and character,—the story of a Sarcee woman prisoner of war. Clad in white deerskin tunic, her long black hair falling about her, she fell at the priest's feet and begged his protection.

"I heard their talk. When they finish—'Bon' I say, 'Who owns this woman ?'

" 'I do' said a young warrior, a strong proud looking man.

" 'Well, I want you to sell her to me.'

"They all laughed. 'I thought,' that young man said, 'you Men of Prayer did not want women.'

"I was cross then, for if you let an Indian be rude or too familiar with you, he keeps on and you lose all control of him.

" 'Ha, you are a brave man !' I said. 'You make a weak woman a prisoner. Now you come and say a thing so stupid to me. You know well why I want to buy this woman.'

" 'I know', the man said then ashamed at my voice. 'But I do not want to sell her. I want her.'

"He looked at her when he said that; she was a fine young woman, you know. 'I want a wife' he said, 'and I have nothing to buy one.'

"Well, if you will sell this one now, I will give you a horse, and I will give you goods from the Fort—a new coat and shirt,—and leggings for yourself, and some tea and tobacco.' "

"I speak all this slowly, and I add to it because he did not look willing at first; but when I had finished he said quickly:

" 'Ha ! You may take her. You offer much for her.'

"He was so quick at the last I think may be he was afraid I would change my mind about paying so much.

"Then I say to the young woman: 'You are my property now, you see,' and I put my hand on her head and speak severely: 'You must do what I tell you and go only where I tell you.' I was afraid she might take up with another young Cree warrior by and by and the two run away from the camp. And I had my mind made up already to take that girl back to her people. Oh, I was planning a great coup.

"All winter she was sheltered in the little log convent of the Sisters at St. Albert. They christened her 'Marguerite,' and they were wont to say, 'we love her, and she seems happy with us.'

"Yes," said Father Lacombe, "that is all fine ! But how long will it last ? She will get tired of life here. . . . And anyway I must take her home. She is gold—gold to me."

"Her people of the Blackfoot nation

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The Man from the North

Premier Hearst, who has resin in his blood and the depths of pine forests in his eyes.

By Gregory Clarke

WHEN Sir James Whitney passed outward it was found that so well and so singly had he ruled, there was no one prepared to step into the vacant place. The choice lay at first between Hon. W. J. Hanna, who was popular with the House, and Sir Adam Beck, who had a strong following in the party outside the House ; then went to Hon. William Howard Hearst, a six year member, and a three year cabinet minister, who was accorded the prime ministry of Ontario.

In this brief series of events, there arrived the Man from the North. Because of these events, his political opponents call him a stop-gap. Many of the older men of his own party are even a little dazed at the suddenness of his arrival. They explain it away variously. But Premier Hearst is of the type of man whom success calleth her own. His arrival is by no means chance. Its rapidity is due in no way to luck. Much as it may surprise even those politicians and legislators who regard themselves as inside powers, and who speak of the political subtleties by which a man is raised or lowered the fact remains that Hon. Mr. Hearst is to-day the Premier of Ontario as the result of his life-long determination to be so.

Determination is the key-note of Premier Hearst's character. When a boy seventeen years old, attending Collingwood Collegiate, he told his fellow-students that he was planning to be Premier of Canada. These fellow students laughed aside, no doubt, as boys will at any youthful expression, and particularly as young Hearst was known as the star pupil of the school, and the object therefore of jealousy. But, as Mr. Seymore Corley, the Crown Attorney, of Toronto, who told me this anecdote, said—"Hearst's fellow students remembered his determined vow when in 1908 he was elected to the Legislature. We remembered it still more when he was made a minister in 1911. And when in 1914, he was made Premier, we felt it was merely a matter of course!"

Life long determination in one direction breeds a splendid efficiency, and when Premier Hearst makes his characteristically rapid and final decisions on questions of policy or of government, it must be remembered that he has reached his decision on that point perhaps years ago. Like a chess player who has figured out all possible moves, Premier Hearst, in his years of preparation for the position, has figured out all his moves, and has, by this time, acquired an evenly-balanced, pigeon-holed and labelled mind. As a youth, he studied the things he needs today. As a lawyer, he trained his mind to realize that there are two sides to every question, and to weigh both

HON. WILLIAM HOWARD HEARST
Who is to-day Premier of Ontario as a result of his life-long determination to be so

sides. That, I suppose, is why lawyers make the ablest political men. He is the type of man who strides evenly along the road, who turns not to rest in shady groves, to pass the time of day with others who rest; who sits not by some wayside pool, intent on his own reflection. He fancies there are shadier groves, and clearer pools yonder beside the Goal.

Premier Hearst was born, of Irish parentage, on a farm in the township of Arran, in Bruce County, February 15, 1864. He attended the local school, Collingwood Collegiate, and the University of Toronto. At the age of twenty-four, he was called to the bar, and left Toronto for Sault Ste. Marie, where he has lived ever since. In 1908, he was elected to the Legislature. In 1911, was appointed Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines. And in 1914, Premier of the Province.

His response to opportunity, his loyalty to the spiritual in him, made him a willing student in the somewhat drudging schools of a few years ago, and kept ablaze in him the Celtic love of the forests, of the North, of the mysterious far gods. It would have been easier for him to have staid in Toronto in 1888, when called to the bar. To a young man the city is usually most attractive. But in answer to the call within him, and perhaps with also a little of the far-sighted determination that had already taken possession of him, he went to the extreme edge of the Province he was destined to govern, to Sault Ste. Marie, then a crude, ragged town, with little to offer a young man of dreams.

He started a successful law practice, and did various kinds of legal work for the Government. He set out to win the confidence of the district, and he made no secret of his designs on a seat in the Legislature. In 1894, his determination, for the once, got away from him, and he ran in the Conservative interests in Algoma. He was defeated. In 1908, he was returned with ease.

He not only loved the North, because of the soul of him, but he studied it, examined its possibilities, learned them all by heart; and by the time he landed in Toronto as a member of the Legislature, nothing but the North and what it offered, could he talk about. And he has remained true to his interests. Six years, six sessions of the House, gives a man plenty of opportunity to alter his first callow views, to change his interests. But Premier Hearst still talks about the North. When he speaks in the House, he may start out upon some popular subject, but the inevitable end is the North, like Cato and Carthage, only Premier Hearst shouts "construct," where Cato shouted "destroy." He is the Man from the North. There is resin in his blood. His somewhat cold, appraising eyes, reflect the depths of pine forests. His words—waving, swaying, words, with all the aimlessness of the Celt in them, with the heart pushing them out before they are sorted, give the touch of the North.

He is an intense Canadian. He cannot affect a pose or a false dignity. He is as robust and as plain as the land he loves. Perhaps that very simplicity may account for the fact that he has never loomed as large in the public eye as others of his colleagues. But at a time like the present, with many years of labor facing us in our duty of materially assisting in the recuperation of the world, it is a man of proved determination, of broad and national aspirations, yet possessed of certain qualities of sentiment to enable him to reach above party considerations, who should be, and is now prime minister of Ontario.

After The Deluge—What?

By B. D. Thornley

IN common with the rest of the world, Canada is now writing the blood-and-thunder chapter of her autobiography. In the doom-black headings of her newspapers, in the grim casualty lists abroad and the grimmer heart-breaks lists at home, the Dominion traces line by line, the growth and progress of her share in the tragedy.

But while Austria is old, and Turkey is still older, feeble totterer gazing upon modernity for the last time from between the dim pages of her mediaeval achievements; while Germany is upheld by the temporary intoxication of her demon-brew of lawlessness, lies, and leashless ambition, Canada is writing with the steady hand of a young nation, a sane nation, a nation fully conscious that when the last Krupp has bubbled down after the last German sub. she will open a fresh page, take a fresh pen and, smiling into green summer once again, will begin a new chapter saying, "And it came to pass, that after the war was over, Canada went fishing."

And as she watches the bass of Prosperity nibbling at the hook of endeavor, Canada will doubtless come to the conclusion that she has learned a good deal in the blood-time, learned spiritually, learned too, in plain dollars and cents. And one of the most obvious lessons will be drawn from the pre-1914-preparedness of Germany, due to such efficiency management as the world has never before witnessed. To be sure, the insane ambition of a Kaiser-ridden militocracy upset the calculations of the business scientist, and the professorial wonder maker, but Canada will know where to put in her full stop. She will copy Germany in the laboratory and leave her alone in the legislature. She

will conserve the sanity of her people as well as the sanctity of her forests. She will see to it that the grey knitting of her patient mothers goes to clothe, neither the destroyers nor the defenders, but the *builders* of civilization, the lumbermen, the miners, the engineers, the far farmers on lonely ranches, the success of whose labors will have been made possible by the adoption of German science minus German Kultur.

In the scientific Decalogue of the Fatherland, there are two commandments worthy of imitation. The first says, "Thou shalt not waste," while the second thunders, "Thou shalt not jump to conclusions."

Germany's bank account is made, penny by penny, from what the other nations throw away. Germany is the land of the utilization of the by-product.

And to do this, German investigators toil all day, and toss all night, to avoid the obvious conclusion that a cigarette butt is no good, a match end has done its last service, a chemical combination has got to assume the dollar-cost manner of our forefathers rather than the dime-cost fashion that Herr Professor's employers would like to see obtained.

Of all nations a-top the globe, Canada would most seriously shock the economical-minded Teuton. Canada has the richest fields, the vastest forests, the most wonder-variously stocked mines and mountains that Herr Grimm himself could fairytale about. And up to date Canada has acted as though the whole business were a three-reel joke—plant, pull, play—to be repeated *ad infinitum* or until T. A. Edison invents something better. Exhaust your fields; chop down your forests for kindling wood; neglect your resources until strangers exploit both you and them; if you need anything you could dig in your own backyard—oh, send to Germany for it.

Lately the papers have blossomed into black-and-blue headlines about nickel. It seems that the Sudbury district of Ontario furnishes over 80 per-cent. of the world's supply. Whether the protesting editors are or not in the pay of the one Nickel Company as against the other Nickel Company, whether four-fifths of the output actually has gone into making Bluchers and Dresdens to prey on the Empire's shipping, whether the Canadian Government really holds greed in one eye and graft in the other, is not ours at present to determine. The fact remains, that when a Canadian stove manufacturer wants a polished edge for his Ranch Roarer, he has to wait till the nickel has gone to New Jersey, or to Wales as matte, after which he is at liberty to import the refined article if he has the price. The American and the English workmen get the benefit of the wage, while one Nickel Company alone cleaned up $4,000,000 of profits last year, out of which the Ontario Government received just about street car fare.

The total value of mineral production in Canada in 1913 was $145,634,-812. A very great variety of mineral products, chiefly in a manufactured or semi-manufactured condition, were at the same time imported into Canada. And these imports have been increasing with much greater rapidity than has Canada's domestic production. The 1913 total came to $252,-806,046.

In the last report of the Mineral Productions of Canada, New Brunswick occupied the second lowest chair in the kindergarten. Yet New Brunswick has large deposits of antimony without which there could be no *Canada Monthly*, let alone a *London Times* or a *Montreal Star*. Antimony has the peculiar property of swelling as it cools. It also hardens lead. Type metal is therefore alloyed with antimony, and every crevice of a tiny mould may be filled with a metal hard enough to support the jarring phrases of the slangiest reporter. Shots and bullets are also hardened with antimony, and babbit metal, Britannia metal and bells, to say nothing of the enamel, the glass and the paint industries, all call for antimony.

Before the war, 60 per cent. of the world's supply was "Made In Germany." A thirteen-mile haul to the nearest shipping point has been sufficient to keep New Brunswick out of the game.

Dad wonders sometimes why son's boots don't last as long as the cowhides grandfather used to line him up in front of.

The answer, though you'd never think it, is called Epsom Salts. The druggist is a small consumer of this commodity, most of it going to the shoe manufacturer who treats a skin with it until it swells, is split and becomes twins. Thus two pairs of boots grow where one grew before.

But the source of Epsom Salts is either kaiserite which hails from Germany or magnesite which comes from Turkey. Neither of course is now obtainable. But we are informed that a new process is being devised, after having applied Herr Prof's commandment against jumping to conclusions, by which another mineral entirely is to do the trick. And this unnamed mineral is said to exist in great quantities in Western Ontario. Whether the province will profit remains to be seen.

The manganese compounds, used in medicine and as disinfectants were nearly all imported from Germany. Yet pyrolusite, which contains them, exists as a road-border for miles upon miles in Nova Scotia. And nary a Blue Nose a cent the richer.

When Quong Lung paints his laundry like a giddy orange, when Mamselle Canadienne goes in for spring-sunshine as her Easter color, they have been patronizing the Fatherland as to the chromium compound necessary to infuse the yellow into the shade of their choice. Yet Gaspé Peninsula, that hook-beaked promontory challenging the Atlantic, is full of chrome iron ore waiting for somebody to develop it.

The world's supply of potash comes from Germany. When the doctor orders bromide he means bromide of potash and miladi has it, ignorant of the fact that Herr Professor's this-side-the-ocean imitators have recently discovered that sodium may always

be substituted for potash. And as you know, common salt, the basis of sodium, is obtainable in Canada as well as elsewhere.

Perhaps you've ridden in a Canadian Pacific Railway sleeping car through the desolate stretch of country north of Lake Superior, wondering the while for what unnamed purpose the Engineer of the Universe permitted such ragged-rock construction.

The answer—at least part of it—is spelled *pyrites*.

This "fool's gold" contains from 30 to 50 per cent. of sulphur, and sulphur means sulphuric acid, which in turn spells a need of almost every manufactory that turns a wheel. Indeed it has been stated that the civilization of a country may be gauged by the amount of sulphuric acid that it consumes.

From ten to fifteen millions pounds a year are used in Canada alone, in the refining of petroleum, the manipulation of iron, the tanning of leather and other processes too numerous to mention. Nitro-glycerine with which the railroads blast their way across the continent, needs sulphuric acid, and dynamite, that war-horror, is made by the absorption of nitro-glycerine into porous earth. Yet Canada has scarcely scratched the top of her pyrites deposits in Renfrew, and the Superior field hasn't been touched.

Change the first letter of our last-paragraph subject and you get *byrites*, mined in Germany only, and used as a substitute for white lead, keeping its color better against the weather. Cobalt district contains large deposits of this German-cornered article. Cobalt also boasts of Cobalt oxide, harder than nickel and substitutable for it for plating purposes. Its use only requires experiment, which alas, is not being made.

The truth of it is that neither in England nor in the United States, let alone in our own Dominion is there any organization devoted to devising means for making use of the natural resources of which we have mentioned only a few, chosen at random.

If a Canadian patented a process for plating with Cobalt oxide, he could apply in vain at all our banks for money with which to feed the child of his brain until it became self supporting.

"We don't know anything about it," the financier would say impatiently. "It's probably a gold brick."

In Germany on the other hand, the bank would call its chemist who would look into the process and if he were convinced of its feasibility, the money would be lent. All important German banks employ chemical and electrical experts who are also financiers.

But it isn't until we leave the mineral kingdom and ascend to the vegetable that we reach Canada's most conspicuous brain-failures.

When you dig out gold, you can't hide a ten dollar piece under a rock at the end of a worn out shaft and come back in fifteen years to find a new mine ready for you.

But when you send your magnificent white pine crashing through its mates to the still floor of the winter forest, when you allow vast tracts of wilderness to be denuded by useless and preventable fires, it is the duty of some cell of your brain to suggest automatically that you reforest. Germany collects timber to the last tooth pick, and breeds trees as she breeds cattle, horses and men. Canada has a three thousand mile coast-to-coast forest, a door mat from Cobalt clear to the Pole. No Canadian needs to be told that only Russia can even think of rivalling this prodigious wealth, and Russia's thinker is a good many leagues behind Canada's. The trees are of splendid quality too, save the jack pine, that weed of the woods, that appears as second growth where no reforesting is done.

Time was when you could climb a tree, burn a tree or build with a tree and that was about all a tree was good for. Now-a-days the scientist will tell you that the little chap that, sawn into logs, would bring the back-woodsman about seventy-five cents, may be made into pulp, dissolved into syrup, and spun into silk at a value of some five thousand dollars.

Our newspapers are printed on trees —paper-pulped trees. When chemically treated, the pulp makes the finer grades of paper, for books and correspondence. We dry our hands on paper towels that used to be white spruce, dust our lips with paper napkins, ornament our houses with wood that grew as round branches, was dissolved chemically, poured into moulds, and after having been soaked in water was taken thence, harder than when it grew in the forest, shaped as the mind of no spruce tree could have conceived it, and with curved and curvetted edges such as no cutting tool could have achieved.

Soon, we are told, we'll build with paper lumber. And even now the adventurous who don't know their own adventures are riding serenely above paper car wheels. Bullet proof screens may even be made of wood dissolved in ammonia and bluestone. Cotton, surfaced with extract of spruce-tree-paper-pulped, becomes mildew proof. Ships so painted below the water line. are warranted not to collect barnacles.

England imports wood pulp at the rate of 30,000 tons per week, an equivalent of a ten-acre forest a day. Germany imports as largely, using not a stick of her own precious trees for the purpose.

And Canada has the world's market in her own little chatelaine bag if she wants it.

The vast water area of the Dominion, 125,755 square miles, (two and a half times that of the United States); the unrivalled reservoir facilities; the wonderful water-shed stretching from north of Lake Superior to the Ottawa River and thence across Quebec, securing for Eastern Canada a double supply of rivers draining off to Hudson Bay and the Great Lakes system respectively—all these contribute to providing Canadians with the statement, allowable to no other people on earth, that we have in the neighborhood of 17,000,000 horse power capable of being developed, a little over one million of which is all that is now called on for commercial purposes.

The rest blazes and flashes and roars through the sunlight, a show-spot for the honeymoon tourist, like Niagara; or a secret and awful orchestra to the gods of the hidden wilderness, like the Grand Falls of the Hamilton Inlet down into whose caldron so few white men have ever looked.

Or else the seductive dollar-making power slides swiftly between the green banks of the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa and a hundred other rivers of musical name, in the less spectacular gradual fall that is nevertheless quite as useful as the cataract, once the engineer has it harnassed to the chariot of progress.

"Hydro-electric" is the magic word that will not only light our towns and turn the wheels of our factories, but will, better still, hyphen up the Tree and the Trade, Pine and Prosperity, the Wilderness and Wall Street.

What can be done in the way of development and subsequent marketting even by the latest comer to an inhospitable and ice-menaced gorge, has been shown by the Ontario Government at its Niagara plant.

Last of all, in the development and conservation game that will take every ounce of brain power Canada possesses, there's the question of land.

Wheat, that pirate-crop that jolly-rogers the nitrogen from our prairie farms, cannot be taught to be less overbearing in its demands. But the farmer can adopt various methods of restocking his earth, to avoid the soil-exhaustion from which much of the American and old-Ontario land is now suffering.

The all-round farmer who plants corn, raises cattle, and dresses his acres with the by-product, will escape the need of purchasing much outside fertilizer.

If in addition, he uses a catch-crop of clover, that clever little plant that carries a special nitrogen gathering bacterium on its roots, he will fish the needed gas from the air, imprison it in the clover, dig the clover under, and presto, his holdings will be re-nitrogenized. Alfalfa not only gathers nitrogen in a similar manner but with its long roots, feels down into soil the wheat would never reach, and brings up the also-needed potash. This is the chemical reason for the rotation-of-crops doctrine practised by so many who don't know the why of it.

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When The Daisies Pied

By J. H. Reed

AFTER dreary days of driving rain it was cheering to see the fields decked with cowslips nodding their golden cups—all orange-dotted—to the welcome sun.

Speeding by farm and cottage, great masses of pink and red and white flung their beauty over the daisies lurking below. Sheep and cattle enjoyed the rare burst of sunshine as they wandered knee-deep in the golden meadows, and great was the surprise in the expressive eyes of a couple of colts, with long, lanky, mud-covered legs, who stood in a water-logged field gazing at the wonderful sun. The muddy gateways, the dirty footpaths, the sodden fields, and the brown overflowing streams all tell the story of never-ceasing rain. The land longs for dry, warm days.

Alas! the joy of the living countryside was soon blotted out, a dense black cloud shut out warmth and light, and gloom spread over the plain. Happily, the rain soon passed, and a bright burst of sunlight flooded the fair vale of Taunton Dene and lighted up the wooded crests of the lovely Quantock Hills. In the hollows of the meadows the Tone had spread its waters; rays of light fell on the pools, and they flashed like silver across the yellow buttercups of the meadows where the red Devons grazed. The combination of colour made a delightful picture.

And so to Powderham, a pleasant village rising from the banks of the Exe, where, on an eminence amid sweet surroundings, rounded hills well wooded and near where the Exe and the Kenn mingle their waters, rose the home of the ancient race of Courtenays, Earls of Devon. The approach to the Castle from Powderham village is by an avenue of magnificent cedars. The story of the Courtenays is linked with many a parish in the county of Devon, and for nearly six centuries with their fortress home on the banks of the Exe. Through an alliance with the royal family of France three occupants of the imperial throne of Constantinople were Courtenays. They have ever been a fighting race, and good fortune has not always fallen to their lot. For example, they espoused the cause of the Lancastrians, and Thomas, the sixth Earl, was executed at York by the Yorkists; Hugh, his brother, was beheaded at Sarum; while a third brother, John, fell at Tewkesbury

Come out o' door, 'tis Spring!
An' birds do twitter from the spray
O' bushes deck'd wi' snow-white may;
An' gil'cups, wi' the deaisy bed,
Be under every step you tread.

THE DRIVE AT POWDERHAM CASTLE

while fighting for Margaret of Anjou. The oldest portion of the present building dates from the time of Richard II., and four of the six towers still stand. The interior is very interesting, many of the rooms, with their thick walls, quaint recesses, and curious concealed passages vividly recalling olden times.

A short mile away is the old-world village of Kenton, on the banks of the River Kenn. Within two or three miles two other villages, Kenn and Kenford, take their names from the river. Kenton, Leyland says, has "a right goodly church." It is a fine example of the Perpendicular period, with a rich-looking tower, one hundred feet high, built of red sandstone. Its chief glory is the superb rood screen, panelled along its base with figures of saints and apostles, and above, the carving is delicate and very beautiful. In an old volume we read that a "pretty custom exists, if the issue of any of the tenants hold their tenements, the one after the other, three descents, they claim the inheritance of the tenement." I did not discover that this is true to-day.

Exwell, a Powderham farm, where I spent a short but delightful holiday, has a beautiful situation. It stands on the edge of a slit in the hills. Adown the slope beyond the lawn is the garden, and we get the apple blossom, all in its pink beauty, nodding just above the green. Away on the right are well-wooded hills, and across the marshes is the Exe, sometimes with many shades of purple in the evening light, and again a lovely blue under the noonday sun. On the farther bank old Topsham lies—a port with a history, and proud of its share in the defeat of the mighty Armada, and of its wonderful trade in the centuries past. Amid woods lower down is Nutwell, the home of a branch of the great Drake family; and Littleham, with its fishing fleet of tiny boats, looking like so many black water spiders lying lazily in front of the little port.

Beyond the garden gate is the big orchard, the trees planted in avenues; there must be two dozen of them at least. These aisles are lovely pictures now; the interlacing branches are laden with bloom, and to wander therein, inhaling the fragrance and listening to the music of the birds, is a delight. The birds love the orchard—the cole-tit, blue tit, the long-tailed tit, and the gold-crested wren are all there; the white throat, too, and a flashing bit of brilliant colour told the presence of the beautiful goldfinch. The orchard is a favourite nesting-place, but it has been a sad time for the birds. On the top of a slope was an old wall, ivy clinging to it in generous masses. Here a blackbird had built its home. Alas! it reckoned not for storms in the merry month of May. The eggs lay in a sloppy mess; when we saw it the mother bird stood on the edge

looking dolefully within. She flew away with a mournful cry.

Beyond the tennis court a yew tree grew. That little woodland dwarf, the gold-crested wren, had found a branch on which to suspend its wondrous nest. The wee bird—Tidley Goldfinch is its Devon name, and it is the smallest of our feathered tribe—took three sprays of the branch, and bending them downwards, fastened three points of her nest to them. By skilful weaving with spiders' webs, caterpillar cocoons, and hair, beautifully fitted together, she made her lovely home. Within, it was lined with down and feathers; without, with dark-hued lichen to harmonize with the deep green foliage of the yew, to hide it from prying eyes. Five faint-brown eggs lay there, almost white. Unlike other wrens' nests, the entrance is at the top, and so again the rain had come and spoiled her little home.

In the bottom of the hedgerow was another nest. This time we have a brighter story to tell. Behind the hurdle, the safety-bars of her home, sat a mother pheasant on her eggs. She heeded not the interested spectators. She looked placid and lovely with her light brown plumage, speckled with splashes of a darker hue, and with a rich black ring around her neck. We left her to bring forth her little brood in peace.

One afternoon we visited a farm at Kenn delightfully situated in a beautiful valley. Thence we visited the Haldon Hill. When near the summit there was an enclosure. The upper ridge was crowned with dark Scotch firs; the sides and edge by the road were fringed with the delicate green foliage of beech trees; thousands of primroses studded the hillside, and their pale yellow flowers entirely covered the slope with beauty—a fair picture indeed.

When we reached the upland we remembered the legend of the parson and the clerk who, coming from Exeter, lost their way in the fog and the darkness of this bleak moor. The parson breathed a sinful wish—"That the fiend might be their guide." No sooner was the wish expressed than the clang of hoofs was heard and a peasant horseman appeared offering his services as their guide. Across the moor they sped, and soon came to Dawlish town. With true Devon courtesy, the peasant guide pressed hospitality upon them. They must sup at his house; his friends would give them a warm welcome. A merry evening was spent. The parson sang a jovial song—'twas not from the Liturgy.

It was late when they essayed to go. Their host and his friends laughed at them from the doorway as the wretched travellers tried to mount their steeds, clinging to their manes, as the horses, scared by the cries of their host—who was none other than the Devil himself—rushed seaward. When the morning came the bodies of the ill-fated pair lay stretched on the two rocks which bear their names to this day:—

Beaten, and torn, and mangled,
They clung with dead-cold hands,
While their horses wandered harmless
On shining Dawlish sands.

Leaving the moor, the drive was through a wood, where the rhododendrons ere long will make a brave show; then by the Belvedere, a tower on the highest point of the hill. It commands fine views of Dartmoor and a varied and wooded landscape. My host told me a legend connected with this tower. Once upon a time the Devil passed this way, and for company the wind was with him. He bade the wind wait while he entered. The Devil came not back again. Naturally, this is the reason that, still keeping watch, the wind is for ever howling and moaning around the tower to this day. When a cap of cloud hangs on the dark crest of the hill a storm is sure to follow. An old saying runs thus:—

When Haldon hath a hat
Kenton may beware a skat.

Under the shadow of Haldon is Oxton House, in a park of great loveliness. There are undulating hills and sweet little glens. There is not a sweeter site for a home in all this fair county. Just beyond is Kenford, and then back to the farm. After a long, interesting evening, we ride home through sweet-smelling lanes, under the stars.

Outcast

By A. K. Love

A MISTY day and leaden seas,
Sodden leaves and a sky of gray,
Rain swept hills and sobbing trees,—
The mournful note of the lone sea-mew,
And the peat smoke slowly rising.

The herd goes forth with crook in hand,
His cheerful song ne'er quenched by rain;
The lobster fishers, oil-skin clad,
Mend their creels for the catch again
Nor wail their past ill fortune.

Why see they not the gloomy sky?
Why are they not both sad as I?
My heart weeps with the surging seas,
Finds echo in the sobbing trees
In their sad, despairing threnody.

The lone sea-mew can find his mate
The sheep have aye their shepherd's care,
Forgetting and forgotten; my fate
To drift, like sea tossed foam,
To sweet forgetfulness—If that may be.

The Barren Woman

By Gordon Johnstone

'TIS THE heart of me's waiting this many a year
Since I married my ould buckeen,
For the rose that grows in the soul of those
That never a blight of their trysting knows;
For the love babbine
That is ever seen
In the drop of a woman's tear.

'Tis the heart of me's waking this many a night
And the drame of it will not lie,
'Till I feel two lips on my own like slips
Of the dew kissing flower the wild bird sips,
And I hear the cry,
When the winds go by,
Of my drame in the dawning bright.

'Tis the heart of me's yearning like something wild
And the hope of it won't be stilled,
For I've heard somewhere in her ould days there,
The cousin of Mary was made to bear,
And her arms were filled,
When the dear God willed,
With the weight of a little child.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, and news sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE two men leaned against the stile at the cross-roads. The sun was setting and all about were the sounds and perfume of spring. The trees, bare yet, were heavy with dark bulging buds which in a few weeks would break into fresh and tender young leaves. There was a smell of rain in the air, and shy flowerets were ready to unfold in the shelter of the boles of oak and elm. A delicious sense of hope, of renewed youth was abroad, and the glorious thought of summer was stirring in the mind.

"Oh to be in England, now that April's here," quoted the Pedlar, and then a sadness fell on him thinking of the ruin of Europe, of the many mourning homes in England, aye, and in our own beautiful Canada. They had been talking about the war, as who has not for the last eight months ?

"I'm tired of it, Pedlar, me boy," quoth the man of the cross-roads, packing the tobacco into his pipe with his little finger. "Th' papers have nothin' else in them, an' the most of it is repetition or thieving wan from th' other. Why I've seen with me own eyes 'Special Dispatch to the Weekly Liar,' the same story I read four days before in the News of the Earth, special dispatch indeed ! The editor of the Liar ought to be put in jail for shopliftin'—" And he spat disgustedly.

"There's more tragedies in the world than war or all it can bring, Tim," answered the Pedlar. "I got a letter in me pack this week that reminded me of wan of them—a quiet story with nothing in it but what might grip the heart of a woman—or of a man, maybe," he added.

"Tell us, while the sun is goin' down Pedlar. I see ye're in the mood an' there was a time when you could tell a good story. But maybe you've forgotten the thrick."

He climbed the stile and sat on the logs step while the Pedlar, his empty Pack wallowing on the road beside him, leant against the stone wall and looked across the lonely fields, seeing visions.

And this is what he told old Tim of the Cross-roads:—

HER HOME COMING

SHE had been away for eight years. When she left them, the dear father and mother were on the edge of the gray land of Age. She, the woman, had been struggling for a living in the country across the sea. It was not the day—as it is now—of women in the field of business. There were no openings for the penniless young woman. Girl typists were almost unknown; women bookkeepers were scarce. There was open to women seeking employment mainly domestic service, nursing, and governessing. This particular young woman was at this time pretty in a fresh round-faced Irish way, with bronze hair and a glowing skin not pink and white, but golden and rose. She was tall and slender and lissom but had no features to boast of. Just a healthy young woman full of life and nerve and vim and with ten pounds in her pocket with which to face the world.

It had gone hard with her. In that part of northern Canada to which her ticket from London took her, there was no demand for governesses, nursery or other. She had taken lessons in cooking at South Kensington, and bethought her to open a cookery school. But she could not find the necessary implements. There were no gas stoves with thermometers fastened inside the oven doors so that the heat might be registered and adjusted. There were no double saucepans, no larding needles, nor any accessories to fancy cooking. So she gave that up. She tried to get into a store but she was short on arithmetic and a failure. She was no hand at sewing. She tried the stage but revolted when the comedy man tried to kiss her. Once, a bellboy in the shabby hotel brought her the card of some man. He asked for an interview. She thought that maybe here was a chance of getting employment and acceded to the crude request for an interview. The man, big, fleshy, halting of speech, made her the astonishing proposal that she might travel with him as his wife through the Rockies and down to Chicago.

"Are you asking me to marry you ?" questioned the inexperienced girl.

"Well, no. I have a wife and family, but I thought you would not object to a friendly little jaunt." He said it with difficulty.

The girl's cheeks flamed. You would

not like the look in her yellow-brown eyes. "Go," she said, and he went.

After that times went hard with this girl. She sold her Pinet shoes and slippers for a dollar a pair. She pawned her emerald and diamond set and never redeemed them. Her watch and the long gold chain went, but her letters home were bright. She was doing splendidly, she said, earning a nice, easy living and "making good." Her gentle lies brought some peace to the harrassed home people. Times were bad, the old estate, the good old house had to be sold. A little hunting lodge up in one of the Meath countries was to be the home of the old people, of the big man who loved big rooms, who always wanted plenty of space. A tiny garden in place of the old roving two acres where the wild flowers grew unmolested beside the cultured and cared-for ones,—was all the old lady had left to play and potter in. She would miss her early potatoes and cabbages and the "gardener," old Bartley Quinn.

"But, so happy to know that you, darling child, are doing so well in the new country," ran the letters, "and so very glad in the thought that you will be able to pay us a little visit before long."

Meantime the girl had been put to cruel straits. She even thought of domestic service but the idea was nauseating to the gentlewoman in her. She thought of the old servants in the old home, of their freedom, of the affection and consideration shown to them, and the effort, the trying to make the best of things died within her.

In her loneliness and despair she tried the writing of little stories. Invariably they were returned to her. Then she studied the papers. She offered herself as cub reporter to a paper which happened to be short-handed at the moment. The city editor, surprised for once in his life, took her on to fill a gap at four dollars a week. She was sent everywhere. Across town to write up a wedding, back again to report a flower show; here, there, four, five, six assignments in a day.

The fellows in the reporters' room smiled over their copy when she came in and went to her shabby, ink-splashed desk. But after a while they ceased to laugh and even grew to respect her and make a comrade of her. Many a chap she helped during those years. Many a little descriptive opening of race-meet or flower show she wrote for some young cub who was only able to master facts and figures. After a time, and by very slow degrees, she was advanced to a "feature department" for women. It was unthankful work, but it meant an increase in salary. She began to put by for that longed-for day when she might go home and see the dear old people again.

Cross letters, foolish letters, letters of abuse, letters from declassé women, from drunken men, poured in on her. But she clung steadily to her work, she saved and scrimped till the day and the hour came when she, twenty-seven years old, could pay her passage home, could see again her darling old people.

Somehow her delight at going home was mingled with anguish. If they should have changed greatly. If she herself, beaten and hardened by life, should have changed so much that things would not be for her lovely and loving and most dear, as they had been in the old days. If it was all too late! As the ship swung out to the deep sea some misgiving and doubt assailed her. As the voyage progressed the heaving, sad gray seas somehow composed her. They brought her the sense of the illimitable, the uncaring, the vast forces of inexorable nature. They made her feel puny and afraid, and withal they brought her nerve and strength. She, too, had fought and wrested from life a living; she, too, would fight on, and breast obstacles as the great tumultuous waves breasted them. She, too, would continue the effort even though her heart broke in the contact with life's forces just as the waves broke against the black sides of the ship. All life, all nature, was effort. A great sadness was upon her. Always passionate, living in every tiny nerve, impulsive, emotional, and very generous, almost extravagantly so, she had given of herself freely.

And now she was going home. Every leap of the great ship was bringing her nearer to the dear green hills, to the rockbound coast of her native land—to the two old people, the big man, the little patient God-loving saint of a mother. She would hear him say "mo choiade", "my lanna bawn" in the affectionate language which she held always in the deeper love of her heart. She would hear the gentle, "my murneen," of the little mother. All the hard years would melt away in the glow and warmth of that dear affection. She trembled in anticipation of the joy of it. She would hurry from Southampton to London, thence by Euston to Holyhead, and then she would see the North Wall and the Custom House of Dublin and would side-car across the city to the little old Hotel near the Broadstone Terminus, where her father always put up when on his visits to the stockyards. She wondered if Dennis Fahy, the boots, would yet be there. Dennis, the old saint, who heard Mass every day of his life and loved her father. Why, of course, he'd be there, and what's more, he would know her. A little glow warmed her heart at the very thought of the Broadstone Hotel and of Dennis. Oh, how tired she was! how lost and tired! wanting to creep in between the big arms and be father's little girl once again. He would be grayer, and stouter perhaps, but the wonderful smile of the close-pressed lips, the light in the blue eyes—just her old daddy.

The little mother, always self-reliant, self-sacrificing, quiet, meek, hardly these days came into the girl's thoughts at all. She was such a self-effacing little mother. Busy always, gentle, loving, steadfast and saintly—so different from her turbulent big girl—she was one of God's elected. Meek and lowly, suffering all things patiently, the very keystone and foundation of the family if it but knew it.

Land at last and the rush across London. Then the North Wall boat, slow enough, crawling across the channel. Then the gray walls of the Custom House and Dublin, and the home in the west in view.

"Sure, where will I be dhrivin' ye to, Ma'am?"

"The Broadstone Hotel, jarvey."

The little mare, her neck working in the collar, settled down to the long drive. The woman, rejoicing and erect sat in her precarious seat as one born to the manner. All the happy blessed youth of her childhood days blossomed out in her being. She noted the streets, the unchanged signs over the shops, the old conservatism of the old countries. The horses still drew the heavy two-decked trains. Nobody seemed to be in a hurry but the little well bred mare who raced along the squares and streets and took the turns in a rush. It was night and the city seemed lonely. The fashionable squares had "retired," and the tall houses were wrapped in a sort of shabby, proud dignity. But the girl from across seas was radiantly happy. She loved the loose seat on the rocking, jaunting car, she loved the racy little mare who worked keenly between the shafts; she leaned across the well of the car to talk to the jarvey, while from her meagre purse she took a double fare and jingled it in her hand. Dennis Fahy would be up cleaning the boots and stealing from door to door in his stocking-feet. Dennis would remember her just one minute after she had spoken to him. Oh, wasn't it good to be home to run into father's arms, to kiss little mother, to go out in the small garden, and, laying her face to the blessed soil, to cry her heart out, her poor, tired aching heart!

At last the hotel. How small and

Continued on page 419.

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It Keeps Them Out-of-Doors

A great many families are stay-at-homes merely because they have no comfortable means or definite purpose for going out.

An Overland will change all this in a day.

They get out-of-doors and stay out-of-doors.

Their lungs are continually filling with the very source of life—pure, fresh air; their hearts are filled and gladdened with everlasting sunshine. What's more, it keeps the family together. You can see a difference in their faces and their dispositions. Dissatisfaction is no more.

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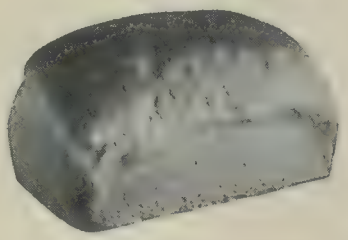
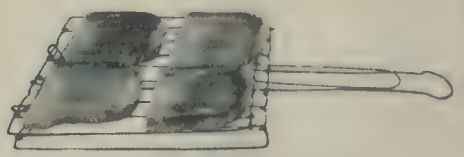
The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Single Cooking

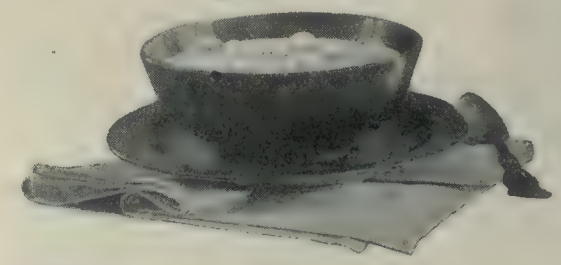


Sometimes wheat is simply baked, and in a moderate oven. That breaks up some part of the food granules. But those granules, of course, are mainly starch in any white flour product. Much of the wheat is omitted.

Double Cooking



When ease of digestion is wanted the baked bread is toasted. That breaks up more of the granules. That's why toast is suggested for breakfast. And why doctor's prescribe it for maximum nourishment with minimum tax on the stomach.



Triple Cooking

Puffed Wheat is baked in superheated ovens—at 550 degrees. It is toasted by rolling for one hour in that fearful heat. So it's baked and toasted in a matchless way.

Then it is steam exploded. A hundred million explosions—one for each granule—are caused in every grain. Thus every whole-wheat atom is fitted for digestion as it never was before.

That's what Prof. Anderson's invention means in a hygienic way. And that's why millions of mothers serve Wheat and Rice in puffed form to their children. You will do it also when you know the facts, especially between meals and at bedtime.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
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Except in Extreme West

Thin, Airy, Flimsy Bubbles

These are enticing morsels. They seem to melt like snowflakes. The grains are eight times normal size—four times as pourous as bread. The taste is like toasted nuts.

They are more than breakfast dainties. Use them as confections. Use them like nut meats in candy or ice cream. Let children eat them salted, like peanuts, when at play. And by all means serve them in your evening bowls of milk.

Folks delight in these grains. All folks easily digest them. And every atom feeds.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. **Sole Makers** **Saskatoon, Sask.**

(871)

Capt. Best

Continued from page 382.

Bloomfontein, where the Commander in Chief, Lord Roberts, was stationed, several days before the Canadians. He told his story to the commander, who listened with great sympathy, and attached him to the Canadian troops as special service officer; wishing him God speed, and according him all free lance privileges.

Upon the arrival of the troops Capt. Best went out to meet them, and was received by the commanding officer as one fairly raised from the dead. That his athletic training still held him in good stead and that his services both as a "nurse" and a comforter at times of disaster and death were indispensible is a well known story among the officers and men who were with him during the campaign.

Under command for the most part of Col. Lessard, now Major General Lessard, C.B., he conducted social and religious services among the troops being with them in all their engagements, nursing the wounded, carrying despatches, substituting for sick officers, conducting burial services, not only for the Canadian dead, but for all the men killed in some of the larger engagements, visiting men in field hospitals, and proving a veritable handy man, and everybody's friend. He was deservedly popular with both officers and men, he cheered the boys in their homesick moments and engineered sports for them in the dreary monotony between battles.

Actual service experiences have been turned to good account by Capt. Best in many cases in the training camps of Valcartier, and the Exhibition Camp in Toronto, and the programme of good works has been greatly extended. It is said, by those in a position to know, that the Y. M. C. A. work at Valcartier was the largest and perhaps the most efficient of its kind ever carried on. Capt. Best with his seventy-eight men on his staff speaks of the work there as one of the brightest spots of his life.

This sunny hearted dispenser of cheer and comfort is the first choice for overseas duty with the first contingent, and the happiest moment of his life will be when he is with his own special boys, many of whom belonged to the R. C. Dragoons in South Africa, in the trenches in France or Belgium supplying comfort and cheering them up.

"I want you to understand," said young Spender, "that I got my money by hard work." "Why, I thought it was left to you by your rich uncle." "So it was, but I had hard work to get it away from the lawyers."

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ALL BRITISH MADE

GREENER GUNS

Hit Hard, Shoot Far Last Long

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A one minute camera. Makes finished 2½x3¼ inch photo post cards on the spot in one minute. Loads in daylight—16 to 50 cards at one time. Simple to operate. A child can do it. Great camera invention. Order your outfit from this ad. Moneyback if not as represented. Or write for FREE BOOK.

$5.00 COMPLETE OUTFIT

Add 50c for parcel post. Outfit includes "Mandel-ette" Camera and supplies to make 16 pictures. Extra cards 25c per package of 16; tripod $1.00.

THE CHICAGO FERROTYPE CO.

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The Hubble Bubble House

Continued from page 367.

"Good heavens, you don't say. Is that the way you marry—like the French women? Don't you love him then?"

"Oh no, my father says that's only in books." She recognized the impression she was making and impishly made the most of it. This good-looking stranger brought out the desire inherent in all the women of the East, the desire to please their lord and master.

"It was our fathers who said—these two must marry—and the time has come. He will put money in my father's business, and I have no brother so it will all go to him. He came to me and said—'I don't love you and you don't like me, but it is said that we must marry. I hope you will be very comfortable.' Therefore I have no respect for him, I'd have loved him if he said as a true son of our people should—'I don't love you yet but you must make me love you or I'll kill you.' But alas, my husband was brought up here in your country and I hate him."

"But you must not marry under those circumstances." Carr leaned eagerly towards her. "Why—why it would be a sin."

Nejail looked sideways at him and stood up.

"It is said by our fathers," she answered. "Come, Mr. Carr, they are having supper."

Carr put out his hand and took hers.

"I'd rather not, thanks. I must get on, but may I come again to-morrow night?"

"A friend may not leave our house until he had broken bread with us. In this way none but friends enter. An enemy will not eat at your table for fear he choke—this is the Syrian way."

She was so very serious about it that Carr didn't dream of laughing. The girl waited for his answer with that invisible veil drawn tightly across the lower part of her face. Her eyes besought his above its border and no feature but her eyes commanded attention. This artifice was probably a survival of the necessity of veiled Turkish and Persian women of speaking with their eyes. They stood so for a moment, then he lowered his gaze.

"Very well, I'll stay," he answered meekly.

Samson was bound.

. . . . . .

Every evening and two or three afternoons, John Carr found some excuse for dropping in to see Miss Nejail and their friendship increased at a great rate. His article was progressing and Nejail helped him all she could with suggestions, stories and anecdotes of their method of living.

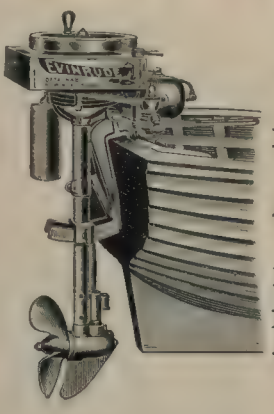
It was Thursday night and Nejail was standing on the front gallery bidding Jack good-bye. He had been through a very strenuous evening—all Nejail's relatives had gathered for what might be termed "a final weep." They wept and wailed and bemoaned the fact that this was her last night of girlhood. The father and mother cried with them because they were losing her forever; until it really became unbearable. So Carr took his departure and was followed to the door by tear-stained Nejail, who clung to his arm sobbing quietly.

There's pleasure in

EVINRUDING

Before you buy a detachable row boat or canoe Motor—investigate the superior qualities and exclusive advantages of the

EVINRUDE



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This wonderful little motor is so simple, a child can operate it. Can be attached in a minute to a rowboat or canoe—starts with a swing of the wheel and develops a speed of from two to eight miles per hour.

Shall we mail a handsome catalogue and send you the name of our **(nearest Canadian Agent?)**

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As Fair as a Lily

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Princess Skin Food

Transforms soft, flabby muscles into good firm flesh. It feeds the understructure of the skin and nourishes the hollow face and neck just as good foods nourish the system and built it up.—

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Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound — whispers even do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

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often called **"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"** are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

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"This parting is the worst of all," she sobbed. "Will you come to-morrow for the last time?"

The veil of dissembling was rent between them and they both looked into miserable eyes.

"Nejail," he said softly, "will you marry me?" His arm went around her protectingly, and she looked up with frightened eyes.

"You know that to be impossible." she replied calmly. "My wedding clothes are bought."

Carr gave an angry snort.

"What has that got to do with it?" he demanded. "You've grown very dear to me, Nejail, and I want you. It is right you should give up the man you detest for the man you love."

The girl shivered and closed her eyes.

"The wedding clothes are bought," she repeated sadly.

"But what has that got to do with it," he persisted with a wild gesture. "He doesn't want you, and I do. Come to me to-night, to-morrow, any time, but come. Nejail, do you hear me?"

She threw herself into his arms with a burst of uncontrollable weeping.

"God, do I hear," she cried. "Can't you understand that what must be, must be. The son of our people buys the wedding clothes for his bride and she accepts them as a pledge of her good faith. It would be a crime for me to do what you suggest, even if you have my love." She paused for a moment to gain control of her voice. "My father lied to me, there is such a thing as love. Oh, I am so miserable but there is no other way. This is the Syrian way—Oh go, go Jack, but kiss me, kiss me good-bye."

Carr bent his lips to her upturned face, and they stood in a silence of their own making that the noise of weeping from the house, nor the roar of traffic from the streets could not pierce. Centuries of feminine submission to masculine authority broke her spirit now, and the yoke of her ancestresses descended on to her neck.

"Then this *is* good-bye, Oh thou beautiful one—" Carr whispered.

"No—yes—our own good-bye, but you will come to the wedding to-morrow. Remember that you have never seen a Syrian wedding and it is to be the finish to your writing. Lord of my heart, will you do me a favor, promise?"

She held the real scarf she was wearing, across the lower part of her face now, and again her eyes awaited his answer.

"I promise anything," he said slowly.

"Well, it is that you will come to-morrow to the church and then after to the house and before them all you will walk up to me and say—'May you be very happy.' Then you will leave and be sure to close the door behind you that I may hear it close. The Syrian custom is, when anyone is going a journey from a house, they leave the door open after them, that the journey may be successful and the return safe, that they may enter again. Those who

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IN EVERY country where carpets and rugs are used, the Bissell sweeper is sold and, upon merit alone commands the bulk of the business both at home and abroad.

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Grand Rapids, Mich.

do not wish to return to that house close the door behind them. Do you see ?"

"I see," he answered with a sort of dead resignation.

"And to please me you promise ?" she released herself from his arms.

"I promise."

"Then good-night, master of my spirit, may your dreams delight you." She stood in the doorway waiting—but he dazedly kissed the edge of her scarf and went away.

. . . . . .

Carr somehow found himself in the church the following morning. He didn't care so much now that the service was really going on, he only had a dull ache somewhere and it was choking him. That article had to be handed in and it wasn't finished; he could never finish it now because he was sick.

Men were chanting and everyone was holding a lighted candle, even he, maybe he'd brought it with him; the fire signified a sacrifice. The priest was saying the Greek mass and incense rose in volumes around him, enveloping his gorgeous vestments in a cloud. Jack saw him take two crowns, made of flowers and place them alternately on their heads. Whose heads ? asked his dulled brain. On that ordinary looking man and his bride. Why, it was Nejail, she of the beautiful eyes standing there just like an ordinary bride, and the joke was that everyone there thought she was just like anyone else, except him, he knew different. Oh dear, it was tiresome; how he wished someone would lean near her and set fire to her veil; then they would all run away but him, and he would take her up in his arms, fire and all, and carry her off.

After a little while, he found himself back at the house, but not her house, the groom's house. It is the Syrian custom for the groom to give the wedding feast and the parents of the bride return to their home after the wedding and do not see their daughter for three days. He knew that much, but how? With a quick stab of pain he remembered that Nejail had told him.

He walked bravely up to where she stood arrayed in all the detestable wedding finery, the white satin chains of her slavery; with a white face and her big, dark eyes fixed upon him and he took her hand and pressed it.

"May you be very happy, Nejail, Goodbye."

She smiled, but the hand that held his trembled. He felt her leave a note in his fingers as she withdrew hers and politely said: "Thank you, you are very kind."

Out in the hall he opened the small piece of paper. "Light of my Life" it ran.

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WORKS WITHOUT WASTE

"Why, why did you not carry me off in your arms last night. When we love, that is the Syrian way.

Thy Beloved."

Carr crushed the note savagely and uttered a low cry, then he stumbled blindly down the stairs.

At the bottom he stopped to collect his thoughts. There was something that he had promised to do, that he felt vaguely was going to make his pain worse. He passed out and slammed the door.

The West by Water

Continued from page 375.

of the river; one end of it remaining in the water. During the night there was a sudden drop in the level of the river, the end of the boat dropped with it, and the mail bags fell out into the torrent. They were never recovered.

Where the Athabasca is too rough for even these daring navigators, comes the really hard work of northern transportation—to get around the rapids

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overland. Tracking a boat along a rocky channel is bad enough, but portaging its cargo, and then itself, over a wilderness trail to the next smooth water is worse. Romance becomes sheer drudgery when a man's back must bear a burden like an ox and mosquitoes bite like hornets. But it's a part of the game, and the men who play it through, do it well and gaily. It's their life.

The Peace is a better planned and more usable river. "Ouanjagi," the Indians used to call it, which being interpreted signifies "Our Own Beautiful River." Of its thousand miles, nine hundred are navigable, and navigation on the Peace ordinarily means easy going on a stretch of water that is from seven hundred feet to one mile, wide, flowing calmly and comfortably through steep-cut banks that are in places nine hundred feet high. On either side is rich prairie, mixed with rolling woodland, and all through the Peace River Valley the genius of the North seems at its best and gayest. Potential farm-land, thickly spread with bunch grass and wild flowers, lies all about, and into the midst of it the really noble river runs invitingly. Yet it is not for all its course a broad and placid stream. Up in its mountain sections is the Peace River Gorge, a wild tumultuous twenty-mile canyon out of which little has yet come alive or whole, and the wicked savagery of this part of the river is in striking contrast to its peacefulness lower down. In a summer mood the Peace is a river of many delights, and it is certain to be, some day, a well-travelled tourist route, as well as a commercial highway.

Important as they are in their own rights, however, both the Athabasca and the Peace are introductory to the Mackenzie, king of all the northern rivers. From where it receives the waters of its two main feeders, at Great Slave Lake, to its mouth on the Arctic coast is a thousand miles, averaging one mile wide, but sometimes widening to two miles. It, too, has a gorge, where the Mackenzie Ramparts border it for three or four miles, piling up straight cliffs of rock from one to two hundred feet high, and making one of the North's scenic showplaces. Less prolific in tributaries than the Peace and Athabasca, one of its branches, the Liard, which comes into the main stream from the left, reaches away westward, rising within 150 miles of the Pacific. The Mackenzie's importance lies in the fact that it is a magnificent natural highway to the very top of the continent, open to navigation from late May to late September. Seven-foot vessels find an easy channel as far south as Fort Smith, half-way between Great Slave and Athabasca Lakes, and there are no shifting sandbars to fear, as in the Saskatchewan.

A substantial freight and passenger traffic, including that of the far-north fur trade, already goes over this route, in steamboats belonging to the big trading companies and the missions. That the conveniences of travel and the evidences of modern business should thus be found in these far northern parts has somewhat of surprise in it, however well one may have foreknown the fatcs. The steamboats are well and staunchly built; they are very comfortably fitted and furnished, with staterooms and dining-rooms and cabins; some of them are electric-lighted, and they make very good time. At the end of their route is the end of the continent and the land of the Eskimos.

Over in the left-hand corner is another great river, the Yukon, suggestive of gold-hunting and stampede days. It rises, like all the others, in the mountains along the continental divide, but takes a north and west course through the Yukon Territory and Alaska, to the Bering Sea. From the coast side it gives an easy summer entrance into the heart of the golden North by a river route of 1,500 miles to Dawson, and a large and varied traffic goes over that route each season. Dapper passenger boats and clumsy rafts laden with prospectors' supplies go the Yukon way. The steamers travel according to a nicely printed schedule, but the supply-rafts by no more dependable a law than the impulse of the adventurer.

That impulse, by the way, is an undefinable and irrepressible quantity that has been the making of some men and the utter undoing of others. When a man ventures out upon a northern river, with only a few sticks of wood, lashed together, to carry him and his possessions, it may be taken for granted that a vision of some kind is luring him on, and the satisfying of that dream involves both fun and peril en route. Many a Crusoe has gone up the Yukon River, poled his way

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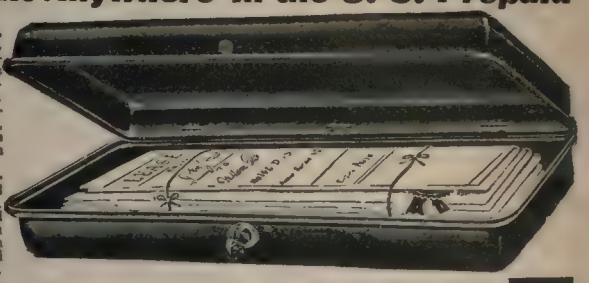

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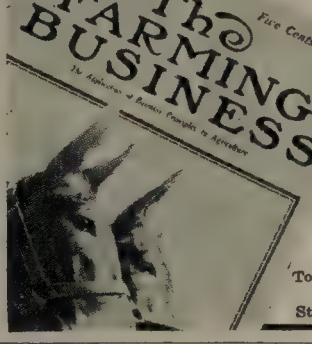

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What we tell you here about the HUDSON Six-40 has been proved to ten thousand actual owners under every road condition.

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It is known in 43 countries where this car is running. It is known in city and hamlet all over America, for these cars are everywhere. It is known to your very neighbors, some of whom own this car.

Two years ago, the HUDSON Six 40 was a promise and prophecy. It is to-day an accepted standard, a proved advance, at which many a maker is aiming.

Popularized the Six

Four years ago, when we started this car, the Six was out of reach of the many. It was high-priced and heavy. It was wasteful of fuel. It used up tires too fast. Its luxuries where open to but a few.

To-day there is hardly a buyer paying over $1200 who considers anything else but a Six.

It was this HUDSON Six-40—the first of its type—which brought that condition about. It ended all the over-taxes—weight, price, fuel, tires. It established new ideals in luxury, beauty and equipment. And for one year from its advent we never caught up with our orders.

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This HUDSON Six-40 has had something like a 25-million-mile test. Ten thousand owners have driven it over every sort of road that exists. And hundreds of HUDSON service stations have watched and reported results.

Four years have been spent in perfecting it. A great engineering corps, headed by Howard E. Coffin, have given their best to it. Every principle and detail has been proved out in a most exhaustive way. There is nothing more certain in the industry to-day than the fact that this car is right.

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The HUDSON Six-40 was the pioneer of this type. Its tremendous success is what has led to Light Six popularity. It was this car which brought down the weight, the price and the operative cost of the Six. And most of the most desirable cars of the day are founded on this pattern

But our 1915 model is a four-year evolution. The unavoidable new-car crudities have been eliminated. The final refinements are shown here. And our vast experience with it has wiped out the risk of faults.

You have more than the maker's assurance. There are 10,000 owners to confirm what we say of it. There are men all around you—neighbors of yours—to testify to its perfections.

Not another light Six compares with this for the man who wants a proved success, for the man who doesn't want to take chances. Nor will you find one which compares with this in the things you see—in beauty, finish and equipment.

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Dominion Motor Co., Medicine Hat, Alta.
H. T. Henderson Garage, Lethbridge, Alta.
Legare Gadbois Automobile, 316 City Hall Ave. Montreal, Que., Canada.
Motor Car & Equipment Co., 110-112 Princess Street. St. John, New Brunswick
Mr. P. T. Legare, Quebec, P. O.
Dominion Auto Co., Ltd., 145-51 Bay Street Toronto, Ont., Can.
Mr. Herbert J. Hambrecht, Berlin, Ont.
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International Motor Car Co., Ottawa, Ont.
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through its gorges, twisted around its sandbars, ridden its rapids, till he came to where he thought -good fortune awaited him; and all along the Yukon, as along the other rivers of the Western North, are the ashes of myriad camp fires that tell half-tales of yesterday. If the human history of it all were known and written, we would have not a few but many books, that would make the work of some imaginative novelists look like that of a novice.

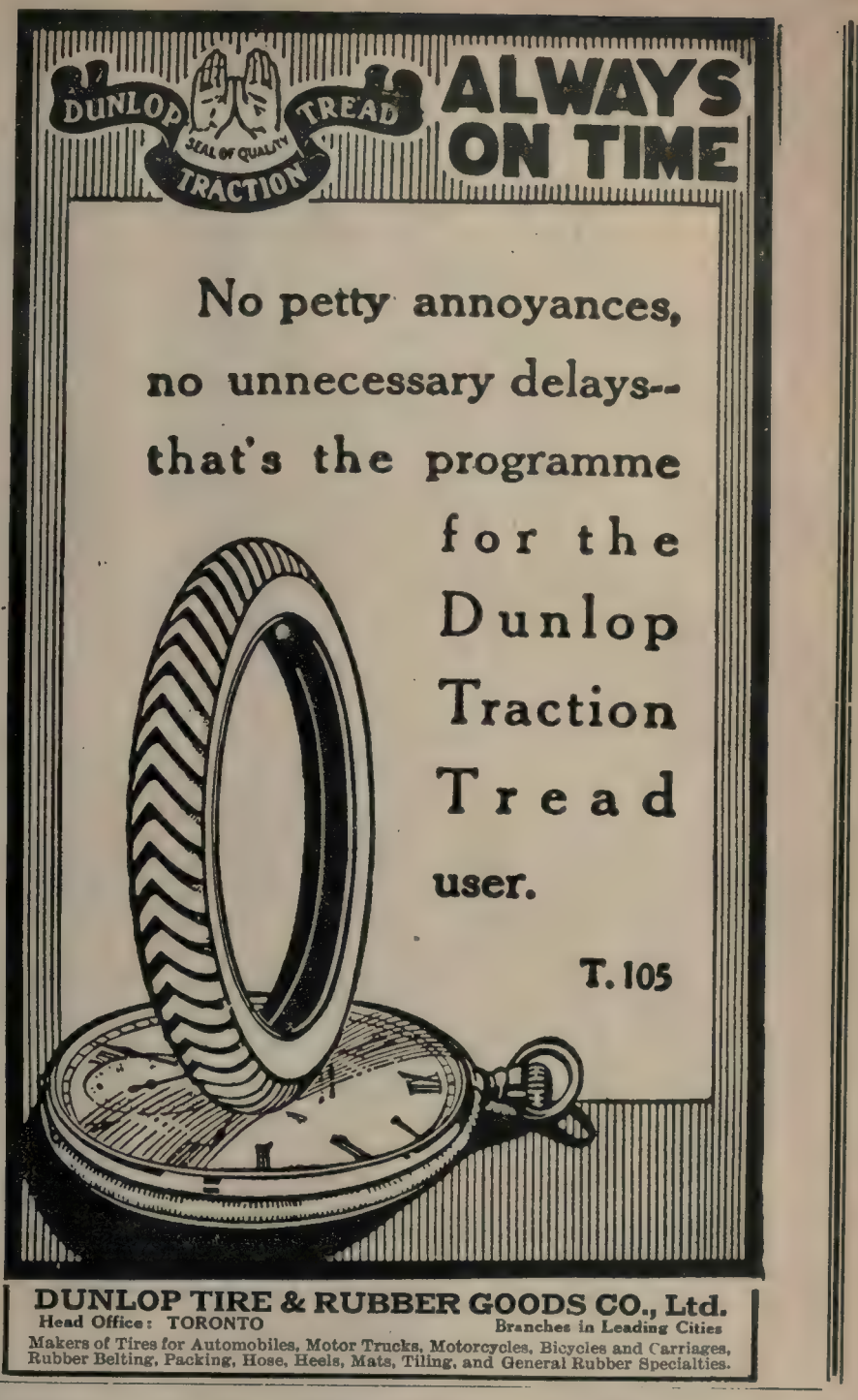
The mountain country that gives birth to so many good and great rivers flowing out to east and west produces several others that remain within the borders of British Columbia, and of these the Fraser is the greatest and best. It rises up in the northern part of the Rockies, runs for two hundred miles westward, then turns and runs due south for four hundred miles; turns again and pours through the gorges of the Coast Range mountains till it reaches the Pacific. In all it is nearly 750 miles long, and six other good-sized rivers, chief of which is the beautiful Nechako, run into it along the way.

Born of the mountains, fed by the glaciers, and in places poured through and down wild passes and narrow gorges, it is to be expected that these swift rivers of the West and North should have great power possibilities. Some of the falls and rapids have been developed, at a number of points, for municipal and manufacturing purposes; but the greater part of the water-power resources of the country beyond the Great Lakes is yet untouched. To estimate the extent of these resources is, naturally enough, a difficult matter. It has been said that one million horse-power could be secured from the falls of the Nelson River alone; the Grand Rapids on the Saskatchewan have at least 80,000 horse-power in waiting; the rivers of Alberta, if harnessed at such points as the long rapids of the Athabasca, the Vermilion falls on the Peace, and the several falls in the mountain districts of the province, could give 1,150,000 horse-power. And the streams in interior British Columbia have unknown possibilities which are even now being put to use. The most northern hydro-electric power development in Canada is that of the Yukon Gold Company on one of the creeks of the Yukon River near Dawson, where 2,000 horse-power is generated for use at the mining works thirty-six miles away. More than a thousand miles to the south and east, in a country which is still new, but which was tapped recently by the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific road, four famous falls in Stoney Creek are being developed to furnish power and light to town's people in the rich Nechako Valley. The hydro power company controlling these falls is also running its own lumber and planing mills, and out of the profits of its finished lumber is practically meeting the expense involved in the development of 5,000 horse-power. Stoney Creek, a tributary of the majestic Nechako river, has its source in Noolki and Tachic lakes, two natural reservoirs which are fed by the snows of Sinkut mountain.

A year or two ago it was proposed to carry power from the rapids on the Athabasca to Edmonton, one hundred miles or more, and something may yet come of it. When the need arises, the Western North will be able to supply itself from its own rivers and creeks with convenient and economical power, in quantities that no one can yet figure up.

Not for their transportation or industrial possibilities alone are these northwestern rivers of value, but for their beauty's sake as well. Thousands have seen the Fraser tumbling down its gorge, through a crack in the mountains, and have wondered at it. Somewhat like it is the Miles Canyon on the Lewes River, a part of the Yukon system. The complacent and unmatchable Peace has a beauty distinctively its own.

The Hay River, emptying into Great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Back of their reliability is serviceability. Back of that are master methods and equipment. Back of these again is the knowledge so vital to tire perfection.

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Every part of a Goodyear tire bears an exact relation to every other part. That is why Goodyears have won their name as the well-balanced tires. The fabric used must be of an exact weight, quality and strength, as demonstrated by thousands of Goodyears through years of actual service, as well as by endless laboratory tests. The rubber must be of highest quality. The tread must be built in true proportion to the "carcass." For the tread to out-balance the carcass would be as unsatisfactory as a half-inch sole on a patent leather shoe.

And all this means service and economy for users. Tires can be made more costly, but they cannot be made better. Extra cost usually means the over development of some one part, which must be discarded with the rest of the tire when the tire gives out elsewhere.

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And, with their qualities of true balance, Goodyear Fortified tires offer four exclusive features which combat four major tire troubles:

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In these ways Goodyears are protecting thousands of Canadian motorists from added tire expense, and after trouble.

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Slave Lake, has two waterfalls, one of which, the Alexandria Falls, is 150 feet high and as beautiful as Niagara itself. And over n the northeast, are two little rivers that quite surpass in real beauty anything else in Canada. These are the Little Buffalo, flowing into the northern end of Great Slave Lake, and its affluent, the Nyarling. The Little Buffalo is only one hundred miles long and fifty feet wide, but so well-travelled a man as Ernest Thompson Seton does not hesitate to call it the most beautiful river in the world, not excepting even the Rhine. It winds a narrow way between shores of virgin forest, where hedges of wild roses grow luxuriantly, and where the song birds of half the continent seem to have their native haunts.

There's history, too, about the waterways of the Western North. New as they are even yet to the world at large, nearly all of them are associated with the early days of Canadian exploration and with pioneer colonization, when the first brave things in the West were done. Thus, the Saskatchewan River began to be known to white men two hundred and forty years ago, when the Hudson's Bay Company adventurers invaded the wilderness of the primeval Indians.

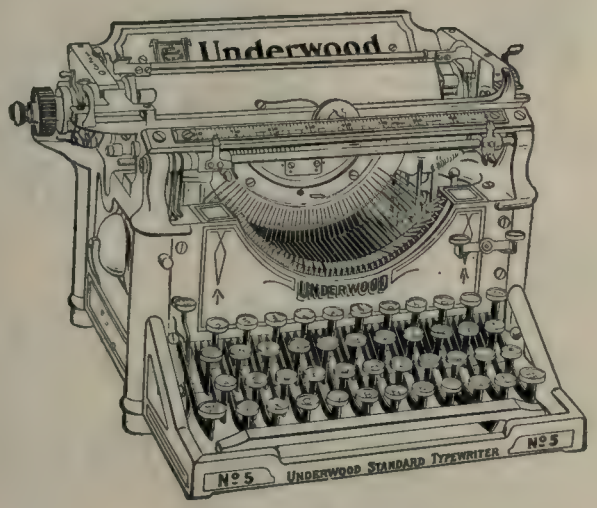
A long succession of traders, trappers, hunters, and voyageurs has passed to and fro upon this river, or along its shores, since then; and the memory of Simon Fraser, who something more than a hundred years ago made the first cross-country journey from the head waters of the Saskatchewan to Lake Superior, is equally entitled to long life. Fraser's exploration in the coast country also, and his finding of the river that now bears his name, is another good bit of river history. So, too, is Sir Alexander Mackenzie's voyage in 1789 down the unknown highway of the North, to the edge of the Arctic. That was a bold and brave achievement, for even yet it is a voyage in the wilderness and must then have been something after the kind of Columbus' first voyage to the unknown Indies.

The rivers and lakes that so thickly mark the map of Western and Northern Canada are rich in tradition, many of them are beautiful, most of them are industrially valuable, and all of them are proofs of a time, very long ago, when there was a great commotion in northern America and mighty forces were set agoing that piled up mountains and levelled wide plains and made pathways for the running waters. We are to-day benefitting from some of these ancient movements of nature, and other benefits of a like kind are awaiting our pleasure.

The largest river is Time.

THE

UNDERWOOD



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Some Slums

Continued from page 361.

reality I'm simply the rector in charge of the Five Points Settlement."

"A rector," the lady exclaimed in dismay looking once again at the close cropped hair and the head that was set so firmly upon the broad shoulders. "Why I thought that ministers were always little old men with grey hair."

"I'm not much of a minister yet," the young man laughed. "I'm just learning my trade. Maybe by the time I'm full fledged I will shrink a little and come up to specifications a little more in the matter of age and hair!"

"I think," decided the lady, "that I have time to go shopping now for some of the things the Shaner family will need. Philips," she directed, "you may go back to the car and see if there are any shops near by. I will be down in a moment."

The chauffeur touched his hat and left.

"Possibly it would make it easier for you if I went with you."

"Thank you," exclaimed the lady

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then halted in her enthusiasm, "but I don't think you really ought to go with me."

"Why not ?"

"Because,—" she paused in confusion and then blurted out hastily, "because I don't think you know what kind of a woman I am."

He looked at her quizzically. "Do you think that makes any difference ? In the Five Points Settlement we don't ask 'Who are you ?' but, 'What are you doing ?' Suppose we set out, Helen Mary."

"Suppose we do," she acquiesed and added haltingly, "Peter Flemming."

With a promise of a speedy return they left the children and descended to the car.

It had turned a trifle colder, crystalizing the slush under foot to rough ice, and snow was beginning to fall in great furry blotches. The air was thick with the flakes and in the soft darkness the lights of the stores glowed pleasantly.

Having the machine, made it possible for them to cover a pretty wide range of shops, and besides getting meat and groceries they found time to visit a candy shop and a toy store where the lady insisted on buying enough toys for the kid to last him a lifetime.

In the neighborhood stores everyone seemed to know Peter Flemming and all accepted Helen Mary's being with him as a matter of course and doffed their hats to her respectfully either not noticing her too costly raiment or else overlooking it because she was with the rector. It was a new sensation to the lady to be taken as a matter of course and she luxuriated in being natural. When she thought he was not looking she hastily wiped some rouge and powder from her face, with more damaging results to her handkerchief than to her complexion.

In the toy shop she inquired, "Where do you keep your Noah's Arks ? We must have one for the baby, that is," she added, "if you have any with very durable colors."

The rector protested, "That takes half the fun out of having a Noah's Ark. Licking the paint off, I remember, was one of my first childish pasttimes."

She laughed, "Yes, and look what you grew up to be. I don't intend that George shall become a minister."

"Oh. What makes you think his name is George ?"

"I know because I just named him that myself. He's my very first baby and I think I should have the privilege of choosing his name." She looked into his blue eyes defiantly, daring him to reprove her for temporarily adopting the infant.

In the store where they bought

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clothes for the kid she discovered unsuspected delights.

"Do you think," she turned gravely to the somewhat embarrassed young man, "do you think that these blue ribbons in the underwear will suit George's complexion ?"

"Why yes," he stammered, flushing a deep red which showed through his light hair, "I think blue would be delightful," and then to show his familiarity with the habits of babies he asked casually, "Hadn't we better buy a lot of safety pins ?"

"Yes I suppose so. I believe they are being worn this season considerably."

The saleswoman in charge was looking for dresses.

"How old is your baby, sir ?" she inquired of the young man.

"Why," he confessed, "I don't know exactly but he's about this long." He measured off a section of his arm.

"He's just one year old," the lady said.

"What a wonderful memory you have for dates Helen Mary," he murmured in a voice that the saleswoman could not overhear. Then he inquired, "How did you know George's age ?"

"It's a woman's business to know all about babies." Her eyes rested soberly in his. "I'm just discovering it for the first time."

At last they could think of nothing more that the family needed immediately.

"I didn't know it was so much fun doing things for children," the lady exclaimed as they carried arms-full to the waiting car.

Peter Flemming looked as if he might have a sermon in his system on that subject but he only looked it. Like the wise young man that he was he refrained from speaking. He knew what so many of his elders do not—that a truth self-discovered is worth any number of them which someone else expounds.

It was the supper hour at the Shaner's. Mame had the teakettle boiling and the tiny table was set for three.

All thought of food was temporarily abandoned, however, at the advent of the foraging party. Even Puggy unbent from his attitude of mature masculine aloofness to gloat over the wonderful things that were their's.

Mame woke up the kid and without embarrassment robed him in his new dress so they could see how handsome he really was.

Helen Mary was going to leave, but Mame protested hospitably. "You must stay to supper. I've got the table all set for you and the rector. You'll stay won't you rector ?"

"I certainly will," he agreed hastily. "You see I know what a good cook Mame is."

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"I ought to go," objected the lady.

"Please," urged Mame, "stay and pretend just once that you are our mother and the rector is our father." She paused looking from one to the other to see if she had blundered. "You see Puggy and me, we remember when we had a really and truly father and mother and I'd like to have the kid see what it's like just once."

That decided the lady and she sat at one end of the table and the rector at the other while Mame occasionally occupied the third place whenever she was not fluttering around Puggy, who was having supper in bed, or removing something from the kid's mouth which was not supposed to be there.

"Gee, Puggy, ain't this swell?" rejoiced Mame looking at their benefactress with shining eyes. "When I grow up I'm going to be just like her."

The lady looked up quickly to see if Peter Flemming had heard what the little girl had said.

If he had he did not admit it, for he met her eyes frankly and inquired, "Do you think it's safe for a young man with only one tooth to eat a stick of candy with a red stripe around it?"

The lady considered the kid gravely. "I think it's perfectly safe as long as he leaves most of the sticky part on the outside of his face."

Before the meal was over, Philips, the chauffeur, arrived with a cot-bed and bed clothes which he had been obliged to make a special trip for. When it had been all fixed up by the deft hands of Mame and the clumsy but willing ones of Helen Mary, the rector carefully carried the boy to it and stretched him out as gently as possible.

"Gosh!" murmured the boy, "it's swell, being hurt ain't it, Mr. Flemming?"

When the lady finally took her leave it was like parting from one's own family. She promised to come again of course and surreptitiously gave the rector a roll of bills to be devoted to the future care of the Shaner's while the head of the family was incapacitated.

Mame carefully removed a layer of peppermint candy from the kid's features and held him up to the visitor to be kissed, which was rather a longer process than you might imagine, because it had to be done all over,—all over the baby that is.

At the door she turned to say good-bye to Mame who stood holding it open for her. She held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Mame."

The girl looked at the floor and rubbed her toe across a crack in the boards.

"Do you think," she asked haltingly, "you could pretend just once maybe that you were my mother and kiss me

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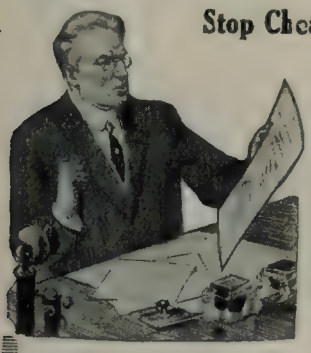

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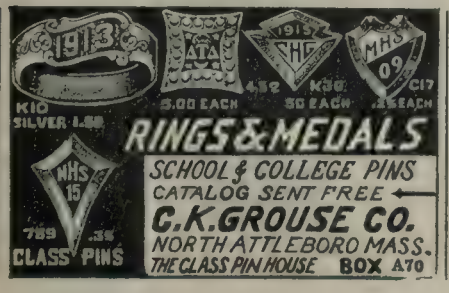

good-night, too ?" She flushed painfully at her own temerity.

The lady took her in her arms and held her tight for a full minute.

Then for fear she had overlooked something she started toward the little boy on the bed. In his eyes she read suddenly that he was afraid she was going to kiss him too.

She shook hands with him gravely, "Good-night Puggy. I hope your leg gets better soon."

The rector accompanied her down stairs. The snow was still falling gently and all the old garbage cans and ash barrels were resting under a thick white blanket.

At the car she paused a moment and thanked him. "I don't know when I've had a better time and I'm sorry—" she paused.

"Sorry for what ?"

"Sorry for lots of things."

The social instinct urged Peter Flemming to say, "May I see you again ?"

She thanked him with her eyes and said with her lips, "No, I think not. I haven't many ministers among my acquaintances. Good-night."

"Good-night. You know without my saying it how kind you have been to those children. You have been a good angel."

"You wouldn't say that if you saw where I came from, Peter Flemming."

"Yes, Helen Mary, I would say that if you came from——no matter where you came from."

Half an hour later Philips, the chauffeur, was explaining to the confidential broker, who was waiting patiently in the most expensive grill room in the world, that Helen Mary had decided not to dine with him that evening.

"What's the matter ?" he asked. "Not sick is she ? I'll go right up to the flat."

The confidential broker rose preparatory to leaving the restaurant without dining.

"She said not to," protested the chauffeur deferentially.

"Not to come up ?" the man repeated in amazement. "Why not ?"

"Because," Philips continued, "she said she wouldn't be there."

Donald was leaving his native village for parts unknown. Sandy, his friend, invited all the friends and neighbors to his home to give Donald a royal send-off. As is customary at these gatherings, liquid refreshments were served without stint.

About nine o'clock Sandy noticed Donald going round bidding the guests good-bye. "Your no goin' yet, Donald ?" he said in surprise.

"Na, I'm no goin' yet," answered Donald, "but I thoct I'd bid 'em a' good-by while I knew 'em."

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LONDON - CANADA 60

Ghosts of Lost Ships

Continued from page 364.

lower away the mainsail. These supernatural visitors were seen so often that men refused to ship on the schooner and she was known as a haunted vessel.

As recently as December, 1913, the crew of the Nova Scotian owned bark "Belmont" declared that their vessel was struck by a phantom ship off Rio. Capt. Ladd of the fated ship said he was on the starboard tack when the helmsman spied lights ahead. He did not change the course of his vessel, as she had the right of way, but before he could swing the Belmont out of danger the other vessel was right on top of her. In the crash which followed the bow of the Belmont was badly damaged and a great deal of her canvas came slapping down. "What's your name," shouted the mate to the ship which had caused all the damage. "Esmeralda" came the reply and the visitor faded from view. Two of the sailors who rushed on deck when the vessels met were certain that the preceding craft left behind her a perceptible odor of brimstone and that for at least half an hour there was a red glow on the surface of the sea. Every one admitted that the ship's cat Jeremiah had been in the hold and showed the most abject terror when brought on deck. A sailor who tried to carry him to the spot where the ship out of the night had struck the Belmont, was badly scratched.

All of which goes to show that superstition is not altogether dead at sea.

Yet another incident which happened a little over a year ago to the Newfoundland schooner "Victor", bound from Bay Bulls to St. John's, was reported by the skipper and published in a local newspaper. The skipper declared that while crossing Conception Bay, his look-out saw two lights ahead. They were apparently a schooner's lights and appeared to be stationary. A third light then appeared and while the lookout wondered, other lights sprang up. The mate thereupon promptly called the captain and, hardly had the skipper tumbled on deck, than the craft of mystery was ablaze with brilliant illuminations. Capt. Ralph fearlessly bore down on the stranger, ordering his men to give no hail and approach as quietly as possible. Figures in oilskins moved silently about the stranger's decks and it was seen that her main boom was broken. No sound came from the unknown. There was no audible voice of command and no flapping of canvas or creaking of rigging. Awe-struck, Capt. Ralph and his men looked on

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and then, without warning, the lights vanished and with them the phantom ship.

As a skeptical literary man, the writer might venture to say that the Conception Bay "phantom" was a fishing schooner which had broken her main boom and her gang had lighted kerosene torches to repair the damage, or to give light to furl the mainsail and bend on the riding sail. No sounds would be heard upon the "Victor," as in bearing down, she must have been to windward and sounds do not usually go far to windward. The dousing of the lights may have been caused by a heavy puff of wind or sprays. It is no hard matter to conjure supernatural happenings at sea. The writer has laid in his bunk when the vessel was miles off the land and heard the tolling of a distant bell. For the moment, I felt some little mysterious awe at the sound until I recollected that we were in the vicinity of the Lurcher Light-ship. Lying in a lee bunk which, with the list of the vessel was well below the water line and with my head chock against the inner skin of the hull, the submarine bell signal on the Light-ship could be distinctly heard.

A vast number of happenings chalked up to the account of the supernatural could be explained in a similar manner. But upon the sea, the prosaic environment of the land has no sway. The vessel is fearfully alone and the quiet and solitude of the sea-night stimulates the imagination. Sky above and sea below; the whine of the wind in the rigging; the muttering low-toned grumble of bow-shorn water; cheeping mast-hoops and grating blocks combined with the silence and loneliness of the gloom-swathed deck all go to make up a proper stage setting for happenings of the mysterious. The daylight kills occult thoughts, but the long night watches brings to the mind of the seaman dreaming over the wheel or staring into the gloom from aft the windlass, the fantastic imaginings of a De Quincy or Poe, and the haunting charm of such fancies; the nearness to nature and the spirit world of the imagination, breeds in the brain of the seafarer a ready belief in the Mystery of the Sea.

The following is an extract from a youthful autobiography:

"I am eleven years of old. When I was three I had the scarlet fever. After that I had mumps, measels and hooping-cough, soon a great dane jumped and bit my face, and then I fell off of a ladder and broke my arm. Mother says boys have much better times now than when she was childish."

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Jobs That Pass

Continued from page 368.

papers. Some were doing as nicely as $100 per month. Think of it—$100 per per month! But I found that I was too intelligent for the job. Otherwise if I had been willing to take a course in writing, costing about $40 payable in the instalment plan—Oh so easy,—I might be able to secure a position in three or four years. As I have something put away for a rainy day—an umbrella—and we have a first class Old Men's Home in our city, I am not corresponding for newspapers.

"Selling Christmas cards was a little more promising. I sold as many as three dozen one day, but as most folks did not seem to care to buy cards for the next three or four Christmas seasons, I found that thirty cents for a ten hour day was violating my Union Labor principles. At that I could have sold more 'Work Wanted' cards than Christmas greetings.

"Meanwhile, instead of 'looking up the Boys' or taking in the musical comedies, I became a front ranker at the newspaper bulletin boards.

"I'm an expert on interpreting the Censor's essays as to how 'the—were—at—' or that 'we have made slight gains and retired five miles;' that 'the Russians have taken Peruna and the Austrians evacuated Zam-Buk or 'there is nothing new to report.'

"At last, just as I was thinking of applying for the position of sheriff to assist in the 'Going-out-of-business-as-usual Campaign', I received a phone message from my old office. It seems that the Member for the town, who happened by politics to be wearing a buttonhole bouquet that matched Mrs. Hob Snodgers' gown down in Ottawa, and also happened by marriage to be related to the Boss's second wife here at home, had secured for the Firm a chance to supply the Canadian Contingent with hydroplane boots for Salisbury or Thermos sleeping bags for use in the London Fair Grounds' Camp or coonskin muffs for the Toronto Ice Boat Brigade—it doesn't matter.

"Anyhow, the Firm needed a chartered accountant with an M. A. and a sure anchor against enlistment and desertion when the next bugle blared down the boulevard.

"Therefore, if I—ahem—

"Talk about a Zeppelin raid on Dover! I captured my hat, carried the front door by assault and battery, held up the street car in the middle of a block, and fell into the arms of the office boy, all within half an hour. Since when the Grand Duke What's-hisnamesky has nothing on me when it comes to sticking to his job."

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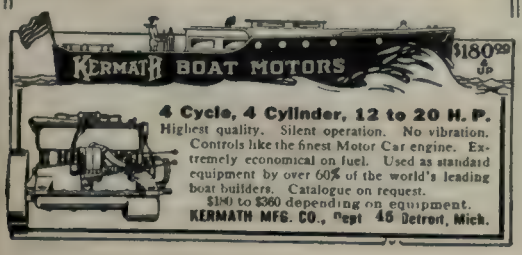
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The House That Jack Built

Continued from page 370.

ready, 'most any time now, and mebbe put a fence round. You'd like that, I guess, and a little gate for you to go steppin' through. You walk down that way to-morrer night after work and you see if I've picked out the right spot."

"But you don't want folks to know. What'll they think if they go by and see me ?"

"Oh, folks won't see you ! They're to home that time o' night, doin' the chores. I'll be spadin' up, and s'pose anybody does go by ? They'll think you stopped to speak."

The next day it came about as he had said. Janet, perhaps too proud to go by dusk when eyes could be evaded, appeared in the late afternoon, as soon as there was hope of finding him. Jack had staked out a goodly plot at the back of the house. Here were to be her flowers, and behind them he had decreed the kitchen garden. Just as she came round the corner, her face alight, her hair alive in the sun, Jack had stopped to verify his corners, and he looked up and saw her. He caught his breath, she was so alive and lovely, so calm, too, a part of the divineness of the dying day; but he asked her quietly:

"How's this seem to you ?"

"It's nice," she told him. "It's the right place exactly. But do you think it's big enough ?"

Jack laughed a little at her greediness.

"You goin' to take care of it yourself ?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes. I'm just like gran'ma. I don't want folks fiddling' round among my plants. Besides, I don't know—" Here she stopped, and her face grew almost whimsically aghast.

"What don't you know ?"

"I don't know whether he cares anything about gardenin'. He's always worked in a store. "

Jack turned abruptly and paced the lower boundary once and back again.

"Well," he said, as if he had been thinking out something and quieting himself to a conclusion, "I guess, whether he cares about it or not, he'll be ready to do the heft of it for you."

"Is there a gate here ?" He saw she was standing already in her garden. She even seemed to see the invisible gate. He also stood in the inclosure not yet made, and for a moment tasted the delight of feeling, not that he was sacrificing something to a happiness he could never share, but that the garden was still his because she let him plan it for her.

"Yes," he said, "a little green gate, made narrow so's to swing easy over

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the grass. Here'll be a nice bed down by this pear tree. I vowed I'd get the pear tree in. Some things want a mite o' shade. They're as homesick as a cat, set 'em out in the glare. Then over by this corner's the old well. I'll put a pump in here; the water'll be terrible handy."

Janet stood there dreamily, still looking, it seemed, at the garden not yet born, at other happy things hastening toward her, and the lover who was the god to summon them. Jack followed her thought, and stood very still.

"Well," she said, abruptly, coming out of her dream, "I'll be goin'." But half way to the road she turned and hastened back. Her face was flushed in a delicate way it had, a creeping of color under the roseate skin. She held her hand over her eyes to shield them from the burning sunset, and looked at him with a soft, warm kindliness. "I ain't thanked you enough," she said. "I can't ever thank you."

For a month it went on, the last exquisite ordering of the house and the inclosure of the garden. The beds were made, the fence was painted green, and the little gate swung easily, yet with security. Neighbors dropped in to admire the completeness of it all, and to venture irrepressible questions.

"What you goin' to do with your house, Jack? they asked him boldly. "You goin' to live in it?" But they were never told, and Janet, when one astute old body inquired why she was pokin' around there so much, replied, with her head held high, that it was the nicest house she ever saw or anybody else, either, and she was bewitched with it. She couldn't hardly keep her feet away from it. And when the month was over, Bert Yule came. Jack had walked up to gran'ma's the night before and given Janet the key.

"You better have this," he said. "You'll want to show him 'round."

She nodded silently, and Jack knew he had done the irrevocable deed. He had locked himself outside. This was Thursday and Friday afternoon he saw her go past in Beasley's wagon, driving to the station, he knew, and he felt vaguely hurt that she had not asked him for his own team. But when she came back he was down in the lower pasture, and Saturday morning early he went there again with his dinner pail and axe, and spent the day. It was a long day, wherein he felt removed from the world and all the conditions of it. He had done the very largest thing that had ever been his choice, and by doing it he had cut himself off from the smaller pleasures and inheritances.

He knew definitely now that he should never settle anywhere. He could never have a house like this one,

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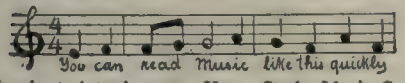

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CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

raised and finished by his youth and hope and the best part of his brain; therefore he would have no house at all. Life looked to him dun-colored, full of the sounding of a solemn voice that had bidden him step aside and let love enter where disappointment had built the door. He went home that night a sadder man, different, older, it seemed to him, and because the day had tired him, he slipped into bed early and dulled his mind of thought.

It came to him that he could not, for the first time since his building of it, go into his own house; another man had the key and it was impossible to meet him there. But about sunset next night it seemed to him unnecessary to bear it any more. It was probbable that they would have visited the house by daylight. This was his hour, as it always had been, the coming dusk when tasks were done and he could take refuge in the stronghold of serenity he had made, as some patient creature might, grain by grain, build its own fitting shell.

So he went across lots, the back way, and approached the house stealthily almost, through the little garden. He mounted the steps to the back porch. It was very still. He took out his knife and slipped it in at a crack of the door to turn a button he knew, and walked in. Jack drew a breath of satisfaction. It was his house, something sentient almost, that seemed even to return his love, as gardens breathe out rapture toward the hand that tends them. He sank down on his bench, moved into a corner to leave a garnished order for the coming bridegroom; but that instant he started up again. There was the turning of a key, and some one whirled tempestuously in. He knew who it was, and that no one was behind her. Janet had changed into a creature of wild yet still emotion. She spoke at once.

"I had to come. I had to have some place, so gran'ma shouldn't know."

Some place to cry, he saw, to quiet her racing pulses and still the blood aflame up to her hair. She began to pace back and forth from the hearth to the doorway, like an animal in bounds.

"What is it ?" asked Jack, when she seemed to have walked herself into a calm. "You tell me what it is."

"He's gone," said Janet.

"Gone ?" he echoed, his own emotion rising, anger for her, resentment against the fool who had deserted her. "You give me half a day. I'll fetch him back to you."

"Fetch him back !" She stopped and looked at him superbly. "He's gone. I sent him."

"You sent him ? What for, Janet, what for ?"

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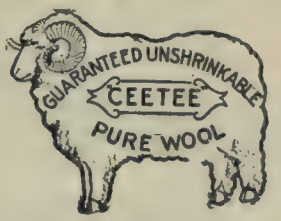

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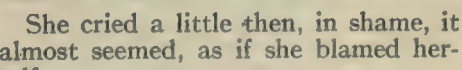
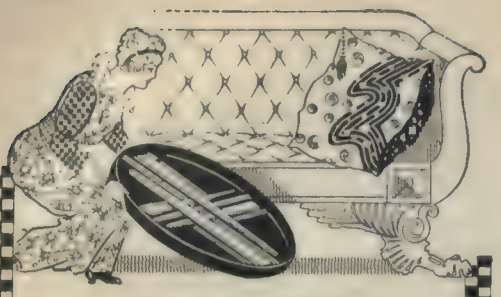


She cried a little then, in shame, it almost seemed, as if she blamed herself.

"For nothing. He hadn't done anything. He was just himself. But I don't like him."

Jack, in his daze, felt that he could only repeat her words after her, in a foolish interrogative echo. But she was ready enough to tell.

"I've got to speak to somebody or I shall die. I'm so ashamed. How could I ever think I liked him ? Why, he talks about gettin' cold—he talks



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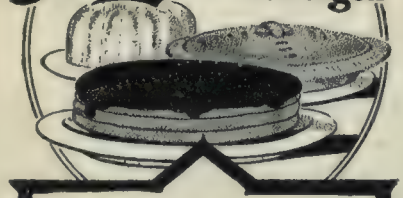

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about it all the time—and what lodges he belongs to. I don't like him, that's all there is about it. I just don't like him." Fair, large creature as she was, she looked like a willful child. "He hates gardenin', too," she threw at him. "He thinks you get your ankles dusty."

"Well," said Jack. His voice sounded hoarse and strained to him, and he stopped to clear it. "What about the house? What'd he say to that?"

"The house?" She looked at him in the amazement that kept her head so high. "You s'pose I brought him in here? You s'pose I'd take him into this house? Why, it's your house, not his."

Jack was beside himself before the power of her proud beauty and the thrilling force of her emotion.

"It ain't my house," he cried. "It's yours. You've got to live in it."

Janet calmed at that; she smiled, and shook her head.

"You're sorry for me," she told him. "No, you mustn't be so sorry as all that. Sometime you'll live in the house yourself. That's the best way. It's your house. Here's the key. I'm goin' now. Good-night."

But Jack reached the door first and stood with his back against it.

"Look here," said he, roughly, she thought, unlike his gentle self, "do you want to know why I ain't livin' in this house to-day?"

"Never mind," she said, gently. "I've got to go now."

"I do mind," said Jack. "You've got to mind, too. You've got to listen. The girl I was engaged to broke off with me for one reason. Want to know what it was? 'Twas you. You were the reason."

"Me, Jack?"

She had used his name unthinkingly, and neither of them noticed.

"Yes, you. That time I stood holdin' your hand in the town hall I trembled all over, you were so—so different. And I couldn't help talkin' about you. I couldn't keep your name off my lips. And I dreamed about you, and when I thought you were goin' anywheres, I wouldn't go, for I wouldn't see you. I didn't dare to. And the girl I was engaged to said to me right out, 'You're in love with Janet Gale.'"

She had grown quite white, and her breath came heavily. But her eyes did not leave his face, nor did his cease to hold them.

"And when she said that to me," he went on in what seemed his rage at the overwhelmingness of the tide of life, "I said, 'I am, God help me, I am.' And she said, 'She's engaged to another man. What you goin' to do?' And I says, 'Nothin'. There's nothin' for me to do.'"

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Again their eyes seemed to interrogate each other sternly.

"But there's somethin' to do now," Jack continued. He threw back his head and laughed. Janet thought she had never imagined how he would look if he were happy. "I can give you the house—your house. You and gran'ma can live in it, and I can tend the garden, and by and by, when you can think of a man, who knows——"

He paused, dumb with the coming wonder of it, but Janet knew no staying. She was one of the women who, having something to give, must pour it out at once.

"Why, don't you see? Jack, don't you see? I couldn't have him live in your house. 'Twas because 'twas your house. 'Twas because we'd got so well acquainted, Jack. Don't you see?"

Father Lacombe

Continued from page 380.

are fierce and proud. They are my friends, though they do not love my teaching as the Crees do. . . . But when I bring Marguerite back to them. . . . . Oh, *that is my day* !" So as soon as spring came he started to hunt for the Blackfoot camp. Their tepees sighted, Father Lacombe pitched camp and ordered the girl into the women's tent. Though the Blackfeet did not love his religion they loved Blackrobe himself, and lassoing their horses they rode pell mell to meet him. Some had their hair cut and faces streaked with black paint.

"Whom do you mourn ?" he asked.

"Six moons ago" they said, "your friends the Crees attacked a camp of our young men; killed some of them and carried off one of our young women."

"And did you go to find her ?"

"Her brothers went, but did not get her. They carried her too far into the country of the Crees and she is dead, may be. We will never see her again !"

"Never again ? Marguerite ! " he called, "Come here !"

Out came a girl glowing with health and activity. One glance around the crowd and she flew straight to her mother's arms.

"Arsous Kitai—rarpi !" ("The Man of the Good Heart") was the cry of the whole tribe. "An ineffable moment !" he said.

Later he was spending some weeks with the Crees when word came that the Blackfeet were coming. Quickly pits were dug, stones piled to shield the warriors and the camp ready for the enemy. Till nearly midnight they waited and still no foe.

"I thought it may all be a mistake" said Father Lacombe. "Ha ! I take my horse and ride out of the camp up the hill. The young men said the Blackfeet were hiding in the trees across the valley, and the moon was shining full over the hill."

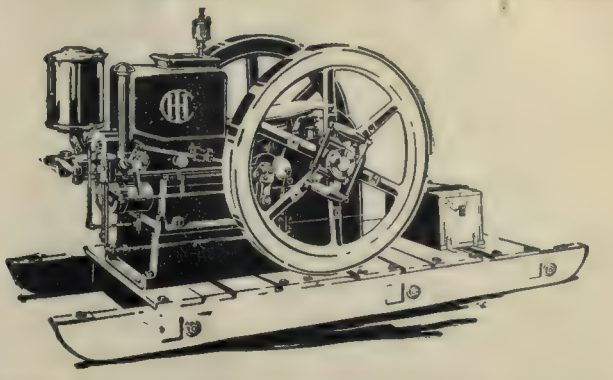
"Up there I call out—'Hey ! Hey ! are you there and wanting to fight ? Then my Crees are ready for you. Come on and you will see how they can fight. They are brave, my Crees, if you come and kill their people. . . Come, they are ready. Do not wait till the dawn.' "

"Oh, my voice sounded big over the quiet prairie—but there was no cry, only the echoes answered."

"I ride back to the camp then, and I laugh. 'Let the Crees go to sleep' I say 'there is no danger.' "

At that very moment, (Big Eagle, one of their old men, told Father Lacombe later) sixty Blackfeet were waiting the word to charge on the Cree

International Harvester Oil Engines—Mogul—Titan



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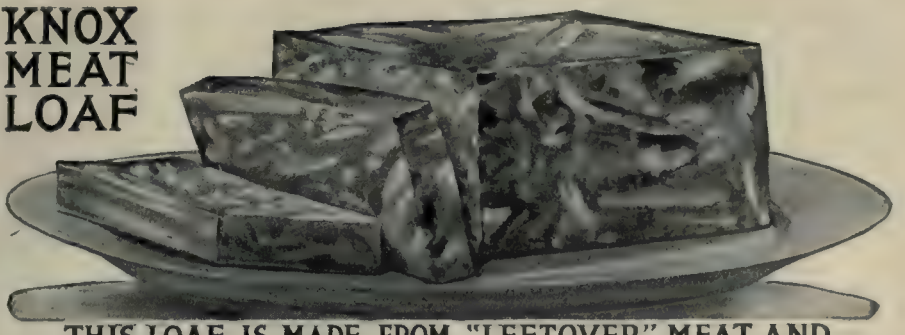

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Blue Package

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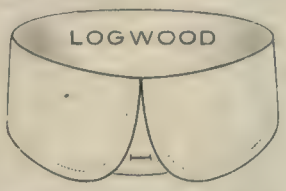

A Medium Height Collar for Conservative Dressers

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This collar has the perfect fitting and wearing qualities that distinguish the Red Man brand from all others. One of the most popular collars of the famous Red Man Line.

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Mothers should give only the well-known

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TRADE GUM LANCET MARK

The many millions that are annually used constitute the best testimonial in their favor;—they are guaranteed by the Proprietor to be absolutely free from any harmful ingredient.
See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

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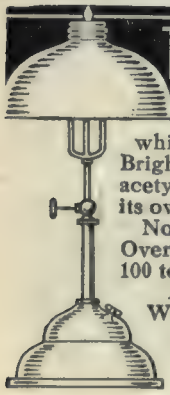
The "BEST" LIGHT



A soft, luminous light, which casts no shadow. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c a week. No dirt, smoke nor odor. Over 200 styles, ranging from 100 to 2000 candle power. Absolutely guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
463 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

Camp. But never again when Blackrobe was in it or of it.

So Father Lacombe led his Indians all his life.

And Father Lacombe to-day? At last he rests in his loved hermitage. The old fire is gone, Miss Katherine Hughes tells me; all the grace and sparkle that she so enjoyed, as—at her "inquisitions" as he called them, she gathered her material for her delightful biography. But there still remains the gentle old man ever solicitous for his friends, for the comfort of every chance caller, as he was solicitous for the welfare of his Indians.

And why is Father Lacombe not a bishop? Many a mitre has been won for less. "Because" says one bishop, "God who directs all with wisdom has willed this man should be free to lend himself to all."

After the Deluge

Continued from page 386.

So much for land at present planted to wheat.

Canada has two other kinds of acreage that may one day come into the No. 1 Hard category.

Some two hundred million acres of our north west land requires breaking up by a previous crop before it becomes wheat land.

Flax is used for this purpose, and while the seed is saved, the fibre is more often than not, allowed to rot. According to latest chemical advice, a simple process for its utilization has been discovered, and this by-product of the future wheat lands might become the reason for the existence of a great Canadian linen industry.

The last class of farm is the wornout, starved, over-worked patch that the Westerner has left mortgaged in Ontario or Quebec. By the use of fertilizers such as cyanimide, the valuable constituent of which is nitrogen torn from the same old forty-five mile deep ocean of the atmosphere, this time by means of hydro-electric power, the man who hasn't known the secrets of plant life until too late, may restock his preserve as the German farmers have done before him. By means of crop rotation, of the liberal use of potash of which Germany contains such great deposits, and of the utilization of the escaping nitrogen of burning soft coal, obtained in huge quantities from the coke ovens of the Fatherland and so largely wasted in the engines and factories of Canada, the patient subjects of the misguided Kaiser have brought their little farms to a state of grace unknown on this side of the water.

"MY BEST RECIPE"

We received the following recipe from a user of

MAPLEINE

which she describes as "my best."

Dissolve 1 cup sugar in ½ cup hot water, add one teaspoonful of Mapleine. Soak one heaping tablespoonful of Gelatine twenty minutes in ½ cup cold water, add ½ cup of boiling water and stir in above Mapleine mixture; when cool stir in ½ cup whipped cream. Pour into moulds.

After testing this recipe, we offer it to you with this comment—*it is delicious.*

GROCERS SELL IT

If yours does not, write

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
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Send 2c stamp for recipe book

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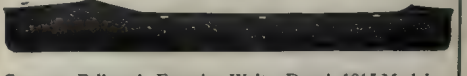
Everybody should have this New Eraser By mail 2¢ extra. Booklets free.
THE O.K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

THE SUNNYSIDE CRUISER



Come on Fellows! Examine Walter Dean's 1915 Model—"The Sunnyside Cruiser." It's a dandy! Don't make a purchase until you have examined this
Holds all Championships of America.
WALTER DEAN
Ask for Catalog C. Foot of York St., Toronto.

Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 392.

mean and shrunken it had grown! Was this the place which, in the childish days, coming up from the country had appeared so grand and fine? It loomed, little and narrow after the huge sky-scrapers of Canadian cities, and all at once the joy in the girl's heart was quenched as by a great rain. A frightful depression obsessed her as she climbed down from her high seat and paid the carman. She waited while he walked his little mare away. Then, turning, she mounted the shallow steps and rang the bell.

After a while she heard shambling steps coming down the passage. Old Dennis, she thought, with a smile. Would he recognize her? For a moment a shy delightful sense of happiness was hers. Then, the door creaked open and a little old man peered out.

"Dennis!" she cried out loud, "sure you wouldn't remember me! I'm all the way from America to see the old folks—my dear mother, and the dad!"

The little old man looked hard at the woman. "And who might you be?" he asked politely.

A terror froze on his face as she explained. ""Tis dead he is," said he—"dead ma'am since last night and may God have mercy on his soul!"

The woman looked at him steadily.

"Tis mad or drunk you are, Dennis," she said. "My father is not dead." Her passion rose, that terrible savage passion of the Celt when sorrow lashes him. "How dare you!" she cried, and ran at him, her vigorous fists clenched, her whole being surging with passionate madness. Then she felt ashamed before the cowering little, ungainly man.

"I beg your pardon, Dennis, but in God's name what do you mean?"

"The Squire, ma'am, he was taken with apoplexy and died there on the hearth rug out in the Meath home, before priest or doctor could get to him. The word came to the hotel. Oh, Ma'am, an' told Miss Sullivan in the morning, oh, dear Miss!"

The girl crumpled to the floor.

. . . . . .

Came a long and cheerless drive on a jaunting car which somehow had lost its jauntiness. Then the house, old Moya rushing out filled with the Celtic emotion of the unlearned and unrestrained. Then the quiet little mother, accepting everything as the good God's will, the slow tears creeping down her faded cheeks.

But the girl—the emigrant, the one who had battled and hoped and joyed in the thought of coming home to the big father who had been the love and adoration of her life! What of her, of her home coming! Brushing every one aside, even the patient mother, she ascended to the room where her big daddy was lying.

A few hooded figures were on their knees, praying. Peremptorily she waved them aside and locked the door on them. Then, deliberately, she took off her coat and hat, slipped the shoes from her feet, turned down the sheet and crept in beside the dead man. She drew his arm over her neck and laid his hand on her warm and vital breast.

"Tis me, daddy," she murmured, "your own little girl back from America—Oh, my daddy—my own big daddy!"

The Pedlar ceased speaking. The sun had gone down to his watery bed. The fields were silent. No small nature voices broke the quiet of the night, only afar, a brook gossiped over the stones. The Pedlar took up

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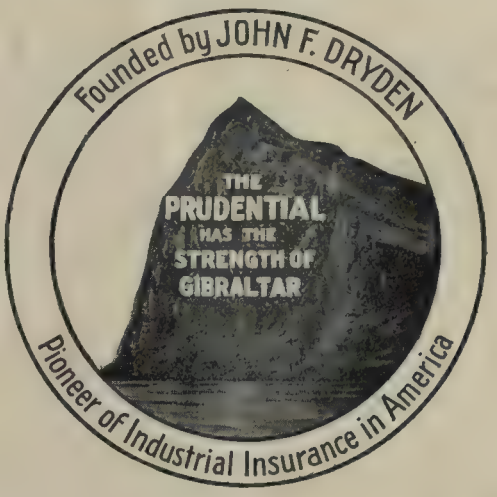

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his empty pack and walked down the road. Tim of the cross roads turned and went slowly up the darkling hill towards where the lights in the cottage windows called him home.

Some memories were stirring in the old immigrant's heart. "There was a girleen" he murmured. And then he dashed his hat on the road, picked it up, dusted it, and clapped it hard on his head. "Me poor Pedlar!" he said. "Me poor ould Pedlar!"

School Board Lady

Continued from page 419.

Brown's opinion. "It seems to me, that in agitating for the vote first we're beginning at the wrong end. If the women want clean schools and lunches for poor children, and they go before the Board of Education and get turned down, they'll be after the vote fast enough. But you never miss the dollar you haven't, till you see the bargain you want to get, and can't."

Now that the doctor has wished herself into municipal politics, she has ideas to burn. One thing she is urgently desirous of obtaining is an added year for the public school course and a corresponding raise in the age at which Rob and Roberta may play hookey without getting pinched. Lunches for poor kiddies are another thing the woman trustee will advocate. And no one who has worked in the crowded districts of the city will deny the need of them.

But perhaps more than all, Dr. Brown is looking forward to putting in her trenchant little oar in the debate as to whether Toronto shall or shall not have a woman School Inspector.

What does a six-foot man know about the kindergarten primary department, she asks scornfully? Also, of what earthly use will he be when he goes to criticize the domestic science class? If he's B.A., and PA into the bargain, he won't know a sponge cake from a dustless mop.

From all of this you might think that the Joan-of-Arcing doctor wouldn't be popular with her fellow trustees. But it's quite the other way. The new member is very much of a woman and therefore very much of a tactician, despite her policies.

"My housekeeper and I have made or collected from friends, washed and forwarded, three hundred and thirteen pairs of socks since the war began," she told the reporter at the door, "and I'm thinking I'll ask the Board to give me the price of the drinks once in a while, to turn into sock-money. I've spoken to several of the men and they're quite enthusiastic about it!"

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